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46

Charles P Parker
Cambridge

MATERIALS AND MODELS

FOR

Latin Prose Composition

BY

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SECOND EDITION
Re-arranged with Fresh Pieces and Additional References

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

ON issuing this Second Edition of "Materials and Models" the authors think it well to explain more fully the mode of using the book, which should be adopted as well by the teacher as by the pupil, after first calling attention to the improvements which have been introduced into the work, and to some modifications of its original form.

1. It has been determined to publish the book for the future in two separate volumes, one for Latin and one for Greek Prose Composition, instead of combining both parts in the same volume. The Latin portion is now published. The Greek portion will soon be ready, and the authors intend shortly to issue a series of selections for Verse Composition on the same plan.

2. The materials for Latin prose are now arranged in five sections, as follows:—Historical, Characters, Oratorical, Philosophical, and Epistolary. The former Miscellaneous section has been distributed into the others; the Characters have been placed by themselves; and many passages have been omitted, and replaced by others more illustrative of the plan of this book. Many new passages have been added, and the bulk of the Latin part has been much increased. This enlargement has enabled the authors to develop more fully their original scheme, by grouping together those passages which are similar in subject; and thus, in effect, making groups of sub-sections. A formal division into sub-sections would have been a complicated and unnecessary

detail; but the careful reader will easily follow the arrangement. Thus under the Historical (or Narrative) section are grouped together, 1. Sieges; 2. Battles by Land; 3. Battles by Sea; 4. Single Combats, &c.; and a similar arrangement has been carried out in the other sections. This plan will be found, as the authors believe, very convenient to the teacher, who will thus be enabled to turn more readily to the kind of piece which he wishes to set his pupil.

3. The references throughout have been carefully revised, and great numbers of additional references have been added. In spite of the care which has been taken to ensure correctness and uniformity in the references, it is possible that some inaccuracies may remain undetected. Again, many parallelisms and appropriate citations have doubtless escaped the notice of the authors, who will be grateful to readers for any corrections or hints which may increase still further the usefulness of the book.

4. An entirely new feature, and one which the authors venture to hope will be found very useful, is the Table of General References, prefixed to the selections. This Table, like the Materials which follow, is divided into sections. It is designed, in the first place, to add to the variety of passages which may be advantageously consulted by those who use this book. But the authors believe that in this Table of References they have furnished the teacher and pupil with an instrument which will be of great service in translating any well-chosen passage whatever. Thus, if a battle-piece has been chosen, the student may turn to the General Table, and he will find there a list of typical passages with which he may compare the English. He will make his selection from these according as he wishes to study the manner, *e.g.*, of Livy or of Tacitus. In fact the addition of these Tables of General Reference makes the scheme of the book capable of almost

indefinite extension; since by furnishing references to what classical Latin authors have said on a given subject, they can be used to equal advantage in the writing of themes and original composition in Latin prose, a practice, it may be remarked, at present too much neglected.

Moreover, the subject of every Latin passage cited in the General Tables has been stated in order to help the student in his choice of references. With the view of making this part of the work as complete as possible, great attention has been given to the detailed arrangement of the Philosophical section. And under the Oratorical section will be found a short Analysis of most of the separate speeches in Livy, arranged under heads, according to subjects, with a statement of their comparative length.

5. In the body of the book reference to subjects has been further made easy, by the prefix of a heading to every English passage, describing its topic.

Such are the main alterations and improvements which have been introduced into this new Edition of "Materials and Models."

The scheme of the work was thus described in the Preface to the first edition of 1870:—

"The present work differs from preceding collections of the kind, in two respects. First, the passages are arranged according to style and subject-matter, for convenience of reference. Secondly, to each English piece references are appended to analogous or similar passages in classical authors of approved merit, with the object of furnishing a model to the student in his attempt to render them into Greek or Latin. As the selections are mainly taken from standard English authors, and are not translations, the student must not expect to find the same thoughts occurring in the same sequence, or similarly expressed, in the passages to which he is referred;

but in all cases there will be found some analogy, by comparison or contrast in the subject, circumstances, or spirit of the parallel passages, sufficient to furnish hints for the treatment of the piece to be turned, and to suggest the style to be adopted in turning it.

"All composition in a dead language must be by imitation of forms already, as it were, stereotyped; but that is the best which insensibly recalls the tone of a classical author, without either travestying his peculiarities or borrowing his phrases.

"It is thought that the following exercises, on the plan of analogous passages, will be an aid towards forming a good style in Greek and Latin prose, both by directing the student to the best models, and by guarding against the waste of labour experienced in working indiscriminately on ill-assorted or intractable materials."

In the present edition, as in the former, the kind and degree of parallelism varies.

Some few passages are paraphrased more or less closely from Latin originals. These have been sparingly introduced, forming, as they do, a link between simple re-translation and the imitation of classic diction. In other pieces there is much resemblance of detail from the nature of the subject. Thus Hannibal's Crossing of the Alps, described by Livy, presents some striking similarities to General Macdonald's March over the Splugen, described by Alison (p. 31). And the main incident in Robertson's Account of the taking of Dumbarton Castle, p. 1, is identical with that in the Chapter of Sallust, cited on p. 2.

In another class of passages the treatment of the subject is similar, leading naturally to a certain similarity of style. Thus no one can doubt that much of Cowley's grand description of the Funeral of Oliver Cromwell (p. 70) was suggested by the description in Tacitus of the Obsequies of Augustus and of Germanicus, while Tacitus himself had Virgil's Funeral of Pallas in his mind when he wrote the latter scene. In other cases references have been added, (*a*) where the spirit and tone of the passages are similar; (*b*) where the style is similar; (*c*) where the subject is similar, but not necessarily the tone or language; (*d*) where single thoughts or phrases recur; (*e*) where there is a similar arrangement of topics. Lastly, some passages have been compared together, the language or sentiments of which are in striking contrast.

The student should in all cases ascertain for himself the nature and meaning of the references at the foot of each piece, and he will be further aided by referring to the General Tables.

As a large proportion of the passages admitted are taken from University and College Examination Papers, the standard of difficulty is that required for Classical Scholarships, Honours, and Prizes, at Oxford and Cambridge. There are still included (mostly at the end of the Epistolary section) a few passages of greater difficulty, because more unclassical in tone, than the rest. These pieces are mainly examples of florid English, and a few references to pieces of florid Latin will be found at the foot of each passage, or in the General Table. Scholars who are familiar with the Latin poets can enlarge the list for themselves. Seldom, except in poetry, does the usage of the Latin language approximate to the ornate and metaphorical diction, consciously appealing to the *sentiment* of the reader, which is common in the best English prose of modern days.

It does not fall in with the scheme of this work to add any hints on composition, notes on idioms, or receipts for the conversion of the English into the Latin sentence. An acquaintance with the elementary rules of Latin syntax is taken for granted. Beyond this, nothing but the careful reading of Latin authors, and the learning by heart of suitable portions of their text, can aid the student to master the niceties of a language which now exists only in written literature. Of course the skilled teacher can guide his pupil to the knowledge of much which inexperienced observation would otherwise overlook. But this is the peculiar province of oral instruction.

Passages may be selected to illustrate various points of syntax and idiom; and various peculiarities of language and style. But the discussion and explanation of these difficulties is best understood and remembered when conveyed *viva voce*, that is, when the rules are taught with a view to their immediate application, and when a principle of composition can be enforced by an example on the spot. Oral rules, and cautions in the use of his tools, are indispensable to the young artist, and the fittest place for such instruction is the workshop. Collections of empirical formulæ, without oral interpretation, are generally useless, and often misleading. But the reading of Latin is always useful to the most accomplished master of composition, no less than to the beginner. He who wishes to write Latin must, above all things, read Latin. That his attention should be drawn to the Latin most suitable for his special purpose is the main object of this book.

TABLE OF GENERAL REFERENCES.

I.

HISTORICAL.

SIEGES, ASSAULTS, ETC., OF TOWNS AND CAMPS.

Siege of Saguntum by Hannibal	LIVY, xxi. 78, 11-14.
**Siege of Syracuse by Marcellus and its defence by Archimedes*	„ xxiv. 33, 34. „ xxv. 23-31.
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The Romans in like manner retake Tarentum . .	„ xxvii. 15, 16.
New Carthage assaulted by sea and land . . .	„ xxvi. 44-46.
Siege and desperate defence of Abydus . . .	„ xxxi. 18.
Obstinate defence of the city of Atrax . . .	„ xxxii. 17, 18.
[*Site and*] *Siege of Leucas*	„ xxxiii. 17.
*[*Site and*] *Siege of Ambracia : mines, stinkpot, &c.* .	„ xxxviii. 4-7.
Storming of Oringis	„ xxviii. 3.
Storming of Astapa : desperate resolution of the citizens	„ xxviii. 22, 23
Night attack upon Locri	„ xxix. 6.
Night attack upon Arpi	„ xxiv. 46, 47,
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Siege of the Capitol by the Gauls	„ v. 39, sqq.
Capture of Veii	„ v. 7-21.
Destruction of Alba	„ i. 29.
Attack of the Gauls on the Roman station of Aduataca : its brave defence	CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* vi. 35-41.
Attack and defence of Q. Cicero's camp . . .	„ „ v. 42-52.
Cæsar takes Genabum.	„ „ vii. 11.
**Cæsar takes Avaricum*	„ „ vii. 22-25.
**Alesia beleaguered by Cæsar*	„ „ vii. 69-73.
Cæsar takes Uxellodunum	„ „ viii. 40-43.
**Trebonius besieges Marseilles*	„ *Bell. Civil.* ii. 8-15.
Storming of Camalodunum by the Britons . .	TACITUS, *Annals*, xiv. 31, 32; Cp. *Agric.* 16.
Storming and sack of Cremona by Antonius . .	„ *Hist.* iii. 30-34.
The Capitol burnt by Vitellianists	„ „ iii. 71-73.
Siege and blockade of Vetera by Civilis . . .	„ „ iv. 21-30.
**Siege of Amida by the Persians*	AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, xix. 1-9.
Siege of Singara by the Persians	AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, xx. 6.

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* **These descriptions contain many details of engineering operations and the ancient artillery.**

SIEGES, ASSAULTS, Etc., *Continued.*

**Siege of Aquileia by Jovinus*	Ammianus	Marcellinus,	xxi. 11,12.
Siege of Perisabora by Julian	,,	,,	xxiv. 2.
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BATTLES BY LAND.

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Sentinum—Romans against Samnites, Etruscans, &c.	,,		x. 27-29.
Trebia—Hannibal against Romans	,,		xxi. 53-56.
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Cæsar defeats the Germans	,,	,,	i. 50, *sqq.*
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Cæsar defeats Afrandus in Spain	,,	*Bell. Civil.*	i. 77, *sqq.*
Curio defeated by Sabura	,,	,,	ii. 39, *sqq.*
Cæsar defeats Pompey at Pharsalia	,,	,,	iii. 85-97.
Battle of Mutina, Consuls against M. Antony	Cicero,	*Epist. ad Fam.*	x. 30
Battle between Jugurtha and Metellus	Sallust,	*Jugurtha,*	c. 49, *sqq*
Defeat and death of Catiline	,,	*Catiline,*	c. 59, *sqq.*

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Rhodians and Romans against Syrians and Carthaginians off Corycus.	„ xxxvi. 43-45.
Rhodians and Hannibal at Phaselis	„ xxxvii. 22-24.
Romans and Rhodians against Syrians at Myonnesus	„ xxxvii. 29, 30.
Romans against Carthaginians at Carteia	„ xxviii. 30.
Veneti against Romans (coast of Brittany)	Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.* iii. 13-15.
Cæsarians against Massilians	„ *Bell. Civil.* ii. 4-7.
Attack by sea upon Syracuse	Livy, xxiv. 33, 34.
Battle of Actium.	Virgil, *Æneid*, viii. 675, *sqq.* Florus, iv. 11.
Assault of New Carthage by land and sea	Livy, xxvi. 44-46.

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T. Manlius and the Gaul	Livy, vii. 10.
The Horatii and Curiatii	„ i. 25.
Duels on horseback at the battle of Regillus	„ ii. 19, 20.
Valerius and a Gaulish chief	„ vii. 26.
Claudius Asellus and Jubellius Taurea	„ xxiii. 46, § 12, 47.
Dares and Entellus	Virgil, *Æneid*, v. 426-484.
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Ænea and Turnus	„ „ xii. 710, *sqq.*; 887, *sqq.*

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„ *Demetrius*	„ xl. 24.
Assassination of Datames	Cornelius Nepos, *Datames*, c. x. xi.
A murder described	Pliny, *Epist.* iii. 14.
„ *and its discovery*	Cicero, *pro Cluent.* § 179-181.
Execution of Trebonius by Dolabella	„ *Philipp.* xi. § 5-10.
Murder of Galba.	Tacitus, *Hist.* i. 40, 41.
„ *Vitellius*	„ „ iii. 84, 85.
„ *L. Piso*	„ „ iv. 49, 50.
„ *P. Clodius, a "chance medley"*	Cicero, *pro Milone*, § 27-30.
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SEDITIONS AND MUTINIES.

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Mutiny of Scipio's troops in Spain	„ xxviii. 24, *sqq.*
Mutiny of the legions in Pannonia and on the Rhine	Tacitus, *Annals*, i. 16, *sqq.*; i. 39, *sqq.*
Mutiny of Prætorians against Galba	„ *Hist.* i. 36, *sqq.*
Revolt in Germany: murder of Vocula	„ „ iv. 55, *sqq.*

SITES.

Syracuse	Cicero, *in Verrem*, Act. ii. lib. iv. § 117, *sqq.*
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Croton, and Temple of Juno Lacinia	„ xxiv. 3, cp. xlii. 3.
Myonnesus	„ xxxvii. 27.
Henna	Cicero, *in Verrem*, Act ii. lib. iv. § 48.
Mount Hæmus: its passage by Philip	Livy, xl. 21, 22.
Capsa	Sallust, *Jugurtha*, 89.
Greek Cities, Athens, Corinth, etc.	Livy, xlv. 27, 28.
Sanctuary of Apollo at Delos	„ xxxv. 51.
Byzantium	Tacitus, *Annals*, xii. 63.
Sirmio	Catullus, xxxi.
A Formian Villa	Martial, x. 30.
The Alps	Silius Italicus, *Punic* iii. 479, *sqq.*

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II.

CHARACTERS.

Mucianus	Contradictions in his nature	TACITUS, *Hist.* i. 10.
Vinius Laco	Energetic minister	„ „ i. 48.
Galba	His mediocrity	„ „ i. 49.
Otho	His death redeemed his life	„ „ ii. 47, 50.
Antonius Primus	A turbulent soldier of fortune	„ „ ii. 86.
Flavius Sabinus	His indecision at the last	„ „ iii. 75.
Vitellius	Indolent and generous	„ „ iii. 86.
Helvidius Priscus	An upright statesman and philosopher	„ „ iv. 5, 6.
Domitian	His hypocrisy	„ „ iv. 86.
Germanicus	A virtuous and lamented prince	„ „ ii. 72, 73.
C. Sallustius	A courtier, hiding vigour under the mask of sloth	„ „ iii. 30.
Scianus	Ambitious and unscrupulous minister.	„ „ iv. 1, 2.
Tiberius	Gradual development of his vices	„ „ vi. 51.
Poppæa Sabina	Accomplished but immoral	„ „ xiii. 45.
Burrus	The good minister of a bad prince	„ „ xiv. 51, cp. xiii. 2.
Seneca	Ditto	„ „ xiv. 52; cp. xiii. 2; xv. 65.
C. Petronius	"Elegantiarum arbiter."	„ „ xvi. 18, 19.
Hannibal	His military skill in handling troops: great vices and virtues	LIVY, xxviii. 12; xxi. 4.
Hasdrubal	A cautious and clever governor of barbarians	„ xxi. 2.
Sempronius	A rash and impetuous general	„ xxi. 53.
Flaminius	A politician, becomes an incapable general	„ xxi. 63.
Minucius	A rash, insubordinate lieutenant	„ xxii. 12, *ad fin.* 27.
Fabius Maximus	His cautious policy as a general	„ xxii. 25-30.
	His great qualities as a general	„ xxiv. 9.
L. Papirius Cursor	His grim humour	„ ix. 16.
Terentius Varro	A demagogue; brave though bad general	„ xxii. 25, 26, 44.
Pacuvius Calavius	An artful, successful, political leader	„ xxiii. 2-4.
L. Bantius	A dashing dragoon (cp. Murat)	„ xxiii. 15.
Hieronymus	A young tyrant	„ xxiv. 5, 6.
Dasius Altinius	A traitor	„ xxiv. 45.
Philippus	A cruel king	„ xl. 3, 4.
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Cato the Censor	His acts	Livy, xxxix. 40, 41, 44.
Philippus	His vices	„ xxvii. 31.
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P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus	His personal appearance	„ xxviii. 35.
	His enthusiasm and greatness	„ xxvi. 19.
	He is praised by Hannibal	„ xxx. 29.
	Reflections on the close of his career	„ xxxviii. 53.
	Ditto	„ xxxix. 52.
M. Livius Drusus	An honest statesman, misunderstood by those he sought to serve	Velleius Paterculus, ii. 13.
M. Cato, the Younger	His uprightness and energy	„ ii. 35.
C. Julius Cæsar		„ ii. 41-43.
„		Cicero, *Philipp.* ii. § 116.
C. Curio	An unprincipled partisan	Velleius Paterculus, ii. 48.
Sentius Pompeius	Rough and crafty	„ ii. 73.
Plancus	A traitor and turncoat	„ ii. 83.
Maroboduus	Accomplished barbarian chieftain	„ ii. 108, 109.
Seianus	A singular minister	„ ii. 127.
Cn. Pompeius Magnus		„ ii. 40.
Alcibiades	Compound of virtues and vices	Cornelius Nepos, *Alcib.* i. xi.
Cimon	His generosity	„ *Cimon*, ix.
Iphicrates	A disciplinarian	„ *Iphici.* i.
Epaminondas	His many accomplishments	„ *Epam.* c. 1-3.
Phocion	Good and poor statesman	„ *Phocion*, i.
Cato, the Elder	Author and censor	„ *Cato*, c. ii. iii. *et passim.*
Atticus		„ *Atticus*, c. vi. xiii-xviii.
C. Marius		Sallust, *Jugurtha*, c. 59.
L. Sulla	Ambitious, learned, liberal, affable	„ *Jugurtha*, c. 90, 91.
Cicero	Remarks on his death and glory	Velleius Paterculus, ii. 66.
Q. Fabius Maximus		Cicero, *De Senect.* § 4.
Lucullus	Splendid, versatile	„ *Academ. Prior.* ii. § 1, 2.
Sulpicius	Eulogy of departed worth	„ *Philipp.* ix.
M. Antonius	His life reviewed and vilified	„ „ ii. § 44, *sqq.*
Hortensius	Eulogy, with lament for death of famous orator and friend, although rival	„ *de Oratoribus*, § 1, 2.
Dionysius of Syracuse	A jealous and unhappy tyrant	„ *Tusc. Disp.* v. § 20.
Sassia	A murderess and unnatural mother	„ *pro Cluent.* § 188-194.
Sempronia		Sallust, *Catiline*, c. 25.
Q. Curius		„ „ c. 23.
L. Crassus	Reflections on death of a great orator, patriot, and statesman	Cicero, *de Orator.* iii. § 1-12.

TABLE OF GENERAL REFERENCES.

III.

ORATORICAL.

SPEECHES IN LIVY (*Madvig's text* 4 *Vols.*, 8*vo.*, 1862, *is referred to.*)

I.—PERSUASIVE.

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Mettius Fufetius, Dictator of Alba, to Tullus Hostilius, King of Rome. i. 23.	Urging reconciliation and peace between the Albans and Romans. 17 *lines.*
Appius Claudius, Military Tribune, to the Roman people. v. 3-6.	About continuing the war and keeping the soldiers in their winter quarters during the siege of Veii, in opposition to the Tribunes of the Plebs. [Discipline and perseverance advocated.] 165 *lines.*
Cornelius Lentulus, Chief of the Embassy of the Romans, to the Consuls and army. ix. 4.	Recommending a voluntary surrender to the Samnites at the Caudine Forks, since there was no hope of escaping. 28 *lines.*
Decius Mus, Consul, to the people. x. 7-8.	Advocating that augurs and pontiffs should be made out of the number of the plebeians. 50 *lines.*
Abelux, a Spanish Noble, to Bostar, Punic Governor of Saguntum. xxii. 22.	Persuading him to return the hostages to their several States which Hannibal had caused to be sent into custody at Saguntum. 8 *lines.*
M. Minucius, Master of the Horse, to his own army. xxii. 29.	About joining his camp to that of Fabius, by whom he and his army had been saved, after having suffered defeat from Hannibal. 13 *lines.*
M. Junius, in name of the soldiers captured at Cannæ, to the Senate. xxii. 59.	Praying that they may be ransomed, excusing their own surrender, and appealing to the necessities of the State and the pity of their countrymen. 61 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Varro, the Consul, to Ambassadors of the Campanians who offered supplies. xxiii. 5.	Urging them to fight Hannibal themselves, reminding them of the benefits they had received from Rome and of the cruelty of the Carthaginians: urging the duty of fidelity. 40 *lines.*
Fabius Maximus to the people. xxiv. 8.	Against electing Otacilius Consul. They ought to select some one capable of conducting the war against Hannibal: the qualifications required. 63 *lines.*
Publius Sulpicius, the Consul, to the people. xxxi. 7.	About transferring the war with Macedonia and bringing aid to the Athenians against Philip. Best to wage war in the enemy's country. 47 *lines.*
Aristænus, Generalissimo of the Achæans, to the Council of the Achæan league. xxxii. 20-21.	Recommending that they should espouse the cause of the Romans against Philip, as their own interest clearly required. 130 *lines.*
M. Porcius Cato, the Consul, to the Senate. xxxiv. 2-4.	For maintaining the law, which Oppius had carried in the 2nd Punic war for restraining the luxury of women, against the nobles and Tribunes of the Plebs, who strove to repeal it. 124 *lines.*
Hannibal to the Council of King Antiochus. xxxvi. 7.	Advocating alliance with Philip, and showing how the war against the Romans ought to be carried on. 62 *lines.*
Q. Cæcilius Metellus to the Censors M. Æmilius Lepidus and M. Fulvius Nobilior. xl. 46.	Urging them to be reconciled one to the other, and to abandon their private quarrels for the public good. 32 *lines.*
M. Servilius to the tribes in their Assembly. xlv. 37-39.	In favour of granting a triumph to L. Æmilius Paullus after his conquest of Macedonia: against S. Sulpicius Galba, and Paullus' own soldiers, who complained of the smallness of the booty. 153 *lines.* N.B. The text of this speech is very corrupt.

II.—DISSUASIVE.

Cn. Marcius Coriolanus to the Senators. ii. 34.	Against allowing corn to be sold at the old price to the plebeians. 10 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Attius Tullius, prince of the Volscians, to the Roman Consuls. ii. 37.	Against allowing the Volscians to be present at the games. 13 *lines.*
Appius Claudius Crassus to the people. vi. 40-42.	Against the Licinian Rogations, which proposed that one Consul should be a plebeian, etc. 114 *lines.*
T. Manlius Torquatus to the Senate. xxii. 60.	Against ransoming the Roman prisoners taken by Hannibal at Cannæ, accusing them of cowardice and premature surrender. 85 *lines.*
Q. Fabius Maximus to the Senate. xxviii. 40-42.	Against sending Scipio to conduct the war in Africa. The war in Italy must be finished first, and the interest of the State consulted before Scipio's reputation. 164 *lines.*
L. Valerius, Tribune of the People, to the Comitia Tributa. xxxiv. 5-7.	Against the principle of sumptuary laws, in reply to Cato, who had opposed the abrogation of the Lex Oppia. 141 *lines.*

III.—HORTATORY.

Tanaquil to her son-in-law, Servius Tullius. i. 41.	Inciting him to seize the vacant throne. 7 *lines.*
Julia to her husband Tarquinius. i. 47.	That he should make himself king. 11 *lines.*
Attius Tullius to the Volscians. ii. 38.	Exciting their indignation against the Romans, who had expelled them from the Games. 16 *lines.*
Certain Seniors to the Senate. iii. 52.	That the Decemvirate be abolished, and Tribunes of the people again made. 14 *lines.*
Valerius and Horatius to the people on the Sacred Mount. iii. 53.	That now their immediate object had been gained by the abdication of the Decemvirs, the Commons should return to the city. 16 *lines.*
Valerius, Consul, to his soldiers. iii. 61.	To fight bravely against the Æqui and Volsci, and show themselves worthy of their liberties. 24 *lines.* [*Mostly Orat. obliq.*]
Horatius, Consul, to his army. iii. 62.	To fight decisively against the Sabines. 10 *lines.* [*Cp. sup.*]

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
C. Canuleius, Tribune of the Plebs, to the Commons of Rome. iv. 35.	In favour of his own proposal that intermarriage should be allowed between patricians and plebeians, and that one Consul should be a plebeian. 119 *lines.* (Arguments *against* the measure in *Orat. obliq.* in the preceding chapter).

IV.—DEHORTATORY.

Vettus Messius to his Volscian countrymen. iv. 28.	[That they should resume the offensive and] to cut their way through the Roman army. 9 *lines.*
Mamercus Æmilius, the Dictator, to his men. iv. 33.	Not to be afraid of the blazing missiles of the Fidenates. 8 *lines.*
Sex. Tempanius to the Roman cavalry. iv. 38.	To follow his lance for a flag. 5 *lines.*
Camillus in exile to the people of Ardea. v. 44.	That he should lead them against the Gauls now besieging the Capitol of Rome. His own skill. The Roman benefits, the hosts of the Gauls. 26 *lines.*
Camillus, Dictator, to his troops. vi. 7, 8.	Not to be afraid of the numbers of the allies against them, but to trust his fortune. 17 *lines.*
A. Cornelius Cossus, Dictator, to his troops. vi. 12.	To stand fast against the attack of their numerous foes until the Roman cavalry take them in flank. 13 *lines.*
M. Manlius Capitolinus to the Roman Commons. vi. 18.	To make use of their strength and numbers, and shake off the yoke of the patricians: he will himself lead them. 31 *lines.*
M. Popillius Lænas to his men. vi. 24.	To slay the Gauls like wild beasts. 8 *lines.*
M. Valerius Corvinus, Consul, to his army. vii. 32.	To regard the Samnites as no invincible foes, and to follow his own example. 36 *lines.* [*Orat. obliq.* the 1st part.]
P. Decius, Tribunus Militum, to A. Cornelius, the Consul. vi. 34.	To allow him to seize a commanding position, and so save the army. 8 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
P. Decius to his officers and soldiers. vii. 34, 35.	Explaining his plan of cutting their way out through the Samnite camp by night, and encouraging them to follow his lead. 44 *lines* (2 *speeches*).
M. Valerius Corvus to the army of Campania, who had formed a plot for seizing Capua. vii. 40.	Appealing to their patriotism and to their sense of his own merits to prevent them from striking the first blow against their own country. 39 *lines.*
Titus Quinctius to the same. vii. 40.	Exhorting them to peace and obedience to the powers of Rome. 11 *lines.*
L. Annius, of Setia, to the Council of Latin Prætors. viii. 4.	The Latins must claim their rights from the Romans, and demand one Consul, and a proportionate share of the Senate to the troops they furnished. 38 *lines.*
L. Annius to the Roman Senate. viii. 5.	He demands union on the terms above stated. 18 *lines.*
Q. Fabius, Dictator, to his army. ix. 23.	To sally out of their own camp and so drive the Samnites from their position. 14 *lines.*
Verginia, wife of Volumnius, to the Plebeian matrons. x. 23.	Let the women of the two orders contend in chastity as the men in valour. 5 *lines.*
Alorcus, a Spanish noble, to the Saguntines. xxi. 13.	That they should surrender to Hannibal, as there was no hope of escape. Hard terms were better than none. 30 *lines.*
P. Cornelius Scipio, Consul, to his army. xxi. 40, 41.	Boldly to fight the Carthaginians, so often conquered by their fathers. Ingratitude, cruelty, and weakness of the enemy. The only hope of Rome lay in themselves. Rome expected them to do their duty. 83 *lines.*
Hannibal to his soldiers. xxi. 43, 44.	They must conquer or die—but victory was certain. They were as superior to the Roman army as he was to the Roman general. The difficulties they had surmounted would teach them how to rebuke Roman insolence. Rich booty would reward the conquest. 79 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
P. Sempronius Tuditanus to Roman soldiers after Cannæ. xxii. 50.	To pluck up spirit, and fight their way to Canusium through the enemy. 13 *lines.*
L. Pinarius to the legates from Henna (and their reply). xxiv. 37.	Refusing to give up the keys of the town gates. [*Orat. obliq.*]
L. Pinarius to his own men. xxiv. 38.	They must anticipate the plot formed to massacre them by strong measures, and put to the sword the people of Henna. 36 *lines.*
L. Marcius to the Roman army. xxv. 38.	That they should sally out of their camp and attack Hasdrubal, and so revenge the death of the two Scipios. 67 *lines.*
Scipio to his soldiers in Spain. xxvii. 18.	To fall upon Hasdrubal, whose trust was only in his strong position. 12 *lines* [*Orat. obliq.*]
Scipio to his soldiers, on taking the command in Spain. xxvi. 41.	They must follow up the successes already achieved, by driving the Carthaginians out of Spain. 73 *lines.*
M. Porcius Cato to his men. xxxiv. 13.	To recover Spain on the Ebro side from the rebellious tribes. 14 *lines.*
T. Quinctius to the Greek allies. xxxiv. 34.	Assenting to the proposed siege of Lacedæmon, he points out its disadvantages. 17 *lines.*
M. Acilius Glabrio, Consul, to his army. xxxvi. 17.	That King Antiochus is not so formidable a foe as was Philip. Now is the opportunity for making Rome's empire universal. 47 *lines.*
Rhodian Ambassadors to the Roman Senate. xxxvii. 54.	That, in recompense of the Rhodian fidelity, the Romans should restore their liberty to the Greek States which they had conquered, as allies of the Rhodians. 74 *lines.*
Cn. Manlius, Consul, to his men. xxxviii. 17.	Not to be afraid of the Asiatic Gauls, who were not so fearful as the real Gauls, but easily daunted, and who had been often conquered by kings inferior to the Romans. 57 *lines.*
Perseus, King of Macedonia, to his Court and his army. xlii. 52.	Setting forth how excellent are his prospects of victory over the Romans. 35 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Camillus to the Roman people. v. 51, 52.	Against the proposal of the Tribune, that the Romans should abandon the ruins of the city and migrate to Veii. 94 *lines.*
Pacuvius Calavius of Capua to his son Perolla. xxiii. 9.	That he should not assassinate Hannibal, his father's guest and the protector of his country. 23 *lines.*
Vibius Virrius to the Capuans. xxvi. 13.	Against surrender to the Roman besiegers, although the case was desperate: it were better to die by poison. 55 *lines.*
L. Æmilius Paulus to his soldiers. xliv. 34.	Not to criticise their general's tactics. The duties of soldiers and of their general. 13 *lines* [*Orat. obliq.*]

V.—MONITORY.

Tullus Hostilius to the Romans. i. 28.	Denouncing the treachery of Mettius. 16 *lines.*
Valerius and Horatius to the Commons. iii. 54.	Proclaiming that Tribunes should again be formally created. 8 *lines.*
Appius Claudius, the Decemvir, to the Assembly. iii. 56.	Appealing from his accusers to the people and indicating his own motives. He was really a patriot, but misunderstood. 24 *lines* [*Orat. obliq.*]
Verginius in reply to Appius. iii. 57.	The laws ought not to shelter such a wretch: let the people remember his misdeeds. 16 *lines* [*Orat. obliq.*]
M. Duillius, Tribune, to the Senate. iii. 59.	Promising that there shall be no more State prosecutions. 8 *lines.*
The Dictator of Tusculum to the Roman Senate. vi. 26.	Protesting their innocence and declaring they will not resist should the Romans attack them. 17 *lines.*
T. Quinctius Cincinnatus, Dictator, to Sempronius, Master of the Horse. vi. 29.	Directing the tactics of the battle against the Prœnestines. 8 *lines.*
Camillus to the people. vi. 38.	Against the abuse of the Tribunicial power. 10 *lines.*
Fabius and Licinius Stolo to certain of the Senators. vi. 36, 37.	Arguments in support of the Licinian rogations and the extension of the power of the Commons. 50 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Ambassadors from Campania to the Roman Senate. vii. 30.	Offering to become allies of the Romans, and urging the advantages of such alliance. 72 *lines.*
The Roman Senate to the Campanians. vii. 31.	Bidding them not make war on the Samnites (with their reply and offer to become Roman subjects.) 11 *lines.*
L. Furius Camillus to the Senate. viii. 13.	They must determine at once upon their policy towards the conquered Latins, whether of cruelty or clemency: the Latins ought not to be kept in suspense. 28 *lines.*
Posturnius, Consul, to the Senate. ix. 8.	Advising that he should be given up to the Samnites in satisfaction of the treaty. 26 *lines.*
The same to the same. ix. 9.	Justifying his views of the law of nations and the virtue of an oath. 80 *lines.*
Hannibal to his Spanish troops. xxi. 21.	Explaining that he intends to transfer the war into other lands. 10 *lines.*
Q. Fabius Maximus to Æmilius Paullus. xxii. 39.	Warning him of Varro's character, and advising him of the right system of warring with Hannibal—delay. 65 *lines.*
Hannibal to his men. xxvii. 12.	To defeat Marcellus. 5 *lines* [*Orat. obliq.*]
P. Scipio to King Masinissa. xxx. 14.	Warning him against making Sophoniba his wife, contrary to the laws of morality and the rights of Rome. 25 *lines.*
T. Quinctius Flamininus to the assembled Greek allies. xxxiv. 22.	Asking whether war should be levied against Nabis for his occupation of Argos. 20 *lines.*
Sulpicius to Minnio, Ambassador of King Antiochus. xxxv. 16.	That there is no analogy between the Greek subjects of Rome in Italy and the Greek cities subject to Antiochus. 21 *lines.*
T. Quinctius to the Achæans. xxxvi. 32.	That, for the good of the Achæan league, the Romans will not admit their claim to Zacynthus. 10 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
T. Quinctius to M. Acilius. xxxvi. 34.	Pointing out that his attention should be given to Philip and to sparing the Ætolians. 9 *lines.*
T. Quinctius to the Ætolians. xxxvi. 35.	He will use his good offices on their behalf, though they did not deserve it. 8 *lines.*
King Eumenes to the Prætor Æmilius. xxxvii. 19.	That he ought not to accept Antiochus' terms of peace without the command of the Senate and people. 13 *lines.*

VI.—PETITIONING.

P. Licinius Calvus to the Roman tribes. v. 18.	Asking them to make his son Military Tribune instead of himself. 14 *lines.*
Faliscan legates to the Senate. v. 27.	Requesting them to receive the surrender of Falerii. 9 *lines.*
Dictator of Tusculum to the Senate of Rome. vi. 26.	Suing that the Romans should keep the peace, etc. 16 *lines.*
Sextus Tullius to the Dictator C. Sulpicius. vii. 13.	Beseeching him to lead his troops to instant battle and certain victory. 35 *lines.*
Campanian Ambassadors to the Roman Senate. vii. 30.	Praying for aid against the Samnites and offering themselves as subject allies of the Romans. 71 *lines.*
L. Annius, of Setia, to the Roman Senate. viii. 5.	Praying for an equality of right between the Romans and Latins. 18 *lines.*
Q. Fabius Maximus, Consul-designate, to the people. x. 13.	Requesting that he might be allowed to nominate as his own colleague P. Decius, so as to work well together. 15 *lines.* [Some *Orat. obliq.*]
Minucius to Fabius, the Dictator. xxii. 30.	Praying that he and his people may serve once more under Fabius' orders. 8 *lines.*
Sophoniba, wife of Syphax, to King Masinissa. xxx. 12.	Praying that he will not suffer her to be placed at the disposal of the pride and cruelty of any Roman. 16 *lines.*
Hannibal to King Antiochus. xxxv. 19.	That the King should regard him as among his chief supporters against the Romans, after his thirty-six years' warfare with them. 15 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Zeuxis, Ambassador of Antiochus, to Scipio Africanus. xxxvii. 45.	Requesting fair conditions of peace. 8 *lines.*
Eumenes, King of Pergamus, to the Roman Senate. xxxvii. 53.	Imploring them to recompense fitly and fully his devotion and fidelity to Rome out of the spoils of King Antiochus. 84 *lines.*

VII.—PRECATORY.

Romulus to Jupiter Stator. i. 12.	Praying that he will aid the Romans against the Sabines. 10 *lines.*
Q. Fabius, Prefect of the City, to the Tribunes of the Plebs. iii. 9.	Beseeching them to prevent the passing of Terentilius' bill for defining the Consuls' powers by law. 10 *lines.*
Camillus, Dictator, to Apollo and Juno. v. 21.	Praying them to be his allies at the siege of Veii. 6 *lines.*
P. Decius, Consul, to the Gods of Rome. viii. 9.	Devoting himself for his country. 9 *lines.*
Verginius to his fellow soldiers. iii. 50.	Imploring their sympathy and pity that he should have been forced to slay his own child. 17 *lines.*
Aristænus, Prætor of the Achæans, to T. Quinctius Flamininus. xxxiv. 24.	Imploring that the Romans may deliver Greece from Nabis and the Ætolians. 12 *lines.*

VIII.—THANKSGIVING.

Romulus to Jupiter Feretrius. i. 10.	Dedicating spoils and a temple. 5 *lines.*
Saguntine Ambassadors to the Roman Senate. xxviii. 39.	Returning thanks for aid, and congratulating the Romans on their victories. 50 *lines.*

IX.—DENUNCIATORY.

C. Mucius Scævola to King Porsenna. ii. 12.	Confessing his design to kill the king. 11 *lines.*

X.—CONGRATULATORY.

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Papirius Cursor, Dictator, to the people. viii. 35.	Pardoning the insubordination of young Q. Fabius, who had fought against orders. 13 *lines.*
Syracusan Ambassadors to Marcellus. xxv. 29.	In surrendering their city they protest the innocence of the people at large, and congratulate the conquerors. 28 *lines.*
T. Quinctius Flamininus, to the Envoys of the Greek States. xxxiv. 49.	He bids them farewell, with advice to agree together, to use liberty with moderation, and to hold fast to the Romans. 30 *lines.*

XI.—COMMENDATORY.

Scipio to Aluccius, Prince of the Celtiberians. xxvi. 50.	Restoring to him his betrothed, he bids him be the friend of the Romans, who are his true friends. 16 *lines.*
Sp. Ligustinus, a centurion, to the people of Rome. xlii. 34.	Recounting his own merits and long service, he recommends obedience by his own example. 55 *lines.*

XII.—LAUDATORY.

Hannibal to Scipio. xxx. 30.	Praising the great qualities and exploits of his adversary, he desires an equal peace. 88 *lines.*
Philip, King of Macedon, to Antigonus. xl. 56.	Offering to leave him the kingdom, instead of his own unworthy son, Perseus. 10 *lines.*

XIII.—VITUPERATIVE.

A. Verginius to the Plebs. iii. 11.	Condemning Cæso Fabius. 5 *lines.*
Camillus to the schoolmaster of Falerii. v. 27.	Condemning his baseness, and refusing to profit by it. 11 *lines.*
Postumius, Consul, to the Roman people. xxxix. 15, 16.	Exposing the horrid practices of the Bacchanalians, warning the people against superstition, and declaring that he and his colleague will put down the strange rite with their full powers. 83 *lines.*

XIV.—ACCUSATORY.

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Q. Quinctius Cincinnatus, Consul, to the people and Tribunes. iii. 19.	Against Aulus Verginius and the other Tribunes, denouncing them as factious, dishonest, and unpatriotic demagogues. 35 *lines.*
Verginius to the people. iii. 56.	Impeaching Appius, the Decemvir. 10 *lines.*
M. Sextius, Tribune of the Plebs, to the people. iv. 49.	Denouncing the haughtiness of Postumius Regillensis, Military Tribune. 12 *lines.*
T. Manlius, Consul, to his son. viii. 7.	Condemning him to death as the penalty of insubordination. 15 *lines.*
C. Mænius, Dictator, to the assembly. ix. 26.	Being accused by certain nobles of treason, he retorts the charge, and courts investigation. 25 *lines.*
P. Sempronius, Tribune of the Plebs, to the people. ix. 33.	Charging Appius the Censor with violating the Æmilian law, which limited his term of office: inveighing against the pride, etc., of Appius and his family. 76 *lines.*

XV.—ACCUSATORY.

Hanno to the Carthaginian Senate. xxi. 10.	Against Hannibal and the war party, advocating that Hannibal should be given up as the breaker of the treaty with Rome, as the Roman legates desired. 41 *lines.*
P. Scipio to his mutinous soldiery. xxviii. 27-29.	Upbraiding them with their sedition and mutiny and want of patriotism: the ringleaders alone shall be punished with death. 123 *lines.*
Ambassadors of King Philip to the Council of the Ætolians. xxxi. 29.	Recounting the cruelty and bad government of the Romans towards conquered States. 44 *lines.*
Athenian Ambassadors to the Council of the Ætolians. xxxi. 30.	The crimes and profanities of Philip in Attica. 29 *lines.* [*Orat. obliq.*]
L. Furius Purpurio and L. Æmilius Paulus to the Senate. xxxviii. 45, 46.	Against granting a triumph to Cn. Manlius, whom they accused of exceeding his powers, and of needlessly prolonging and extending the war in a spirit of vainglory and irreligion. 74 *lines.* [*Orat. obliq.* c. 45.]

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Perseus to King Philip, his father. xl. 9-11.	Accusing his brother Demetrius of treason and attempted parricide. 96 *lines.*
Marcius, Roman Ambassador, to Perseus, King of Macedon. xlii. 40.	Accusing him of divers violations of the treaty with Rome, and demanding redress. 38 *lines.*
Alexander, Prince of the Ætolians, to Philip, King of Macedon. xxxii. 33.	Reproaching him that his method of making war was more destructive to his friends than to his foes. Either peace must be made, or the war must be waged with vigour. 18 *lines.* [*Orat. obliq.*]

XVI.—DEFENSIVE OR APOLOGETIC.

M. Manlius to Cornelius Cossus, Dictator, and the senators. vi. 15.	Defending himself from the charge of appropriating the treasures of the Gauls, and bringing counter charges against the Dictator. 26 *lines.*
Spurius Postumius to the Senate. ix. 9.	Against the Tribunes of the Plebs, who tried to invalidate his view of the surrender to the Samnites, by urging that his own surrender will be enough. 61 *lines.*
Hanno to the Carthaginian Senate. xxi. 12, 13.	Defending his own peace-at-any-price policy, and warning them not to put trust in Hannibal's victories. 50 *lines.*
Deputies of the soldiers who had fought at Cannæ to M. Marcellus. xxv. 6.	Protesting against the ignominy which had been inflicted on them by the Senate, with petition for better treatment. 70 *lines.*
M. Marcellus to the Senate. xxvi. 31.	Defending himself from the charge of undue harshness to the Syracusans, and justifying his plunder of their city. 37 *lines.*
P. Cornelius Scipio to the Senate. xxviii. 43, 44.	In answer to Q. Fabius Maximus he pleads that he may be sent into Africa, urging his own zeal for the service, the feasibility of finishing the war, and the advantages of transferring it to the enemy's country. 112 *lines.*
Hannibal to the Carthaginian Senate. xxx. 44.	Justifying himself for laughing when the rest wept, and foretelling the future miseries of Carthage. 19 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Roman Ambassadors to the Council of the Ætolians. xxxi. 31.	In answer to the charges brought against Rome by Philip's embassy, they justify the policy of Rome to her subjects, and urge the Ætolians to espouse the cause of Rome rather than that of the impious Philip. 72 *lines.*
Philip, King of Macedon, to the Ætolians and others. xxxii. 34.	Defending himself from the charge of injuring his own allies, promising redress, and making counter-charges against them. 37 *lines.*
Nabis, tyrant of Lacedæmon, to T. Quinctius Flamininus. xxxiv. 31.	Appealing to the good faith of the Romans, he defends his annexation of Argos, and vindicates his democratic policy at home. 50 *lines.*
Cn. Manlius, Consul, to the Senate. xxxviii. 47-49.	He defends himself from the charge of needlessly attacking the Gauls, and managing the war badly: and vindicates his own just claims to a triumph. 126 *lines.*
Lycortas, prætor of the Achæans, to Appius Claudius and the Roman envoys. xxxix. 36, 37.	Justifying the Achæan attack on Sparta, and the severities inflicted after the surrender by the example of Roman conduct on like occasions. 78 *lines.*
Demetrius, son of King Philip, to his father. xl. 12-15.	He defends himself from the charges of treason and conspiracy to kill his father. 162 *lines.*
Archo to the Achæan Council. xli. 24.	Against adopting an unfriendly policy towards Perseus, the new King of Macedon, whom he defends, while peace still exists. 56 *lines.*
King Perseus to Q. Marcius, the Roman envoy. xlii. 41, 42.	Explaining his alleged breaches of the treaty: his acts had been only in self-defence: he had given no real cause for war. 80 *lines.*
Q. Æmilius Paulus, Consul, to the people. xliv. 22.	Declining to be influenced by public opinion in his conduct of the war with Macedon, he invites them to help him by disbelieving rumours and criticisms. He will do his best to conclude the war. 47 *lines.*
Q. Æmilius Paulus to his army. xliv. 38, 39.	Explaining to them his reasons for not fighting a battle on the day before. 67 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
Scipio to Hannibal. xxx. 31.	In refusing Hannibal's offer of peace, now too late, he excuses the Romans from the charge of having provoked war. 30 *lines.*
P. Horatius to the people. i. 26.	Reproaching them with ingratitude for condemning his son to death. 11 *lines.*

XVII.—INVECTIVE.

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
T. Quinctius Cincinnatus, Consul, to the Senate. iii. 21.	Refusing to allow himself to be re-elected Consul contrary to the law. 16 *lines.*
C. Pontius to the Samnites. ix. 1.	Denouncing the vengeance of the gods on the pride and injustice of Rome. Justice of their own cause. 28 *lines.*
C. Pontius to the Roman envoys. ix. 11.	Exposing their perfidy in not carrying out the Caudine convention. 37 *lines.*
M. Minucius to the Roman officers. xxii. 14.	Attacking the timid and cautious tactics of Fabius, who left Sinuessa to its fate: advocating boldness. 41 *lines.*
T. Quinctius Flamininus to Nabis, tyrant of Lacedæmon. xxxiv. 32.	Denouncing his tyranny, crimes, perfidy, and hypocrisy: repudiating his proffered alliance. 56 *lines.*

XVIII.—EXPOSTULATORY.

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Veturia to her son Coriolanus. ii. 40.	Reproaching him for becoming the leader of his country's foes. 14 *lines.*
Minnio, minister of King Antiochus, to Sulpicius, Roman envoy. xxxv. 16.	Reproaching the Romans with inconsistency, and with seeking cause for war. 15 *lines.*
Senators to the Censor Q. Fulvius Flaccus. xlii. 3.	Expostulating with him for using the materials of the Temple of Juno at Croton to build a temple of Fortune at Rome. 12 *lines.* [*Orat. obliq.*]
P. Valerius Publicola to the people. ii. 7.	Clearing himself from the charge of aiming at the kingdom, because he had built on the Velian hill. 10 *lines.*
A Senator of Carthage to the Roman Ambassadors. xxi. 18.	Maintaining the good faith of the Carthaginians, and shifting on to the Romans the charge of seeking to renew the war. 25 *lines.*

XIX.—COMPLAINING.

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Lucretia to her husband and father. i. 58.	Denouncing the crime of Sextus Tarquinius. 11 *lines.*
P. Valerius Publicola, Consul, to the Tribunes and people. iii. 17.	Complaining of their unpatriotic conduct in attending to legislation while Appius Herdonius had seized the Capitol: appealing to them in the name of all the outraged gods of Rome. 20 *lines.*
T. Quinctius Capitolinus, Consul, to the people. iii. 67, 68.	Remonstrating with them for being immersed in schemes of reforming the constitution while the enemy was ready to attack them: exhorting them to concord and to take up arms against the common foe. 80 *lines.*
Perolla to his father Pacuvius, chief of the Campanians. xxiii. 9.	Complaining that he had thrice betrayed his country. 8 *lines.*
Decius Magius to the people of Capua. xxiii. 10.	Their liberties are violated in his own person by Hannibal. 6 *lines.*
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Locrian Envoys to the Roman Senate. xxix. 17, 18.	Against Q. Pleminius, commander of the Roman garrison, setting forth the grievous wrongs they had suffered from him and his soldiers. 125 *lines.*
Philip, King of Macedon, to the Roman Envoys. xxxix. 28.	Complaining that the Romans did not treat him as an ally and friend, but encouraged his enemies and revolted subjects. 45 *lines.*
Philip to his sons and friends. xl. 8.	His own miseries in having to judge between two sons who were enemies to one another. He upbraids his sons for their unnatural feeling. 38 *lines.*
Callicrates to the Council of the Achæans. xli. 23.	Recounting the misdeeds of the Macedonians and Perseus, and warning the Achæans not to be misled by the king's overtures. 40 *lines.*

By whom and to whom spoken.	*Subject of speech and its length in lines.*
L. Æmilius Paulus to the people. xlv. 41.	Contrasting his glories as a general with his domestic bereavements, which reduced him to the level of Perseus, his conquered foe, in misfortune. 40 *lines.*

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M. Marcellus to his soldiers. xxviii. 13.	Upbraiding them with cowardice in yielding panic-struck to the assault of Hannibal. 20 *lines.*
Aristænus, Prætor of the Achæans, to the Achæan League. xxxii. 20.	Reproaching the Council with their silence on the question of peace or war with Philip and the Romans. 13 *lines.*
L. Æmilius Paulus to Perseus, King of Macedon. xlv. 8.	His folly in contending against Rome: he was, however, expected to be treated with clemency. His fate an example of the vicissitudes of human fortune. 19 *lines.*

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T. Manlius, Consul, to the Senate. viii. 6, 7.	He appeals to the gods against entertaining the proposal to admit Latins to the Senate, and sees the finger of Providence in the fall of T. Annius. 14 *lines.*

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P. Cornelius Scipio to L. Cæcilius Metellus and others. xxi. 53.	He swears to kill any one who deserts his country in her peril. 7 *lines.*
T. Sempronius Gracchus to his army. xxiv. 14.	If any of them run away they shall be punished as slaves; but the brave soldier shall be suitably rewarded. 10 *lines.* [*Orat. obliq.*]
T. Sempronius Gracchus to mutineers and others. xxiv. 16.	Imposing a nominal punishment in consideration of subsequent good conduct. 10 *lines.*

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Emulation	Quintilian, lib. i. c. 3. Cicero, *de Fin.* v. § 61. „ *Tusc. Quæst.* iv. § 43; i. § 7, 3, 4. „ *pro Archiâ,* § 24.
Stings of Conscience	Seneca, *Epist.* xliii; xcvii. Cicero, *pro Milone,* § 61. „ *Tusc. Quæst.* v. § 61, 62. Sallust, *Catilin.* c. 15. „ *Jugurtha,* c. 72. Tacitus, *Ann.* vi. § 6.
Duties of magistrates and rulers	Cicero, *de Legg.* iii. § 2, 5. „ *de Off.* i. § 85, 86. „ *Epist. ad Quint.* i. „ *de Off.* ii. § 77, 79; i. § 156, 88, 89. Seneca, *de Irâ,* i. c. 15, 16.
Duties of judges	Cicero, *de Off.* ii. § 51. „ *ad Attic.* lib. i. *Epist.* xiv. Quintilian, lib. ii. c. 17; vi. c. 1; v. c. 9. Cicero, *de Off.* iii. § 43. „ *pro Cluent.* § 159. „ *pro Rabirio Postumio,* § 12.
Duties of citizens and subjects	„ *de Legg.* ii. § 9, 11. „ *Philipp.* ii. § 28. Livy, xxxiv. c. 4. Tacitus, *Ann.* iii. c. 26. Cicero, *pro Cæcina,* § 73. „ *Paradox.* v.

II.—POLITICAL.

Origin of human society	Cicero, *de Inventione Rhetor.* i. § 2.
Origin of law and right	„ *de Legg.* i. § 18, *sqq.*
Religion necessary for society	„ „ ii. § 30.
Magistrates the mouthpiece of the law	„ „ iii. § 2.
Growth of the Roman empire	Livy, *Preface.*

See also references in Oratorical section.

III.—LITERARY, CRITICAL, &c.

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Eloquence, its origin	„ „ i. § 2-6
Orator, qualities necessary for a good	„ *de Orator.* i § 16, 201.
Orator, special knowledge necessary	„ „ i. § 59.
Ideal in art	„ *Orator,* § 8.
Witticisms	„ *de Orator.* ii. § 219-287.
Oratory, usefulness of	Tacitus, *de Orat.* c. 5.
„ *flourishing period of*	„ „ c. 36.
„ *decline of*	„ „ c. 39, 40, 41.
Poetry compared with oratory	„ „ c. 9, 12.
Poetry, praise of	„ „ c. 11.

IV.—PHYSICAL.

The study of Nature elevates the human mind	SENECA,	*Nat. Quæst.*	*Præfat.* lib. 1.
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Literary topics (various)	Cicero, *ad Famil.* v. 12. „ *ad Att.* xiii. 13. „ *ad Q. Fratr.* iii. 5, 6. Pliny, *Epist.* i. 8, 13; ii. 10, 19; v. 10; vi. 33; vii. 33; viii. 4; ix. 23. Seneca, *Epist. Mor.* cxiv.
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Jocular and bantering letters	Cicero, *ad Famil.* vii. 10, 12, 18, 32; xv. 16. „ *ad Att.* xiii. 52. Pliny, *Epist.* i. 15; iii. 2. Seneca, *Epist. Mor.* lxxxvii.
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The Flood	Seneca, *Nat. Quæst.* lib. iii. c. 27.
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PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION INTO LATIN.

PART I.

HISTORICAL.

DUMBARTON CASTLE TAKEN BY SURPRISE. A.D. 1571.

THE situation of the castle on the top of a high and almost inaccessible rock, which rises in the middle of a plain, rendered it extremely strong, and, in the opinion of that age, impregnable; as it commanded the river Clyde, it was of great consequence, and was deemed the most proper place in the kingdom for landing any foreign troops that might come to Mary's aid. The strength of the place rendered Lord Fleming, the governor, more secure than he ought to have been, considering its importance. A soldier who had served in the garrison, and had been disgusted by some ill-usage, proposed the scheme to the Regent, endeavoured to show that it was practicable, and offered himself to go the foremost man on the enterprise. It was thought prudent to risk any danger for so great a prize. Scaling ladders, and whatever else might be necessary, were prepared with the utmost secrecy and despatch. All the avenues to the castle were seized, that no intelligence of the design might reach the governor. Towards evening Crawford marched from Glasgow with a small but determined band. By midnight they arrived at the bottom of the rock. The moon was set, and the sky, which hitherto had been extremely clear, was covered with a thick fog. It was where the rock was highest that the assailants made their attempt, because in that place there were few sentinels, and they hoped to find them least alert.

The first ladder was scarcely fixed, when the weight and eagerness of those who mounted brought it to the ground. None of the assailants were hurt by the fall, and none of the garrison alarmed by the noise. Their guide and Crawford scrambled up the rock, and fastened the ladder to the roots of a tree which grew in a cleft. This place they all reached with the utmost difficulty, but were still at a great distance from the foot of the wall. Their ladder was made fast a second time; but in the middle of the ascent, they were met by an unforeseen difficulty. One of their companions was seized with some sudden fit, and clung, seemingly without life, to the ladder. All were at a stand. It was impossible to pass him. To tumble him headlong was cruel; and might occasion a discovery. But Crawford's presence of mind did not forsake him. He ordered the soldier to be bound fast to the ladder, that he might not fall when the fit was over; then turning the other side of the ladder, they mounted with ease over his belly. Day now began to break, and there still remained a high wall to scale; but after surmounting so many great difficulties, this was soon accomplished. A sentry observed the first man who appeared on the parapet, and had just time to give the alarm, before he was knocked on the head. The officers and soldiers of the garrison ran out naked, unarmed, and more solicitous about their own safety, than capable of making resistance. The assailants rushed forwards, with repeated shouts and with the utmost fury; took possession of the magazine; seized the cannon, and turned them against their enemies. Lord Fleming got into a small boat, and fled all alone into Argyleshire. Crawford, in reward of his valour and good conduct, remained master of the castle.—*Robertson.*

SALLUST, *Bell. Jugurth.* c. 92, 93, 94. LIVY, xxiv. c. 3, 46. xxv. c. 23, 24. ix. c. 24, 37.

SIEGE OF PLATÆA—WORKS AND COUNTERWORKS.

THE mode of attack which Archidamus chiefly relied upon was the same which had been employed by the Persians against the Ionian cities. He attempted to raise a mound to a level with the walls. It was piled up with earth and rubbish, wood and stones, and was guarded on either side by a strong lattice-work of forest timber, the growth of Cithæron. As the mound rose, the besieged devised various expedients for averting the danger. First they surmounted the opposite part of their wall with a superstructure of brick—taken from the adjacent houses, which were pulled down for the purpose—secured in a frame of timber, and shielded from fiery missiles by a curtain of raw hides and skins, which protected the workmen and their work. But as the mound still kept rising as fast as the wall, they set about contriving plans for reducing it. And first, issuing by night through an opening made in the wall, they scooped out and carried away large quantities of the earth from the lower part of the mound. But the Peloponnesians, on discovering this device, counteracted it, by repairing the breach with layers of stiff clay, pressed down close on wattles of reed. Thus baffled, the besieged sunk a shaft within the walls, and thence working upon a rough estimate dug a passage underground as far as the mound, which they were thus enabled to undermine. And against this contrivance the enemy had no remedy, except in the multitude of hands, which repaired the loss almost as soon as it was felt.—*Thirlwall.*

LIVY, xxxviii. c. 7. CÆSAR, *Bell. Civil.* ii. c. 8, *sqq.*

SIEGE AND DEFENCE OF PLATÆA.

BUT the garrison, fearing that they should not be able to struggle long with this disadvantage, and that their wall would at length be carried by force of numbers, provided against this event by building a second wall, in the shape of a half-moon, behind the raised part of the old wall, which was the chord of the arc. Thus in the worst emergency they secured themselves a retreat, from which they would be able to assail the enemy to great advantage, and he would have to recommence his work under the most unfavourable circumstances. This countermine drove the besiegers to their last resources. They had already brought battering engines to play upon the walls. But the spirit and ingenuity of the besieged had generally baffled these assaults, though one had given an alarming shock to the superstructure in front of the half-moon. Sometimes the head of an engine was caught up by means of a noose; sometimes it was broken off by a heavy beam, suspended by chains from two levers placed on the wall. Now, however, after the main hope of the Peloponnesians, which rested on their mound, was completely defeated by the countermine, Archidamus resolved to try a last extraordinary experiment. He caused the hollow between the mound and the wall, and all the space which he could reach on the other side, to be filled up with a pile of faggots, which, when it had been steeped in pitch and sulphur, was set on fire. The blaze was such as had perhaps never before been kindled by the art of men; Thucydides compares it to a burning forest.—*Thirlwall.*

LIVY, xxxviii. c. 7. CÆSAR, *Bell. Civil.* ii. c. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

THE ESCAPE FROM PLATÆA.

THE contrivers of the plan took the lead in the enterprise. Scaling ladders of a proper height were the first requisite; and they were made upon a measurement of the enemy's wall, for which the besieged had no other basis than the number of layers of brick, which were sedulously counted over and over again by different persons, until the amount, and consequently the height of the wall, was sufficiently ascertained.

A dark and stormy night in the depth of winter was chosen for the attempt. It was known that in such nights the sentinels took shelter in the towers, and left the intervening battlements unguarded; and it was on this practice that the success of the adventure mainly depended. It was concerted, that the part of the garrison which remained behind should make demonstrations of attacking the enemy's lines on the side opposite to that by which their comrades attempted to escape. And first a small party lightly armed, the right foot bare, to give them a surer footing in the mud, keeping at such a distance from each other as to prevent their arms from clashing, crossed the ditch, and planted their ladders, unseen and unheard; for the noise of their approach was drowned by the wind. The first who mounted were twelve men armed with short swords, led by Ammeas, son of Corœbus. His followers, six on each side, proceeded immediately to secure the two nearest towers. Next came another party with short spears, their shields being carried by their comrades behind them. But before many more had mounted, the fall of a tile, broken off from a battlement by one of the Platæans, as he laid hold of it, alarmed the nearest sentinels, and presently the whole force of the besiegers was called to the walls. But no one knew what had happened, and the general confusion was increased by the sally of the besieged.—*Thirlwall.*

Livy, xxiv. c. 46. xxv. c. 23, 24. v. c. 39, *sqq.* xxi. c. 56, 58.

STORMING OF THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

MEANWHILE Titus advanced his engines to the outer wall; but the strength of its compacted masonry still defied the battering rams. He undermined the gates; his engines shook their sustaining bulwarks; but though the surface crumbled, the mass stood firm, and barred ingress. He applied ladders, and the Romans mounted without opposition. On the summit they were met by a remnant of the defenders, who still, in the fury of their despair, found strength to hurl them headlong. Finally, the assailants brought fire to the gates, and, meeting again with no resistance, succeeded in melting the silver plates which encased them, and in kindling the wood beneath. The flames now cleared the way for their advance, and swept from pillar to pillar till they enveloped all that was yet standing of the interior porticoes. Hundreds of Jews perished in this storm of fire. Titus called his chiefs together, and deliberated on the fate of the sanctuary. "Destroy it utterly," exclaimed some; "retain it for ransom," suggested others; but Titus himself, so at least we are assured by his panegyrist, was anxious at all events to save it. Perhaps he regarded it as a trophy of victory; possibly he had imbibed in his Eastern service some reverence for the mysteries it enshrined; and even the fortunes of his family disposed him to superstition. He ordered the flames to be quenched; but while the soldiers were employed in checking them, the Jews sallied from their inner stronghold: a last struggle ensued. Titus swept the foe from the court with a charge of cavalry, and, as they shut the gates behind them, a Roman, climbing on his comrade's shoulders, flung a blazing brand through a latticed opening. The flames shot up: the Jews shrank shrieking and yelling from the parapets.—*Merivale.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 71, 72, 73. iii. c. 29-33. *Ann.* xv. c. 38, 39, 40.

CAPTURE OF DUREN.

THE town was strong, and powerfully garrisoned. A storm was thought impossible; and the stores of provisions within the walls would last till the winter, when a besieging army would be driven from the field. The herald was told scornfully that he might take his proclamation to those from whom it came; the soldiers of Duren know no reading; he pretended to come from the Emperor; the Emperor had fed the fishes of the Mediterranean when he was seeking to return from Algiers, and from him they had nothing to fear. Before forty-eight hours had expired, they found reason to know that neither was Duren impregnable, nor the

Emperor a delusion. The second morning after their reply, the Spaniards were led up to the walls, and after a struggle of three hours, the garrison broke and fled. Seven hundred were killed. The rest, attempting to escape on the other side of the town, fell into the hands of the Prince of Orange. Charles, coolly merciless, refused to spare a man who had borne arms against him. The commander was hanged before the gates: the other prisoners were variously executed.—*Froude.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 30, 31. LIVY, xxxiii. c. 17, 18. xxiv. c. 19. xxv. c. 19. CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* vii. c. 11.

SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

ON the other side, the king's men were not wanting in securing their forts, and repairing them with earth, hay, and whatsoever else they could come by of most commodious; and hoping that the waters would swell no higher, they persuaded themselves that they should, within a few days, finish their business. They very well knew the townmen's necessities; and that all their victuals being already spent, the affairs within were drawing to great extremity. While both sides were in these hopes and fears, the time came wherein Nature, by way of her hidden causes, was likewise to work her effects. About the end of September the sea began to swell exceedingly, according as she useth to do in that season of the year; and pouring in at the high tides, no longer waves, but even mountains of waters, into the most inward channels and rivers, made so great an inundation as all the country about Leyden seemed to be turned into a sea. It cannot be said how much the rebels were hereby encouraged, and the king's men discouraged. The former came presently forth with their fleet, which consisted of about one hundred and fifty bottoms, a great part whereof were made like galleys: and to these were added many other boats which served only to carry victuals.—*Bentivoglio.*

CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* iii. c. 9. *Bell. Alex.* c. 2. TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 8.

SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

"Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem."

THE tidings of despair created a terrible commotion in the starving city. There was no hope either in submission or resistance. Massacre or starvation was the only alternative. But if there was no hope within the walls, without there was still a soldier's death. For a moment the garrison and the able-bodied citizens resolved to advance from the gates in a solid column, to cut their way through the enemy's camp, or to perish on the field. It was thought that the helpless and the infirm, who would alone be left in the city, might be treated with indulgence after the fighting men had all been slain. At any rate, by remaining, the strong could neither protect nor comfort them. As soon, however, as this resolve was known, there was such wailing and outcry of women and children as pierced the hearts of the soldiers and burghers, and caused them to forego the project. They felt that it was cowardly not to die in their presence. It was then determined to form all the females, the sick, the aged, and the children, into a square, to surround them with all the able-bodied men who still remained, and thus arrayed to fight their way forth from the gates, and to conquer by the strength of despair, or at least to perish all together.

CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* vii. c. 77, 78. LIVY, v. c. 42. xxi. c. 7-15. xxviii. c. 22, 23. TACITUS, *Ann.* i. c. 70.

SIEGE OF GENOA—SCARCITY OF FOOD.

WINTER passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full rays of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hill sides within the lines with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens by its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hill sides were now visited for a very different object;

ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our road sides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distress of the people, but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese, and such provisions as remained were reserved in the first place for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering and most miserable death of famine.

TACITUS, *Hist.* iv. c. 60. LIVY, xxiii. c. 19, 30.
CÆSAR, *Bell. Civil.* iii. c. 58.

SIEGE OF SIENA—CONSTANCY AND COURAGE OF THE DEFENDERS.

WITH this view he fortified his own camp with great care, occupied all the posts of strength round the place, and having entirely cut off the besieged from any communication with the adjacent country, he waited patiently until necessity should compel them to open their gates. But their enthusiastic zeal for liberty made the citizens despise the distresses occasioned by the scarcity of provisions, and supported them long under all the miseries of famine. Monluc, by his example and exhortations, taught his soldiers to vie with them in patience and abstinence; and it was not until they had withstood a siege of ten months, until they had eaten up all the horses, dogs, and other animals in the place, and were reduced almost to their last morsel of bread, that they proposed a capitulation. Even then they demanded honourable terms; and as Cosmo, though no stranger to the extremity of their condition, was afraid that despair might prompt them to venture upon some wild enterprise, he immediately granted them conditions more favourable than they could have expected.—*Robertson.*

LIVY, xxiii. c. 19, 30. CÆSAR, *Bell. Civil.* iii. c. 58.

SIEGE OF BAZA—COURAGE AND DEVOTION OF THE WOMEN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vigour with which the siege was pressed, Baza made no demonstration of submission. The garrison was, indeed, greatly reduced in number; the ammunition was nearly expended; yet there still remained abundant supplies of provisions in the town, and no signs of despondency appeared among the people. Even the women of the place, with a spirit emulating that of the dames of ancient Carthage, freely gave up their jewels, bracelets, necklaces, and other personal ornaments, of which the Moorish ladies were exceedingly fond, in order to defray the charges of the mercenaries.

The camp of the besiegers, in the meanwhile, was also greatly wasted both by sickness and the sword. Many, desponding under perils and fatigues, which seemed to have no end, would even at this late hour have abandoned the siege; and they earnestly solicited the queen's appearance in the camp, in the hope that she would herself countenance this measure on witnessing their sufferings. Others, and by far the larger part, anxiously desired the queen's visit, as likely to quicken the operations of the siege, and bring it to a favourable issue. There seemed to be a virtue in her presence, which, on some account or other, made it earnestly desired by all.—*W. Irving.*

Livy, xxv. c. 26. xxi. c. 18. xxviii. c. 22, 23. Florus, ii. c. 12.

OBSTINATE DEFENCE OF THE MOORS.

THE Moors, unshaken by the fury of this assault, received the assailants with brisk and well-directed volleys of shot and arrows; while the women and children, thronging the roofs and balconies of the houses, discharged on their heads boiling oil, pitch, and missiles of every description. But the weapons of the Moors glanced comparatively harmless from the mailed armour of the Spaniards; while their own bodies, loosely arrayed in such habiliments as they could throw over them in the confusion of the night, presented a fatal mark to their enemies. Still they continued to maintain a stout resistance, checking the progress of the Spaniards by barricades of timber hastily thrown across the streets; and, as their entrenchments were forced one after another, they disputed every inch of ground with the desperation of men who fought for life, fortune, liberty,—all that was most dear to them. The contest hardly slackened till the close of the day, while the kennels literally ran with blood, and every avenue was choked up with the bodies of the slain. At length, however, Spanish valour proved triumphant in every quarter, except where a small and desperate remnant of the Moors, having gathered their wives and children around them, retreated as a last resort into a large mosque near the walls of the city, from which they kept up a galling fire on the close ranks of the Christians. The latter, after enduring some loss, succeeded in sheltering themselves so effectually under a roof or canopy constructed of their own shields, in the manner practised in war previous to the exclusive use of fire-arms, that they were enabled to approach so near the mosque as to set fire to its doors; when its tenants, menaced with suffocation, made a desperate sally, in which many perished, and the remainder surrendered at discretion.

LIVY, xxi. c. 8, 11. TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 29, 30, 71.
CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* v. c. 43.

SURPRISE AND STORMING OF ZAHARA.

IN the midst of the night an uproar arose within the walls of Zahara, more awful than the raging of the storm. A fearful alarm-cry, "The Moor! the Moor!" resounded through the streets, mingled with the clash of arms, the shriek of anguish, and the shout of victory. Muley Aben Hassan, at the head of a powerful force, had hurried from Granada, and passed unobserved through the mountains in the obscurity of the tempest. When the storm pelted the sentinel from his post, and howled round tower and battlement, the Moors had planted their scaling ladders, and mounted securely into both town and castle. The garrison was unsuspicious of danger until battle and massacre burst forth within its very walls. It seemed to the affrighted inhabitants, as if the fiends of the air had come upon the wings of the wind, and possessed themselves of tower and turret. The war-cry resounded on every side, shout answering shout, above, below, on the battlements of the castle, in the streets of the town; the foe was in all parts, wrapped in obscurity, but acting in concert by the aid of preconcerted signals.—*W. Irving.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iv. c. 29. LIVY, xxiii. c. 35, *ad fin.* v. c. 39, *sqq.* xxi. c. 58. xxiv. c. 46.

STORMING OF THE BREACH AT BADAJOS.

NOW a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front, the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets; and each musket in addition to its ordinary charge contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged.

Again the assailants rushed up the breaches, and again the sword-blades, immoveable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had fallen, and hundreds more were dropping, but still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by a few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies, but the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down; and men fell so fast from the shot, that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again.—*Napier.*

LIVY, xxxviii. c. 5-7. xxiv. c. 46. xxv. c. 9, 10.
TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 29, 71. CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* v. c. 42, 43.

BATTLE OF NIEUPORT—MAURICE OF NASSAU ENCOURAGES HIS TROOPS.

IT was a bright warm midsummer day. The waves of the German Ocean came lazily rolling in upon the crisp yellow sand, the surf breaking at the very feet of the armies. A gentle south-west wind was blowing, just filling the sails of more than a thousand ships in the offing, which moved languidly along the sparkling sea. It was an atmosphere better befitting a tranquil holiday than the scene of carnage which seemed approaching. Maurice of Nassau, in complete armour, sword in hand, with the orange plumes waving from his helmet, and the orange scarf across his breast, rode through the lines, briefly addressing his soldiers with martial energy. Pointing to the harbour behind them, now again impassable with the flood, to the ocean on the left where rode the fleet, carrying with it all hope of escape by sea, and to the army of the Archduke in front, almost within cannon range, he simply observed that they had no choice between victory or death. They must either utterly overthrow the Spanish army, he said, or drink all the waters of the sea. Either drowning or butchery was their doom if they were conquered, for no quarter was to be expected from their insolent foe. He was there to share their fate, to conquer or to perish with them, and from their tried valour and from the God of battles he hoped a more magnificent victory than had ever before been achieved in this almost perpetual war.

The troops replied with a shout that they were ready to live or die with their chieftain, and eagerly demanded to be led upon the enemy. Whether from hope or from desperation they were confident and cheerful.—*Motley.*

Tacitus, *Ann.* ii. c. 15. **Livy**, xxi. c. 43. xxii. c. 5. xxxiv. c. 14. xli. c. 2.

BOADICEA ATTACKS THE ROMANS.

BUT flushed with victory, impatient for the slaughter, animated with desperate resolution to die or conquer, the Britons cast no thought or look behind them. Boadicea herself drove from rank to rank, from nation to nation, with her daughters beside her, attesting the outrage she had endured, the vengeance she had already taken, proclaiming the gallant deeds of the queens before her, under whom British warriors had so often triumphed, denouncing as intolerable the yoke of Roman insolence, and declaring that whatever the men might determine, the women would now be free, or perish. The harangue of Suetonius, on the other hand, was blunt and sarcastic. He told his men not to mind the multitudes before them, nor the noise they made; there were more women among them than men: as for their own numbers, let them remember that in all battles a few good swordsmen really did the work; the half-armed and dastardly crowds before them would break and fly when they saw again the prowess of the Roman soldiery. Thus encouraged, the legionaries could with difficulty be restrained to await the onset; and as soon as the assailants had exhausted their missiles, bore down upon them in the wedge-shaped column which had so often broken Greeks, Gauls, and Carthaginians. The auxiliaries followed with no less impetuosity. The horsemen, lance in hand, pierced through the ranks which still kept their ground. But a single charge was enough. The Britons were in a moment shattered and routed.—*Merivale.*

Tacitus, *Ann.* xiv. c. 35, 36.

BATTLE OF CRECY.

THERE were of the Genoese cross-bows about a fifteen thousand; but they were so weary of going a-foot that day a six league armed with their crossbows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms, as we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also at the same season there fell a great rain and eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows, for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes, and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoese were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still, and stirred not for all that.

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 23, 56. LIVY, xxii. c. 45.
CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* vi. c. 39, 40.

SITE OF THE BATTLE OF TRASIMENE.

HERE at our feet lay the Trasimene, a broad expanse of blue, mirroring in intenser hues the complexion of the heavens. Three wooded islets lay floating as it seemed on its unruffled surface. Towns and villages glittered on the verdant shore. Dark heights of purple waved around; but loftier far and far more distant the Apennines reared their crests of snow. Such was the scene on which the sun shone on that eventful day when Rome lay humbled at the feet of Carthage, when fifteen thousand of her sons dyed yon plain and lake with their blood. From the height of Monte Gualandro the whole battle-field is within view. At the foot of the hill, or a little further to the right, on the shores of the lake, Flaminius, on his way from Arretium, halted on the eve of the battle. Ere the sun had risen on the morrow he entered the pass between this hill and the water, and marched on into yon crescent-shaped plain, formed by the receding of the mountains from the lake, unconscious that he was watched from those very heights on which we stand by Hannibal's Balearic slingers and light-armed troops, and that the undulating ground at our feet concealed the enemy's horse.—*Dennis.*

PLINY, *Epist.* lib. viii. 8, 20. LIVY, xxii. c. 4.

BATTLE OF TRASIMENE.

SEEING the foe in front, he marched on through the pass till it widens into the plain, and there, enveloped by a dense mist which arose from the lake, he was suddenly attacked on every side by Hannibal's main force in front, and by the cavalry and other ambushers in the rear. Flaminius then saw he was entrapped, but nothing daunted he made a more desperate struggle for victory; and so furious was the contest that ensued, so intent were all on the work of destruction, that an earthquake which overthrew many cities in Italy, turned aside the course of rapid rivers, and cast down even mountains in mighty ruin, was unknown, unfelt by any of the combatants. For three hours did the Romans maintain the unequal contest, till at length when their leader Flaminius fell they broke and fled, rushing some to the mountain steeps, which they were not suffered to climb, others to the lake, in whose waters they vainly sought safety. Six thousand, who had broken through the foe at the first attack, and had retired to a height to await the issue of the fight, effected their escape only to be captured on the morrow. Ten thousand scattered fugitives carried the news to Rome.—*Dennis.*

LIVY, xxii. c. 5, 6.

DISASTROUS RETREAT OF THE ENGLISH FROM CABUL.

IT took two days of disorder, suffering, and death to carry the army, now an army no more, to the jaws of the fatal pass. Akbar Khan, who appeared like the Greeks' dread marshal from the spirit-land at intervals upon the route, here demanded four fresh hostages. The demand was acquiesced in. Madly along the narrow defile crowded the undistinguishable host, whose diminished numbers were still too numerous for speed: on every side rang the war-cry of the barbarians: on every side plundered and butchered the mountaineers: on every side, palsied with fatigue, terror, and cold, the soldiers dropped down to rise no more. The next day, in spite of all remonstrance, the general halted his army, expecting in vain provisions from Akbar Khan. That day the ladies, the children, and the married officers were given up. The march was resumed. By the following night, not more than one-fourth of the original number survived. Even the haste which might once have saved now added nothing to the chances of life. In the middle of the pass a barrier was prepared. There twelve officers died sword in hand. A handful of the bravest or the strongest only reached the further side alive: as men hurry for life, they hurried on their way, but were surrounded and cut to pieces, all save a few that had yet escaped. Six officers, better mounted or more fortunate than the rest, reached a spot within sixteen miles of the goal: but into the town itself rode painfully on a jaded steed, with the stump of a broken sword in his hand, but one.

Livy, xxi. c. 25, § 7-10. xxxv. c. 30. xxiii. c. 24.
Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.* v. c. 35-37.

DEFEAT OF CHARLES THE BOLD AND MASSACRE OF HIS TROOPS AT MORAT.

IN such a predicament braver soldiers might well have ceased to struggle. The poor wretches, Italians and Savoyards, six thousand or more in number, threw away their arms and made pitiable attempts to hide themselves from the merciless foe. In the village they crept into chimneys and ovens. To smoke them out or to smother them in their holes, afforded excellent sport to the hunters. Others climbed the huge walnut trees that lined the road, seeking concealment in the foliage. A cry of "Crows!" was immediately raised, and the arquebusiers, gathering in a circle, picked them off one by one, while calling to them to spread their pinions, or asking if there was not air enough to sustain them. But the great mass was driven into the lake, men and horses struggling together and trampling each other down, a few getting rid of their armour and swimming out till they sank from exhaustion, the rest when they had waded up to their chins, standing in a dense crowd; their faces wild with terror, their arms thrown up, their voices sending forth screams for mercy, which were answered with derisive yells. "Ha, they are thirsty! they are learning to swim!" While the spearmen waded after them or collected boats, the arquebusiers calling to each other to mark "the ducks," poured in their fire from the bank. For two hours the slaughter went on, nor ceased until the water over a space of miles was incarnadined with blood.—*Kirk.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 17, 18. *Hist.* iii. c. 83. LIVY, xxii. c. 4, 6. xliv. c. 42. iv. c. 33.

BATTLE IN THE MARSHES—DEATH OF DECIUS.

IN the beginning of the action, the son of Decius, a youth of the fairest hopes, and already associated to the honours of the purple, was slain by an arrow in the sight of his afflicted father, who, summoning all his fortitude, admonished the dismayed troops that the loss of a single soldier was of little importance to the Republic. The conflict was terrible, it was the conflict of despair against grief and rage. The first line of the Goths at length gave way in disorder; the second, advancing to sustain it, shared its fate; and the third only remained entire, prepared to dispute the passage of the morass, which was imprudently attempted by the presumption of the enemy. · Here the fortune of the day turned, and all things became adverse to the Romans; the place deep with ooze, sinking under those who stood, slippery to such as advanced; their armour heavy, the waters deep; nor could they wield, in that uneasy situation, their weighty javelins. The barbarians, on the contrary, were inured to encounter in the bogs, their persons tall, their spears long, such as could wound at a distance. In this morass the Roman army, after an ineffectual struggle, was irrecoverably lost; nor could the body of the Emperor ever be found. Such was the fate of Decius in the fiftieth year of his age; an accomplished prince, active in war, and affable in peace; who, together with his son, has deserved to be compared, both in life and death, with the brightest examples of ancient virtue.—*Gibbon.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* i. c. 68, 70. ii. c. 14. CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* ii. c. 9, 18, 19. LIVY, xxi. c. 5. xxii. c. 4-6.

IVRY—THE BATTLE RETRIEVED.

THERE was a panic. The whole royal cavalry wavered; the supporting infantry recoiled; the day seemed lost before the battle was well begun. The King and Marshal Biron, who were near each other, were furious with rage, but already doubtful of the result. They exerted themselves to rally the troops under their immediate command, and to reform the shattered ranks. However, the German riders and French lancers under Brunswick and Bassompierre had not done their work so thoroughly as Egmont had done. The ground was so miry and soft that, in the brief space which separated the hostile lines, they had not power to urge their horses to full speed. Throwing away their useless lances, they came on at a feeble canter, sword in hand, and were unable to make a very vigorous impression on the more heavily armed troopers opposed to them. Meeting with a firm resistance to their career, they wheeled, faltered a little, and fell a short distance back. The King, whose glance on the battle-field was like inspiration, saw the blot, and charged upon them in person, with his whole battalia of cavalry. The veteran Biron followed hard upon the snow-white plume. The scene was changed, victory succeeded to impending defeat, and the enemy was routed. The riders and cuirassiers, broken into a struggling heap of confusion, strewed the ground with their dead bodies, or carried dismay into the ranks of the infantry as they strove to escape.—*Motley.*

CÆSAR, *Bell. Civil.* ii. c. 41. *Bell. Gall.* vii. c. 80. viii. c. 48. LIVY, x. c. 28. xxii. c. 28, 29.

HEROIC DEATH OF DUNDEE AT THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

LOCHIEL knew with how much difficulty Dundee had been able to keep together, during a few days, an army composed of several clans; and he knew that what Dundee had effected with difficulty, Cannon would not be able to effect at all. The life on which so much depended must not be sacrificed to a barbarous prejudice. Lochiel therefore adjured Dundee not to run into any unnecessary danger. "Your lordship's business," he said, "is to overlook everything, and to issue your commands. Our business is to execute those commands bravely and promptly." Dundee answered with calm magnanimity, that there was much weight in what his friend Sir Ewan had urged, but that no general could effect anything great without possessing the confidence of his men. "I must establish my character for courage. Your people expect to see their leaders in the thickest of the battle; and to-day they shall see me there. I promise you, on my honour, that in future fights I will take more care of myself." . . . At the beginning of the action Dundee had taken his place in front of his little band of cavalry. He bade them follow him, and rode forward. But it seemed to be decreed that, on that day, the Lowland Scotch should in both armies appear to disadvantage. The horse hesitated. Dundee turned round, stood up in his stirrups, and, waving his hat, invited them to come on. As he lifted his arm his cuirass rose, and exposed the lower part of his left side. A musket ball struck him: his horse sprang forward and plunged into a cloud of smoke and dust which hid from both armies the fall of the victorious general. A person named Johnstone was near him and caught him as he sank down from the saddle. "How goes the day?" said Dundee. "Well for King James," answered Johnstone; "but I am sorry for your lordship." "If it is well for him," answered the dying man, "it matters the less for me." He never spoke again; but when half an hour later, Lord Dunfermline and some other friends came to the spot, they thought that they could still discern some faint remains of life. The body, wrapped in two plaids, was carried to the castle of Blair.—*Lord Macaulay.*

Livy, xxii. c. 49. **Cicero**, *de Finibus*, ii. § 96, 97. **Cæsar**, *Bell. Afric.* c. 16. **Cornelius Nepos**, *Epaminondas*, c. 9.

BATTLE-FIELD OF ALBUERA.

A TEMPESTUOUS night closed the memorable day of Albuera. The rain, which during the action had fallen heavily at intervals, became more constant and severe as evening advanced; and the streams which rolled down the heights and mingled with the waters of the river, were not unfrequently observed to be deeply tinged with blood. The village of Albuera had been plundered and destroyed by the enemy—every house was roofless—every inhabitant had disappeared; and had there been a place of shelter near, there was neither carriage nor beast of burden by which the wounded could have been removed. Throughout the night, and during the following day, the dead and the disabled lay upon the field as they had fallen; and nothing could be more painful than the groans and complainings of the wounded. Almost every man who had escaped unhurt was wanted for picket-duty; and the few who remained otherwise disposable were quite unable to afford assistance to half the sufferers who required it.—*Napier.*

Livy, xxi. c. 56, 58. xxiv. c. 46.

FIELD OF WATERLOO—IMPOSING ARRAY OF THE FRENCH —STEADINESS AND COURAGE OF THE ENGLISH ACKNOWLEDGED BY SOULT.

NEVER was a nobler spectacle witnessed than both armies now exhibited; its magnificence struck even the Peninsular and Imperial veterans with a feeling of awe.

On the French side eleven columns deployed simultaneously, to take up their ground; like huge serpents, clad in glittering scales, they wound slowly over the opposite hills amid an incessant clang of trumpets and rolling of drums, from the bands of 114 battalions and 112 squadrons, which played popular French airs. Soon order appeared to arise out of chaos; four of the columns formed the first line, four the second, three the third. The formidable forces of France were seen in splendid array; and the British soldiers contemplated with admiration their noble antagonists.

Two hundred and fifty guns, stretched along the crest of the ridge in front, with matches lighted and equipment complete, gave an awful presage of the conflict which was approaching. The infantry in the first and second lines, flanked by dense masses of cavalry, stood in perfect order. Four-and-twenty squadrons of cuirassiers, behind either extremity of the second, were already resplendent in the rays of the sun; the grenadiers and lancers of the guard in the third line were conspicuous from their brilliant uniforms and dazzling arms; while, in the rear of all, the four-and-twenty battalions of the guard, dark and massy, occupied each side of the road near La Belle Alliance, as if to terminate the contest. The British army, though little less numerous, did not present so imposing a spectacle to either army, from their being in great part concealed by the swell of the ridge on which they stood. They were drawn up in two lines, some in squares, with the cavalry in rear, and the artillery in front skilfully disposed along the summit of the ascent. No clang of trumpets or rolling of drums was heard from their ranks; silently, like the Greeks of old, the men took up their ground, and hardly any sound was heard from the vast array but the rolling of the guns, and occasional words of command from the officers. Napoleon had been afraid that the

English would retreat during the night, and expressed the utmost joy when their squares appeared in steady array next morning, evidently with the design of giving battle. "I have them, these English!" said he; "nine chances out of ten are in our favour." "Sire," replied Soult, "I know these English; they will die on the ground on which they stand before they lose it."—*Alison.*

LIVY, xxiii. c. 29. xxvii. c. 14. xxx. c. 33. ix. c. 40. xxi. c. 45, 46.

NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

TO the English it was a night of hope and fear, of suspense and anxiety. They had been wasted with disease, broken with fatigue, and weakened by the many privations which must attend the march of an army through a hostile country, and in the presence of a superior force. But they were supported by the spirit and confidence of their gallant leader, and by the proud recollection of the victories won in similar circumstances by their fathers. As men, however, who had staked their lives on the issue of the approaching battle, they spent the intervening moments in making their wills, and in attending to the exercises of religion. The king himself took little repose. He visited the different quarters of the army, sent as soon as the moon arose officers to examine the ground, arranged the operations of the next day, ordered bands of music to play in succession during the night, and before sunrise summoned the men to attend at matins and mass. From prayer he led them into the field, and arrayed them after his usual manner in three divisions and two wings; but so near to each other, that they seemed to form but one body. The archers, on whom he rested his principal hope, were placed in advance of the men-at-arms. Their well-earned reputation in former battles, and their savage appearance on the present day, struck terror into their enemies. Many had stripped themselves naked; the others had bared their arms and breasts, that they might exercise their limbs with more ease and execution.—*Lingard.*

LIVY, xxxvii. c. 47. xli. c. 3. TACITUS, *Ann.* i. c. 65.

A FIELD OF BATTLE IN THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN, 1812.

THE emperor then inspected the field of battle; and never was there any that exhibited a more frightful spectacle. Everything concurred to increase the horrors of it: a lowering sky, a cold rain, a violent wind, habitations in ashes, a plain absolutely torn up and covered with fragments and ruins: all round the horizon the dark and funereal verdure of the north, soldiers roaming in every part among the bodies of the slain, wounds of a most hideous description: noiseless bivouacs; no songs of triumph, no lively narrations; but a general and mournful silence. Around the eagles were the officers, and a few soldiers, barely sufficient to guard the colours; their clothes were torn by the violence of the wind, and stained with blood; yet notwithstanding all their rags, misery and destitution, they displayed a lofty carriage, and even on the appearance of the emperor, received him with acclamations of triumph. These, however, seemed somewhat rare and forced; for, in this army, which was at once capable of discrimination and enthusiasm, each individual could form a correct estimate of the position of the whole.

The soldiers were annoyed to find so many of their enemies killed, such vast numbers wounded, and nevertheless so few prisoners. The latter did not amount in all, to eight hundred. It was by the number of these that they estimated their success. The slain proved the courage of the conquered, rather than the victory. If the rest retired in good order, under little discouragement, and even with a firm and warlike attitude, what was the advantage of gaining a mere field of battle? In a country of such immense extent, there was ground to furnish these in endless succession.—*Ireland Scholarship*, 1851.

TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c. 70. iv. c. 72. *Ann.* i. c. 61, 62.
LIVY, xxi. c. 56, 58.

BATTLE OF SEMPACH, A.D. 1386—HEROIC DEVOTION OF ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED.

WHEN he came within view of Sempach, however, the standards of the Confederates were already planted on the heights, and their defenders ready for the charge. This was an unexpected sight; but goaded on by revenge and his natural impetuosity, Leopold determined to make the attack forthwith. As the infantry had not yet come up, and apprehensive lest his cavalry, from the nature of the ground, should be thrown into confusion, he ordered his horsemen to dismount to the number of several thousands. This done, he formed them into dense columns, whose serried spears and polished mail presented a wall of iron, and commanded them to charge the Confederates. An electric shout responded to the word, and an easy victory seemed to await them; but the exulting shouts of the nobles were gravely checked by the Baron Hassenburg, who better knew the men with whom they had to contend. "Pride," said he, "will here avail us nothing; it will be time enough to proclaim the victory when it is won. A strong arm is better than strong language." "But here," added Leopold, impassionately, "here will I conquer or die!" And with these words they made an impetuous charge upon the Confederates, who received the shock on their impenetrable phalanx without receding a step.

Their entire force did not exceed one thousand four hundred men, and these very indifferently armed in comparison of the steel-clad veterans to whom they were opposed. The combat was maintained for some time with desperate courage; they fell one by one, not unavenged—but still with fearful havoc on the part of the half-armed Swiss, upon whom the heavy mass of their opponents pressed with deadly effect. They were discouraged. Already some faint symptoms of wavering were manifested, when a voice like thunder restored them to courage, and once more stemmed the tide that was now setting so strongly in upon them. "Brothers—kinsmen—confederates!" exclaimed the voice, "be mine the task to open for you a passage to freedom! Protect my wife and children, and from my example learn that your only path to glory is through the enemy's front!" As he uttered these words, he rushed forward, and seizing in his powerful arms a sheaf of the spears directed against him, entangled them in his own body, and expired with them in his grasp. By this heroic sacrifice a temporary gap was formed; the Confederates, rushing over the dead body of their comrade to the breach, broke the enemy's file, and with their iron clubs and maces carried havoc and consternation into the very centre.

The heroic individual who thus, like a second Decius, "devoted" himself to his country, and, by one of the most extraordinary exploits on record, snatched the victory from an overwhelming force, was Arnold Von Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden.—*Beattie.*

CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* iv. c. 25. ii. c. 25, 27. vi. c. 38. LIVY, viii. c. 9. ix. c. 28, 29. CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* ii. § 54, 59. TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 20. VIRG. *Æn.* x. 365, *sqq.*

ROUT OF AN ARMY OCCASIONED BY A SWARM OF FLIES.

THERE was a silence both in the city and in the field for a few moments, and then followed a low sound at a distance like the wind playing with the branches in June. It became louder and stronger; and presently a little cloud appeared in the west. Darker and darker grew the sky, more and more fearful grew the sound; and in a few short minutes the heaven was black with millions of flies. But the swarm passed over the city and settled on the camp of the Persians. Then you might have seen the horses stung into fury, dashing from their masters and galloping over the plain; the elephants with their trunks raised in the air, their broad ears flapping like sails, and their tails scourging their sides, rushing madly through the ranks, bearing down men and standards and tents before them, bellowing for pain and carrying destruction right and left. You might have seen the soldiers rolling on the ground to crush their tormentors, or tearing off their armour in agony. And within an hour the tents and the scattered helmets, and shields of the flying, were the only traces of the great army that had so lately in all its pomp and glory surrounded the city.

Livy, xxvii. c. 14. Cæsar, *Bell. Afric.* c. 84.

THE FRENCH UNDER LOUIS VII. DEFEATED BY THE TURKS.

IN the mean while, the Turks, who had kept by the side of them, at a small distance, being covered from their sight by some rising grounds, were informed by their scouts that the two parts of the Christian army were separated so far as not to be able to assist each other: upon which, with great expedition, they went and possessed themselves of the top of the mountain, where the French van-guard had been ordered to encamp. Then, having formed a line of battle, they suffered the rear-guard to advance unmolested, till their foremost squadrons had almost reached the summit of the ascent, and the rest were far engaged in the deep hollow ways which embarrassed the middle of the hill. Having thus drawn them on to inevitable destruction, they made a sudden attack upon them, first with showers of arrows and then sword in hand; which threw them immediately into the greatest confusion. For, as they expected no enemy, but imagined that the troops they saw over their heads had been their own van-guard, they marched in a very careless, disorderly manner; and many of them, to ease themselves of the weight of their arms, had thrown them into the waggons that carried the baggage. All things concurred to aid the Turks, and rendered the valour of the French ineffectual: the narrow defiles, in which they could not form any order of battle; the roughness and steepness of the ascent, which made their heavy-armed cavalry useless; the impediment of their baggage which, being placed in the midst of them, hindered those behind from assisting the foremost; and the inferiority of their number to that of the enemy: so that scarce seven thousand out of above thirty thousand were able to escape, the rest being all either killed or taken.—*Lyttelton.*

Livy, vii. c. 34. xxii. c. 4, 5.

REPULSE OF THE TLASCALANS BY CORTES, A.D. 1519.

SLOWLY and stealthily the Indians advanced, while the Christian camp, hushed in profound silence, seemed to them buried in slumber. But no sooner had they reached the slope of the rising ground, than they were astonished by the deep battle-cry of the Spaniards, followed by the instantaneous apparition of the whole army, as they sallied forth from the works, and poured down the sides of the hill. Brandishing aloft their weapons, they seemed to the troubled fancies of the Tlascalans, like so many spectres or demons hurrying to and fro in mid air, while the uncertain light magnified their numbers, and expanded the horse and his rider into gigantic and unearthly dimensions. Scarcely waiting the shock of their enemy, the panic-struck barbarians let off a feeble volley of arrows, and offering no other resistance, fled rapidly and tumultuously across the plain.—*Prescott.*

Livy, x. c. 34. xxiii. c. 35 *ad fin.* v. c. 39. xxi. c. 58. xxiv. c. 46.
Tacitus, *Hist.* iii. c. 23, 77. iv. c. 29.

CORTES SURPRISED AND DEFEATED BY THE MEXICANS.

THEY marched in profound silence along the causeway which led to Tacuba, because it was shorter than any of the rest, and lying most remote from the road towards Tlascala and the sea-coast, had been left more entire by the Mexicans. They reached their first breach in it without molestation, hoping that their retreat was undiscovered. But the Mexicans, unperceived, had not only watched all their motions with attention, but had made proper dispositions for a most formidable attack. While the Spaniards were intent upon placing their bridge in the breach, and occupied in conducting their horses and artillery along it, they were suddenly alarmed with the tremendous sound of warlike instruments, and a general shout from an innumerable multitude of enemies. The lake was covered with canoes; flights of arrows and showers of stones poured in upon them from every quarter; the Mexicans rushing forward to the charge with fearless impetuosity, as if they hoped in that moment to be avenged for all their wrongs. Unfortunately the wooden bridge, by the weight of the artillery, was wedged so fast into the stones and mud that it was impossible to remove it. Dismayed at this accident, the Spaniards advanced with precipitation towards the second breach. The Mexicans hemmed them in on every side, and though they defended themselves with their usual courage, yet, crowded together as they were on a narrow causeway, their discipline and military skill were of little avail, nor did the obscurity of the night permit them to derive great advantage from their firearms, or the superiority of their other weapons. All Mexico was now in arms, and so eager were the people on the destruction of their oppressors, that they who were not near enough to annoy them in person, impatient of the delay, pressed forward with such ardour, as drove on their countrymen in the front with irresistible violence. Fresh warriors instantly filled the place of those who fell. The Spaniards, weary with slaughter, and unable to sustain the weight of the torrent that poured in on them, began to give way. In a moment the confusion was universal; horse and foot, officers and soldiers, friends and enemies, were mingled together; and while all fought, and many fell, they could hardly distinguish from what hand the blow came.—*Prescott.*

LIVY, xxii. c. 2, 4-6. vii. c. 34. TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c. 42, 43.

CÆSAR CROSSES THE RUBICON.

ABOUT ten miles from Ariminum, and twice that distance from Ravenna, the frontier of Italy and Gaul was traced by the stream of the Rubicon. This little river is formed by the union of three mountain torrents, and is nearly dry in the summer, like most of the water-courses on the eastern side of the Apennines. In the month of November the wintry flood might present a barrier more worthy of the important position which it once occupied; but the northern frontier of Italy had long been secure from invasion, and the channel was spanned by a bridge of no great dimensions. Cæsar seems to have made his last arrangements in secret, and concealed his design till the moment he had fixed for its accomplishment. On the morning of the 15th he sent forward some cohorts to the river, while he remained himself at Ravenna, and showed himself at a public spectacle throughout the day. He invited company to his table, and entertained them with his usual ease and affability. It was not till sunset that he made an excuse for a brief absence, and then, mounting a car, yoked with mules, hired from a mill in the vicinity, hastened with only a few attendants to overtake his soldiers at the appointed spot. In his anxiety to avoid the risk of being encountered, and his movements divulged, he left the high road, and soon lost his way in the bye-paths of the country. One after another the torches of his party became extinguished, and he was left in total darkness. It was only by taking a peasant for a guide, and alighting from his vehicle, that he at last reached his destination.—*Merivale.*

SUETONIUS, *J. Cæsar*, c. 31. LUCAN, *Pharsal* i. 213, *sqq.*

PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

AT the sight of the enemy those who had not already passed mingled with the Polanders, and rushed precipitately towards the bridge. The artillery, the baggage-waggons, the cavalry, and the foot-soldiers all pressed on, contending which should pass the first. The strongest threw into the river those who were weaker, and hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick whom they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon: others, hoping to save themselves by swimming, were frozen in the middle of the river, or perished by placing themselves on pieces of ice, which sunk to the bottom. Thousands and thousands of victims, deprived of all hope, threw themselves headlong into the Beresina, and were lost in the waves.

The division of Girard made its way by force of arms through all the obstacles that retarded its march; and, climbing over that mountain of dead bodies which obstructed the way, gained the other side. Thither the Russians would soon have followed them, if they had not hastened to burn the bridge. Then the unhappy beings who remained on the other side of the Beresina abandoned themselves to absolute despair. Some of them, however, yet attempted to pass the bridge, enveloped, as it was, in flames; but arrested in the midst of their progress, they were compelled to throw themselves into the river, to escape a death yet more horrible. At length the Russians, being masters of the field of battle, our troops retired: the uproar ceased, and a mournful silence succeeded.—*Labaume.*

LIVY, xxi. c. 5, 33. xxii. c. 5. TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c. 34, 36. *Annals* i. c. 64, 65.

DIFFICULTIES OF CROSSING THE ALPS—MACDONALD'S MARCH. A.D. 1800.

IN summer, when the road is well cleared, it is possible to go in three hours from the village of Splugen to the hospice on the summit; but when the newly fallen snow has effaced all traces of the path in those elevated regions, above the zone of the arbutus and rhododendron; when the avalanches or the violence of the winds have carried off the black poles which mark the course of the road, it is not possible to ascend with safety to the higher parts of the mountain. The traveller must advance with cautious steps, sounding as he proceeds, as in an unknown sea beset with shoals; the most experienced guides hesitate as to the direction which they should take; for in that snowy wilderness the horizon is bounded by icy peaks, affording few landmarks to direct their steps, even if they should be perceived for a few minutes from amidst the mantle of clouds which usually envelope their summits. It may easily be conceived from this description what labours are requisite during the winter season to open this passage. It is necessary for an extent of five leagues from the village of Splugen to that of Isola, either to clear away the snow, so as to come to the earth, or to form a passable road over its top; and the most indefatigable efforts cannot always secure success in such an enterprise. The frequent variations of the atmosphere, the clouds which suddenly rise up from the valleys beneath, the terrible storms of wind which arise in these elevated regions, the avalanches which descend with irresistible force from the overhanging glaciers, in an instant destroy the labour of weeks, and obliterate by a colossus of snow the greatest efforts of human industry.

Such were the difficulties which awaited Macdonald in the first mountain ridge which lay before him in the passage of the Alps. He arrived with the advanced guard on the evening of the 26th at the village of Splugen.

The country guides placed poles along the ascent, the labourers followed and cleared away the snow; the strongest dragoons next marched to beat down the road by their horses' feet; they had already, after incredible fatigue, nearly reached the summit, when the wind suddenly rose, an avalanche fell from the mountain, and sweeping across the road cut right through the column, and precipitated thirty dragoons near its head into the gulph beneath, where they were dashed to pieces between the ice and the rocks, and never more heard of.—*Alison.*

LIVY, xxi. c. 32-38, 58. xliv. c. 5. SILIUS ITALICUS, *Punic.* iii. 479, *sqq.* SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS, *Panegyr. in Majorian.* 470, *sqq.*

PASSAGE OF THE ALPS. (*Continued.*)

GENERAL LABOISSIERE, who led the van, was ahead of the cataract of snow, and reached the hospice; but the remainder of the column, thunderstruck by the catastrophe, returned to Splugen; and the wind, which continued for the three succeeding days to blow with great violence, detached so many avalanches, that the road was entirely blocked up in the upper regions, and the guides declared that no possible efforts could render it passable in less than fifteen days. Macdonald, however, was not to be daunted by any such obstacles. Independently of his anxiety to fulfil his destined part in the campaign, necessity forced him on, for the unwonted accumulation of men and horses in those elevated Alpine regions promised very soon to consume the whole subsistence of the country, and expose his troops to the greatest dangers from actual want. He instantly made the best arrangement which circumstances would admit for reopening the passage. First marched four of the strongest oxen that could be found in the Grisons, led by the most experienced guides; they were followed by forty robust peasants, who cleared or beat down the snow; two companies of sappers succeeded and improved the track; behind them marched the remnant of the squadron of dragoons, which had suffered so much on the first ascent, and who bravely demanded the post of danger in renewing the attempt. After them came a convoy of artillery and a hundred beasts of burden, and a strong rearguard closed the party. By incredible efforts the heads of the column before night reached the hospice, and although many men and horses were swallowed up by the avalanches in the ascent, the order and discipline, so necessary to the success of the enterprise, were maintained throughout.

LIVY, xxi. c. 32-38, 58. xliv. c. 5. SILIUS ITALICUS, *Punic.* iii. 479, *sqq.* SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS, *Panegyr. in Majorian.* 470, *sqq.*

PASSAGE OF THE ALPS. (Continued.)

THOUGH no tempest had been felt in the deep valley of the Rhine, the snow had fallen during the night in such quantities, that from the very outset the traces of the track were lost, and the road required to be made anew, as at the commencement of the ascent. The guides refused to proceed; but Macdonald insisted upon making the attempt, and after six hours of unheard-of fatigues the head of his column succeeded in reaching the summit. In the narrow plain between the glaciers, however, they found the road blocked up by an immense mass of snow, formed by an avalanche newly fallen, upon which the guides refused to enter, and in consequence the soldiers returned, unanimously exclaiming that the passage was closed. Macdonald instantly hastened to the front, revived the sinking spirits of his men, encouraged the faltering courage of the guides, and advancing himself at the head of the column, plunged into the perilous mass, sounding every step as he advanced with a long staff, which often sunk deep into the abyss. "Soldiers," said he, "the army of reserve has surmounted the St. Bernard; you must overcome the Splugen; your glory requires that you should rise victorious over difficulties to appearance insuperable. Your destinies call you into Italy; advance and conquer, first the mountains and the snow, then the plains and the armies." Put to shame by such an example, the troops and the peasants redoubled their efforts; the vast walls of ice and snow were cut through, and although the hurricane increased with frightful rapidity, and repeatedly filled up their excavations, they at length succeeded in rendering the passage practicable. The tempest continued to blow with dreadful violence during the passage to the hospice and the descent of the Cardinal; the columns were repeatedly cut through by avalanches, which fell across the road, and more than one regiment was entirely dispersed in the icy wilderness. At length, by the heroic exertions of the officers, whom the example of their general had inspired with extraordinary ardour, the head-quarters reached Isola, and rested there during the two succeeding days, to rally the regiments, which the hardships of the passage had broken into a confused mass of insulated men; but above one hundred soldiers, and as many horses and mules, were swallowed up in the abyss of the mountains, and never more heard of.—*Alison.*

LIVY, xxi. c. 30, 31, 32-38, 58. xl. c. 21, 22. xliv. c. 5. SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS, *Panegyr. in Majorian.* 470, *sqq.* SILIUS ITALICUS, *Punic.* iii. 479, *sqq.*

DEFEAT OF THE FLEET OF XERXES.

THE subjects of Xerxes conducted themselves generally with great bravery. Their signal defeat was not owing to any want of courage; but, first, to the narrow space which rendered their superior number a hindrance rather than a benefit; next, to their want of orderly line and discipline as compared with the Greeks; thirdly, to the fact that when once fortune seemed to turn against them, they had no fidelity or reciprocal attachment, and each ally was willing to sacrifice or even to run down others, in order to effect his own escape. Their numbers and absence of concert threw them into confusion and caused them to run foul of each other. Those in the front could not recede, nor could those in the rear advance; the oar-blades were broken by collision, the steersmen lost control of their ships, and could no longer adjust the ship's course, so as to strike that direct blow with the beak which was so essential in ancient warfare. After some time of combat, the whole Persian fleet was driven back and became thoroughly unmanageable, so that the issue was no longer doubtful, and nothing remained except the efforts of individual bravery to protract the struggle.—*Grote.*

LIVY, xxviii. c. 30. xxii. c. 19, 20. CÆSAR, *Bell. Civil.* iii. c. 4-7.

SEA FIGHT AND BURNING OF THE GREEK ADMIRAL'S SHIP.

THE squadron of Tancred was completely hid from view in the surging volumes of smoke, and it seemed by a red light which began to show itself through the thick veil of darkness that one of the flotilla had caught fire. Yet the Latins resisted with an obstinacy worthy of their own courage, and the fame of their leader. Some advantage they had on account of the small size of their ships, and their lowness in the water, as well as the clouded state of the atmosphere, which rendered them difficult marks for the fire of the Greeks. To make the most of these advantages, Tancred dispersed orders through his fleet that each bark, disregarding the fate of the others, should press forward individually, and that the men from each should be put on shore, wheresoever they could reach it. Tancred himself set the example. He was on board a stout vessel, fenced in some degree against the Greek fire by being covered with raw hides which had been recently steeped in water. This vessel contained upwards of 100 warriors, most of them of knightly rank, who had all night toiled at the oar, and now applied themselves to the arblast and bow, weapons generally appropriated to soldiers of lower rank. Thus armed, and thus manned, Tancred bestowed upon his bark the full velocity which wind and tide and oar could enable her to obtain, and placing her in the situation to profit by them to the full, he drove with the speed of lightning among the vessels of Lemnos, plying on either side, bows, crossbows, javelins, and military missiles of every kind, with the greater advantage that the Greeks, trusting to their artificial fire, had omitted to arm themselves with other weapons; so that when the Crusader bore down upon them with so much fury, repaying their fire with a storm of bolts and arrows, they began to feel that their own advantage was much less than they had supposed, and that the terrible Greek fire when undauntedly confronted, lost at least one-half of its terror. Soon the Grecian admiral's vessel took fire, owing to negligence in the management of the combustibles on board. As the flames spread the consciousness of the nature of their freight began to add despair to terror; from the rigging, the yards, and the sides, and every part of the vessel the crew were seen dropping themselves, to exchange for the most part a watery death for one by the more dreadful agency of fire. The crew of Tancred's bark, ceasing by his orders to offer any additional annoyance to their distressed enemy, ran their vessel ashore in a smooth part of the bay, and jumping into the shallow sea made the land without difficulty.

The cloud which had been raised by the conflict was now driven to leeward before the wind, and the strait exhibited only the relics of the combat. Here tossed upon the billows, the scattered and broken remains of one or two of the Latin vessels, which had been burnt at the commencement of the combat, though their crews, by the exertions of their comrades, had in general been saved. Lower down were seen the remaining five vessels of the Lemnos squadron, holding a disorderly and difficult retreat towards the harbour of Constantinople. In the place so late the scene of combat lay moored the hulk of the Grecian admiral, burnt to the water's edge, and still sending forth a black smoke from its scathed beams and planks. The flotilla of Tancred, busied in discharging its troops, lay irregularly scattered along the bay, the men making ashore as they could, and taking their course to join the standard of their leader. Various black substances floated on the surface of the water; some proved to be the wreck of the vessels which had been destroyed, and others the lifeless bodies of mariners who had fallen in the conflict.—*Sir W. Scott.*

LIVY, xxxvi, c. 43-45. xxxvii. c. 22-24, 29, 30. xxvi. c. 39.
xxviii. c. 30. xxii. c. 19, 20.

DEPARTURE OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THE scene, as the fleet passed out of the harbour, must have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Gallician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruña. The wind was light, and falling towards a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblem of the crusade, showing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of 30,000 men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, 20,000 and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die. The Spaniards, though a great people, were usually over conscious of their greatness, and boasted too loudly of their fame and prowess; but among the soldiers and sailors of the doomed expedition against England the national vain-glory was singularly silent. They were the flower of the country, culled and chosen over the entire Peninsula, and they were going with a modest nobility upon a service which they knew to be dangerous, but which they believed to be peculiarly sacred.

LIVY, xxix. c. 25, 26, 27.

DISASTERS OF CHARLES THE FIFTH'S ARMY IN AFRICA.

ON the second day after his landing, and before he had time for anything but to disperse some light-armed Arabs who molested his troops on their march, the clouds began to gather, and the heavens to appear with a fierce and threatening aspect; towards the evening rain began to fall, accompanied with violent wind; and the rage of the tempest increasing during the night, the soldiers, who had brought nothing ashore but their arms, remained exposed to all its fury, without tents, or shelter, or cover of any kind. The ground was soon so wet that they could not lie down on it; their camp, being in a low situation, was overflowed with water, and they sunk at every step to the ankles in mud; while the wind blew with such impetuosity that, to prevent their falling, they were obliged to thrust their spears into the ground, and to support themselves by taking hold of them. Philip was too vigilant an officer to allow an enemy in such distress to remain unmolested. About the dawn of morning he sallied out with soldiers, who having been screened from the storm under their own roofs, were fresh and vigorous. A body of Italians, who were stationed nearest the city, dispirited and benumbed with cold, fled at the approach of the Turks. The troops at the post behind them discovered greater courage; but the rain having extinguished their matches, and rendered their arms useless, they were soon thrown into confusion.—*Robertson.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* i. c. 63-68. LIVY, xxi. c. 58. xxii. c. 2, 3.

CHARLES V.—DESTRUCTION OF HIS FLEET.

BUT all feeling or remembrance of this loss and danger were quickly obliterated by a more dreadful as well as affecting spectacle. It was now broad day: the hurricane had abated nothing of its violence, and the sea appeared agitated with all the rage of which that destructive element is capable; all the ships, on which alone the whole army knew that their safety and subsistence depended, were seen driven from their anchors, some dashing against each other, some beat to pieces on the rocks, many forced ashore, and not a few sinking in the waves. In less than an hour fifteen ships of war, and 140 transports, with 8,000 men, perished; and such of the unhappy crews as escaped the fury of the sea were murdered without mercy by the Arabs as soon as they reached land. The Emperor stood in silent anguish and astonishment, beholding this fatal event; which at once blasted all his hopes of success, and buried in the depths the vast stores he had provided, as well for annoying the enemy as for subsisting his own troops. He had it not in his power to afford them any other assistance or relief than by sending some troops to drive away the Arabs, and thus delivering a few, who were so fortunate as to get ashore, from the cruel fate which their companions had met with. At last the wind began to fall, and to give some hopes that as many ships might escape as would be sufficient to save the army from perishing by famine, and transport them back to Europe. But these were only hopes; the approach of evening covered the sea with darkness; and it being impossible for the officers aboard the ships which had outlived the storm to send any intelligence to their companions who were ashore, they remained during the night in all the anguish of suspense and uncertainty.—*Robertson.*

TACITUS, i. c. 70. ii. c. 23, 24, 25. LIVY, xxi. c. 49, 50. xxii. c. 19, 20.

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

WHEN he entered the gates of Moscow, Bonaparte, as if unwilling to encounter the sight of the empty streets, stopped immediately on entering the first suburb. His troops were quartered in the desolate city. During the first few hours after their arrival, an obscure rumour, which could not be traced, but one of those which are sometimes found to get abroad before the approach of some awful certainty, announced that the city would be endangered by fire in the course of the night. The report seemed to arise from those evident circumstances which rendered the event probable, but no one took any notice of it, until at midnight, when the soldiers were startled from their quarters by the report that the town was in flames. The memorable conflagration began amongst the coachmakers' warehouses and workshops in the bazaar, or general market, which was the most rich district of the city. It was imputed to accident, and the progress of the flames was subdued by the exertions of the French soldiers. Napoleon who had been roused by the tumult, hurried to the spot, and when the alarm seemed at an end, he retired, not to his former quarters in the suburbs, but to the Kremlin, the hereditary palace of the only sovereign whom he had ever treated as an equal, and over whom his successful arms had now attained such an apparently immense superiority.

Livy, xxx. c. 5, 6. xxvi. c. 27. Tacitus, *Ann.* xv. c. 38-40. *Hist.* iii. c. 33, 34, 71-73. Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.* vii. c. 24, 25.

PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

When it was found that neither the priest nor the physician could retard the spread or mitigate the intensity of the disorder, the Athenians abandoned themselves to despair, and the space within the walls became a scene of desolating misery. Every man attacked with the malady at once lost his courage—a state of depression, itself among the worst features of the case, which made him lie down and die without any attempt to seek for preservatives. And though at first friends and relatives lent their aid to tend the sick with the usual family sympathies, yet so terrible was the number of these attendants who perished, "like sheep," from such contact, that at length no man would thus expose himself; while the most generous spirits, who persisted longest in the discharge of their duty, were carried off in the greatest numbers. The patient was thus left to die alone and unheeded. Sometimes all the inmates of a house were swept away one after the other, no man being willing to go near it; desertion on one hand, attendance on the other, both tended to aggravate the calamity. There remained only those who, having had the disorder and recovered, were willing to tend the sufferers. These men formed the single exception to the all-pervading misery of the time—for the disorder seldom attacked any one twice, and when it did the second attack was never fatal.—*Grote.*

Tacitus, *Ann.* xvi. c. 13. Ammianus Marcellinus, xix. c. 4. Lucretius, *De Rerum Naturâ*, vi. 1138 to end. Livy, vii. c. 2. xxv. c. 26.

PLAGUE OF ATHENS. (*Continued.*)

ELATE with their own escape, they deemed themselves out of the reach of all disease, and were full of compassionate kindness for others whose sufferings were just beginning. It was from them too that the principal attention to the bodies of deceased victims proceeded; for such was the state of dismay and sorrow that even the nearest relatives neglected the sepulchral duties, sacred beyond all others in the eyes of a Greek. Nor is there any circumstance which conveys us so vivid an idea of the prevalent agony and despair as when we read in the words of an eye-witness, that the deaths took place among this close-packed crowd without the smallest decencies of attention—that the dead and the dying lay piled one upon another not merely in the public roads but even in the temples, in spite of the understood defilement of the sacred building—that half-dead sufferers were seen lying round all the springs from insupportable thirst—that the numerous corpses thus unburied and exposed were in such a condition that the dogs which meddled with them died in consequence, while no vultures or other birds of the like habits ever came near. Those bodies which escaped entire neglect were burnt or buried without the customary mourning, and with unseemly carelessness. In some cases, the bearers of a body, passing by a funeral pile on which another body was burning, would put their own there to be burnt also; or perhaps, if the pile was prepared ready for a body not yet arrived, would deposit their own upon it, set fire to the pile and then depart.—*Grote.*

LIVY, xxv. c. 26. xli. c. 28. iii. c. 7, 8. iv. c. 30.
LUCRETIUS, *De Rerum Naturâ*, vi. 1138, *sqq.*

EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON, A.D. 1755.

It was on the morning of this fatal day, between the hours of nine and ten, that I was sitting down in my room, just finishing a letter, when the papers and table I was writing on began to tremble with a gentle motion, which rather surprised me, as I could not perceive a breath of wind stirring. Whilst I was reflecting what this could be owing to, but without having the least apprehension of the real cause, the whole house began to shake from the very foundation, which at first I imputed to the rattling of several coaches in the main street, which usually passed that way at this time; but on hearkening more attentively, I was soon undeceived, as I found it was owing to a strange, frightful kind of noise under ground, resembling the distant rumbling of thunder. All this passed in less than a minute, and I must confess I now began to be alarmed, as it naturally occurred to me that this noise might possibly be the forerunner of an earthquake, as one I remembered, which had happened about six or seven years ago, in the Island of Madeira, commenced in the same manner, though it did little or no damage.

Upon this I threw down my pen, and started to my feet, remaining a moment in suspense, whether I should stay in the apartment or run into the street, as the danger in both places seemed equal; and still flattering myself that this tremor might produce no other effects than such inconsiderable ones as had been felt at Madeira; but in a moment I was roused from my dream, being stunned by a horrible crash, as if every edifice in the city had tumbled down at once. The house I was in shook with such violence, that the upper stories immediately fell, and though my apartment (which was the first floor) did not then share the same fate, yet everything was thrown out of its place, in such a manner that it was with no small difficulty I kept my feet, and expected nothing less than to be soon crushed to death, as the walls continued rocking to and fro in the frightfullest manner, opening in several places; large stones falling down on every side from the cracks, and the ends of most of the rafters starting out from the roof. To add to this terrifying scene, the sky in a moment became so gloomy that I could now distinguish no particular object: it was an Egyptian darkness, indeed, such as might be felt; owing, no doubt, to the prodigious clouds of dust and lime raised from so violent a concussion, and, as some reported, to sulphurous exhalations; but this I cannot affirm; however, it is certain, I found myself almost choked for near ten minutes.—*Davy.*

PLINY, *Epist.* lib. vi. 16. vi. 20.
SENECA, *Nat. Quæst.* lib. vi. c. 1.

EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON. (*Continued.*)

AS soon as the gloom began to disperse, and the violence of the shock seemed pretty much abated, the first object I perceived in the room was a woman sitting on the floor with an infant in her arms, all pale and trembling. I asked her how she got hither, but her consternation was so great she could give me no account of her escape. I suppose that when the tremor first began, she ran out of her own house, and finding herself in such imminent danger from the falling stones, retired into the door of mine, which was almost contiguous to hers, for shelter, and when the shock increased, which filled the door with dust and rubbish, ran upstairs into my apartment, which was then open: be it as it might, this was no time for curiosity. I remember the poor creature asked me, in the utmost agony, if I did not think the world was at an end: at the same time she complained of being choked, and begged, for God's sake, I would procure her a little drink. Upon this I went to a closet where I kept a large jar of water (which you know is sometimes a pretty scarce commodity in Lisbon), but finding it broken in pieces, I told her she must not now think of quenching her thirst but of saving her life, as the house was just falling on our heads, and if a second shock came, would certainly bury us both. I bade her take hold of my arm, and that I would endeavour to bring her into some place of security.

I shall always look upon it as a particular providence that I happened on this occasion to be undressed, for had I dressed myself as proposed when I got out of bed, in order to breakfast with a friend, I should, in all probability, have run into the street at the beginning of the shock, as the rest of the people in the house did, and, consequently, have had my brains dashed out, as every one of them had. However, the imminent danger I was in did not hinder me from considering that my present dress, only a gown and slippers, would render my getting over the ruins almost impossible; I had, therefore, still presence of mind enough left to put on a pair of shoes and a coat, the first that came in my way, which was everything I saved, and in this dress I hurried down stairs, the woman with me, holding by my arm, and made directly to that end of the street which opens to the Tagus. Finding the passage this way entirely blocked up with the fallen houses, I turned back to the other end which led into the main street, having helped the woman over a vast heap of ruins, with no small hazard to my own life. Just as we were going into the street, as there was one part I could not well climb over without the assistance of my hands as well as feet, I desired her to let go her hold, which she did, remaining two or three feet behind me, at which instant there fell a vast stone from a tottering wall, and crushed both her and the child in pieces.—*Davy.*

PLINY, *Epist.* lib. vi. 16. vi. 20.

MUSTAPHA, HEIR TO SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT, STRANGLED BY HIS FATHER'S ORDERS, A.D. 1553.

AT sight of his father's furious and unrelenting countenance, Mustapha's strength failed, and his courage forsook him; the mutes fastened the bowstring about his neck, and in a moment put an end to his life.

The dead body was exposed before the Sultan's tent. The soldiers gathered round it, and contemplating that mournful object with astonishment and sorrow and indignation, were ready, if a leader had not been wanting, to have broke out into the wildest excesses of rage. After giving vent to the first expressions of their grief, they retired each man to his tent, and shutting themselves up, bewailed in secret the cruel fate of their favourite; nor was there one of them who tasted bread, or even water, during the remainder of that day. Next morning the same solitude and silence reigned in the camp: and Solyman, being afraid that some dreadful storm would follow this sullen calm, in order to appease the enraged soldiers, deprived Rustan of his office and ordered him to leave the camp.—*Robertson.*

LIVY, xl. c. 23, 24, 54-56, viii. c. 7. TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 82.

ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR PAUL.

ON the 10th March, the day preceding the fatal night (whether Paul's apprehensions or anonymous information suggested the idea, is not known), conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent for Count Pahlen, the governor of the city, one of the noblemen who had resolved upon his destruction. "I am informed, Pahlen," said the Emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me. Do you think it necessary to take any precaution?" The Count, without betraying the least emotion, replied, "Sire, do not suffer such apprehensions to haunt your mind. If there were any combination forming against your majesty's person, I am sure I should be acquainted with it." "Then I am satisfied," said the Emperor, and the governor withdrew. Before Paul retired to rest, he unexpectedly expressed the most tender solicitude for the Empress and his children, kissed them with all the warmth of farewell fondness, and remained with them longer than usual; and after he had visited the sentinels at their different posts, he retired to his chamber, where he had not long remained, before, under some pretext that satisfied the men, the guard was changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and were engaged in the confederacy. An hussar whom the Emperor had particularly honoured by his notice and attention, always at night slept at his bedroom door in the ante-chamber. It was impossible to remove this faithful soldier by any fair means. At this momentous period silence reigned through the palace, except where it was disturbed by the pacing of the sentinels, or by the distant murmurs of the Neva, and only a few lights were to be seen distantly and irregularly gleaming through the windows of this dark colossal abode.—*Carr.*

SUETONIUS, *Domitian*, c. 16, 17. *Vitellius*, c. 16, 17. *Galba*, c. 20. *Nero*, c. 49. *Caligula*, c. 58. TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 84, *sqq.*

ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR PAUL. (*Continued.*)

IN the dead of the night *Z*—— and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the drawbridge, easily ascended a private staircase, which led to the Emperor's chamber, and met no resistance till they reached the ante-room, where the faithful hussar, awakened by the noise, challenged them and presented his fusee. Much as they must have admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of an act of generosity which might have endangered the whole plan. *Z*—— drew his sabre and cut the poor fellow down. Paul, awakened by the noise, sprung from his sofa; at this moment the whole party rushed into the room, the unhappy sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself behind the chairs and tables, then recovering, he assumed a high tone, told them they were his prisoners, and called on them to surrender. Finding that they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely on him, and continued advancing towards him, he implored them to spare his life, declared his consent instantly to relinquish the sceptre, and to accept any terms they would dictate. In his raving he offered to make them princes, and to give them estates and titles and orders without end. They now began to press upon him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window; he failed in the attempt, and indeed it was so high from the ground that had he succeeded, the attempt to escape that way would only have put an end to his misery. Although his hand had been severely cut by the glass, he grasped a chair, and with it felled one of the assailants, and a desperate struggle took place; in the course of which Prince Y—— struck him on the temple with his fist and laid him on the floor. Paul, recovering from the blow, again implored his life. At this moment Z—— relented, and on being observed to tremble and hesitate, a young Hanoverian resolutely exclaimed, "We have passed the Rubicon; if we spare his life, we shall be dead men before sunset to-morrow." Upon which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the naked neck of the Emperor, and giving one end to Z—— while he held the other himself, they pulled for a considerable time with all their force, until their miserable sovereign was no more.—*Carr.*

SUETONIUS, *Domitian*, c. 16, 17. *Vitellius*, c. 16, 17. *Galba*, c. 20. *Nero*, c. 49. *Caligula*, c. 58. TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 84, *sqq.*

ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER DE MEDICI.

BUT while Lorenzo seemed to be sunk in luxury, and affected such an appearance of indolence and effeminacy that he would not wear a sword, and trembled at the sight of blood, he concealed under this disguise a dark, designing, audacious spirit. Prompted either by the love of liberty, or allured by the hope of attaining the supreme power, he determined to assassinate Alexander, his benefactor and friend. Though he long revolved this design in his mind, his reserved and suspicious temper prevented him from communicating it to any person whatever; and continuing to live with Alexander in their usual familiarity, he one night, under pretence of having secured him an assignation with a lady of high rank whom he had often solicited, drew that unwary Prince into a secret apartment of his house, and there stabbed him while he lay carelessly on a couch expecting the arrival of the lady whose company he had been promised. But no sooner was the deed done than, standing astonished and struck with horror at its atrocity, he forgot in a moment all the motives which had induced him to commit it. Instead of rousing the people to recover their liberty by publishing the death of the tyrant; instead of taking any step towards opening his own way to the dignity now vacant, he locked the door of the apartment, and like a man bereaved of reason and presence of mind, fled with the utmost precipitation out of the Florentine territory. It was late next morning before the fate of the unfortunate Prince was known, as his attendants, accustomed to his irregularities, never entered his apartment early.—*Robertson.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* iii. c. 30. CORNELIUS NEPOS, *Dion.* ix.
LIVY, i. c. 48. ii. c. 54. xxiv. c. 7.

DEATH OF NICHOLAS DI RIENZI, A.D. 1354.

IN the death, as in the life of Rienzi, the hero and the coward were strangely mingled. When the Capitol was invested by a furious multitude, when he was basely deserted by his civil and military servants, the intrepid senator, waving the banner of liberty, presented himself on the balcony, addressed his eloquence to the various passions of the Romans, and laboured to persuade them that in the same cause himself and the republic must either stand or fall. His oration was interrupted by a volley of imprecations and stones; and after an arrow had pierced his head he sank into abject despair, and fled weeping to the inner chambers, whence he was let down by a sheet before the windows of the prison. Destitute of aid or hope he was besieged till the evening: the doors of the Capitol were destroyed with axes and fire; and while the senator attempted to escape in a plebeian habit he was discovered, and dragged to the platform of the palace, the fatal scene of his judgments and executions. A whole hour, without voice or motion, he stood among the multitude nearly naked, and half dead; their rage was hushed into curiosity and wonder: the last feelings of reverence and compassion yet struggled in his favour; and they might have prevailed, if a bold assassin had not plunged a dagger in his breast. He fell senseless with the first stroke; the impotent revenge of his enemies inflicted a thousand wounds; and the senator's body was abandoned to the dogs, to the Jews, and to the flames. Posterity will compare the virtues and failings of this extraordinary man; but in a long period of anarchy and servitude the name of Rienzi has often been celebrated as the deliverer of his country, and the last of the Roman patriots.—*Gibbon.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 84-86. SUETONIUS, *Vitellius*, c. 16, 17.
JUVENAL, *Sat.* x. 59-107. CLAUDIAN, *In Rufin*, lib. ii. 400, *sqq.*

BURIAL OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

MEANWHILE the curia was abandoned by the living, and the marble effigy of Pompeius looked mutely down upon the prostrate corpse of his mighty rival. The assassins had proposed at first to treat the body with the formal indignities due to chastised traitors, and drag it ignominiously to the Tiber; but they soon became aware that their own position was too precarious to indulge in an act which might provoke popular indignation, and all their care was directed to providing for their own safety. During the first hours which followed only a few curious eyes intruded upon the melancholy scene: at last three of the murdered man's attendants summoned courage to enter the hall, and removed the body, stretched upon a litter imperfectly supported at three corners, while one arm hung unheeded over its side. Whether this was done in the darkness of the night, or whether the people had shrunk at mid-day into their houses, no sensation, it appears, was created by the passage of this limping pageant to the pontifical mansion in the forum.

When the conspirators withdrew to the Capitol quiet was gradually restored; it was affirmed that they had abjured from the first the extension of their vengeance even to the immediate adherents of their victim. Some of them, it must be allowed, had urged, as a necessary precaution, the massacre of Antonius also; but Brutus, consistent in the principles which he brought to his crime, had forbidden an act which might seem to stain with a trace of human passion the purity of their sublime sacrifice.—*Merivale.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 68, 83-86. i. c. 40-44. CICERO, *Philipp.* ii. § 28.
SUETONIUS, *Julius*, c. 82.

ASSASSINATION OF WALLENSTEIN.

WHILE these three officers were thus deciding upon his fate in the Castle of Egra, Wallenstein was occupied in reading the stars with Seni. "The danger is not yet over," said the astrologer, with prophetic spirit. "It is," replied the duke, who would give the law even to Heaven. "But," he continued, with equally prophetic spirit, "that thou, friend Seni, thyself shalt soon be thrown into prison; that also is written in the stars." The astrologer had taken his leave, and Wallenstein had retired to bed, when Captain Devereux appeared before his residence with six halberdiers, and was immediately admitted by the guard, who were accustomed to see him visit the general at all hours. A page who met him upon the stairs, and attempted to raise an alarm, was run through the body with a pike. In the antechamber the assassins met a servant, who had just come out of the sleeping-room of his master, and had taken with him the key. Putting his finger upon his mouth the terrified domestic made a sign to them to make no noise, as the duke was asleep. "Friend," cried Devereux, "it is time to awake him;" and with these words he rushed against the door, which was also bolted from within, and burst it open.—*Schiller.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* vi. c. 20, 21. LIVY, i. c. 40, 48.

ASSASSINATION OF WALLENSTEIN. (*Continued.*)

WALLENSTEIN had been roused from his first sleep by the report of a musket which had accidentally gone off, and had sprung to the window to call the guard. At the same moment he heard from the adjoining building the shrieks of the two countesses, who had just learnt the violent fate of their husbands. Ere he had time to reflect on these terrible events, Devereux, with the other murderers, was in his chamber. The duke was in his shirt, as he had leaped out of bed, and leaning on a table near the window. "Art thou the villain," cried Devereux to him, "who intends to deliver up the Emperor's troops to the enemy, and to tear the crown from the head of his majesty? Now thou must die!" He paused for a few moments, as if expecting an answer, but rage and astonishment kept Wallenstein silent. Throwing his arms wide open he received in his breast the deadly blow of the halberts, and without uttering a groan fell weltering in his blood.—*Schiller.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* vi. c. 20, 21. *Hist.* i. c. 40-44. LIVY, i. c. 40, 48.
CLAUDIAN, *In Rufin*, lib. ii. 400, *sqq.*

ASSASSINATION OF PHILIP OF MACEDON.

THE monarch took part in the procession, dressed in white robes, and crowned with a chaplet. A little behind him walked his son and his new son-in-law, whilst his body-guards followed at some distance, in order that the person of the sovereign might be seen by all his subjects. Whilst thus proceeding through the city, a youth suddenly rushed out of the crowd, and drawing a long sword, which he had concealed under his clothes, plunged it into Philip's side, who fell dead upon the spot. The assassin was pursued by some of the royal guards, and having stumbled in his flight, was despatched before he could reach the place where horses had been provided for his escape. His name was Pausanias.

LIVY, xxiv. c. 7. i. c. 48. ii. c. 12.

SINGLE COMBAT BETWEEN COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS AND THE VARANGIAN.

THESE preliminaries having been arranged, both the combatants put themselves in position to begin the fight. The first blows were given and parried with great caution; but before long the fiercer passions began as usual to awaken with the clash of arms. The Greeks looked with astonishment on a single combat, such as they had seldom witnessed, and held their breath as they beheld the furious blows dealt by either warrior, and expected with each stroke the annihilation of one or other of the combatants. For some time no decided advantage was gained by either champion, until at length accident seemed about to decide what had been hitherto an equal contest. The Count making a feint on one side of his antagonist, struck him on the other, which was uncovered, with the edge of his weapon, so that the Varangian reeled, and seemed in the act of falling to the earth. The usual sound made by spectators at the sight of any painful or unpleasant circumstance by drawing the breath between the teeth, was suddenly heard to pass through the assembly, while a female voice loud and eagerly exclaimed—"Count Robert, forget not this day that thou owest a life to Heaven and me." The Count was in the act of seconding the blow, with what effect could hardly be judged, when this cry reached his ears, and apparently took away his disposition for farther combat. "I acknowledge the debt," he said, sinking his battle-axe and retreating two steps from his antagonist, who stood in astonishment, scarcely recovered from the stunning effect of the blow by which he was so nearly prostrated. —*Sir W. Scott.*

LIVY, vii. c. 10, 26. i. c. 25. VIRGIL, *Æneid*, v. 426-484. xii. 887, *sqq.*

ENCOUNTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AND HIS SON ROBERT—COMBAT AND RECONCILIATION.

THIS war, which was carried on without anything decisive for some time, ended by a very extraordinary and affecting incident. In one of those skirmishes, which were frequent according to the irregular mode of warfare in those days, William and his son Robert, alike in a forward and adventurous courage, plunged into the thickest of the fight, and, unknowingly, encountered each other. But Robert, superior by fortune, or by the vigour of his youth, wounded and unhorsed the old monarch; and was just on the point of pursuing his unhappy advantage to the fatal extremity, when the well-known voice of his father at once struck his ears and suspended his arm. Blushing for his victory, and overwhelmed with the united emotions of grief, shame, and returning piety, he fell on his knees, poured out a flood of tears, and, embracing his father, besought him for pardon. The tide of nature returning strongly on both, the father in his turn embraced his son, and bathed him with his tears; whilst the combatants on either side, astonished at so unusual a spectacle, suspended the fight, applauded this striking act of filial piety and paternal tenderness, and pressed that it might become the prelude to a lasting peace.

LIVY, xxv. c. 18. xxiii. c. 8, 9. xxi. c. 46.
TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 25.

A SINGLE COMBAT.

THE Spaniard was of a large and powerful frame, and endeavoured to crush his enemy by weight of blows, or to close with him and bring him to the ground. The latter, naturally inferior in strength, was rendered still weaker by a fever, from which he had not entirely recovered. He was more light and agile than his adversary, however; and superior dexterity enabled him not only to parry his enemy's strokes, but to deal him occasionally one of his own, while he sorely distressed him by the rapidity of his movements. At length as the Spaniard was somewhat thrown off his balance by an ill-directed blow, Bayard struck him so sharply on the gorget that it gave way, and the sword entered his throat. Furious with the agony of the wound, Sotomayor collected all his strength for a last struggle, and, grasping his antagonist in his arms, they both rolled in the dust together. Before either could extricate himself, the quick-eyed Bayard, who had retained his poniard in his left hand during the whole combat, while the Spaniard's had remained in his belt, drove the steel with such convulsive strength under his enemy's eye, that it pierced quite through the brain.

LIVY, vii. c. 10, 26. i. c. 25. xxv. c. 18. xxvi. c. 39. xxviii. c. 21. VIRGIL, *Æneid*, v. 426. CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* v. c. 44.

JOY AT ROME ON THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF THE METAURUS.

THE interest of his hearers grew more intense with every word; till at last the whole multitude broke out into a universal cheer, and then rushed from the forum in all directions to carry the news to their wives and children at home, or ran to the temples to pour out their gratitude to the gods. The senate ordered a thanksgiving of three days; the prætor announced it in the forum; and for three days every temple was crowded; and the Roman wives and mothers, in their gayest dresses, took their children with them, and poured forth their thanks to all the gods for this great deliverance. It was like the burst of all nature, when a long frost suddenly breaks up, and the snow melts, and the ground resumes its natural colouring, and the streams flow freely. The Roman people seemed at last to breathe and move at liberty: confidence revived; and with it the ordinary business of life regained its activity: he who wanted money found that men were not afraid to lend it; what had been hoarded came out into circulation; land might be bought without the dread that the purchase would be rendered worthless by Hannibal's ravages; and, in the joy and confidence of the moment, men almost forgot that their great enemy with his unbroken army was still in Italy.—*Arnold.*

LIVY, xxvii. c. 50, 51. xxviii. c. 9-11. HORACE, *Carm.* i. 4.

PANIC AT ROME ON THE APPROACH OF HANNIBAL.

BEFORE the sweeping pursuit of his Numidians, crowds of fugitives were seen flying towards the city, while the smoke of burning houses arose far and wide into the sky. Within the walls the confusion and terror were at their height: he was come at last, this Hannibal whom they had so long dreaded: he had at length dared what even the slaughter of Cannæ had not emboldened him to venture. Some victory greater even than Cannæ must have given him this confidence; the three armies before Capua must be utterly destroyed: last year he had destroyed or dispersed three other armies, and had gained possession of the entire south of Italy: and now he had stormed the lines before Capua, had cut to pieces the whole remaining force of the Roman people, and was come to Rome to finish his work. So the wives and mothers of Rome lamented as they hurried off to the temples, and there, prostrate before the gods, and sweeping the sacred pavement with their unbound hair in the agony of their fear, they remained pouring forth their prayers for deliverance. Their sons and husbands hastened to man the walls and the citadel, and to secure the most important points without the city: whilst the Senate, as calm as their fathers of old, whom the Gauls massacred when sitting at their own doors, but with the energy of manly resolution rather than the resignation of despair, met in the forum, and there remained assembled to direct every magistrate on the instant how he might best fulfil his duty.—*Arnold.*

LIVY, xxvii. c. 44. xxvi. c. 9. xxi. c. 57. xxii. c. 7, 8. ix. c. 7.
CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* vii. 38.

TIDINGS OF THE DISASTER OF BRITISH ARMS IN CABUL.

THOSE who have watched from some lofty point of shore a well-known vessel making hasty preparations against a storm too lately seen, who have waited almost breathless for the moment when some drifting fringe of cloud should open once more to their view the spot where she may or may not be still, should best conceive the suspense with which in that winter of 1842 the Anglo-Indian community, their fears preponderating over their hopes, expected tidings from Cabul. When at last their doubtful anticipations gave way to a dreadful certainty, you might hardly trace a distinction between the sense of national calamity and the poignancy of private grief. And of the public despondency no better parallel could be found than the dismay which fell upon Rome when the news came of defeat at the hands of the Cherusci in the defiles of the German forests. It was Lord Auckland's fate to experience the anguish and display the alarm which made Rome's master tear his imperial robes and cry, "Varus, give me back my legions!"

LIVY, ix. c. 7. xxii. c. 7, 54. xxiii. c. 25. SUETONIUS, *Octavius*, 22.
TACITUS, *Ann.* i. c. 65. *Hist.* ii. c. 70.

DISASTER OF THE ENGLISH IN CABUL.

THERE had been an invasion of an enemy's soil without any secure basis of operations; there had been the practical isolation of a great army separated from its frontier and its resources by tremendous ghauts and arid deserts; there had been the gloss of peace thrown over the smouldering embers of conflict; there had been a fatal unwillingness on the part of the chief civil officer to acknowledge any symptoms of disquiet; there had been an equally fatal selection of incompetent men and incompatible tempers to conduct the military operations. A British force had been exposed to a harassing siege in an indefensible post, just so near to a large city as to give opportunity of daily aggression to an enemy, not near enough to derive any strength from the contiguity. There had been, finally, a stupid vacillation and a dastardly despair ending in the total annihilation of the host. The policy of the Simlah Secret Council had been overthrown once and for ever. Of England's late supremacy in Affghanistan there remained only two military outposts, and two detached garrisons. Of the vast horde which had thronged the chill passes of Khoord Cabul, there were now left in existence a few disabled and frost-bitten sepoys, whom Akbar Khan distributed among his chiefs; a few wretched camp followers who were offered in the streets of Cabul at one rupee a-head; a few stragglers who begged their daily dole at the gate of some Affghan more merciful than the rest; a few English officers out of the 150; a few English ladies and children who, with a handful of European privates, were marched from fort to fort among the snow-covered hills, and whose lot it was more than once to traverse the narrow track where the bodies of the slaughtered soldiers lay scattered and strewn like the plague-smitten host of Sennacherib.

LIVY, xxi. c. 40, § 8-10. xxii. c. 39. xxiii. c. 5. xxv. c. 36, 20, 21.
xxvi. c. 3. FLORUS, iv. c. 30. CICERO, *pro lege Manilia* § 24-26.
TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c. 70.

JULIAN MADE EMPEROR BY HIS SOLDIERS.

AS soon as the approach of the troops was announced, the Cæsar went out to meet them, and ascended his tribunal, which had been erected in a plain before the gates of the city. After distinguishing the officers and soldiers, who by their rank or merit deserved a peculiar attention, Julian addressed himself in a studied oration to the surrounding multitude; he celebrated their exploits with grateful applause, encouraged them to accept, with alacrity, the honour of serving under the eyes of a powerful and liberal monarch; and admonished them, that the commands of

Augustus required an instant and cheerful obedience. The soldiers, who were apprehensive of offending their general by an indecent clamour, or of belying their sentiments by false and venal acclamations, maintained an obstinate silence; and, after a short pause, were dismissed to their quarters.

The principal officers were entertained by the Cæsar, who professed, in the warmest language of friendship, his desire and his inability to reward, according to their deserts, the brave companions of his victories. They retired from the feast full of grief and perplexity, and lamented the hardship of their fate, which tore them from their beloved general and their native country. The only expedient which could prevent their separation was boldly agitated, and approved; the popular resentment was insensibly moulded into a regular conspiracy; their just reasons of complaint were heightened by passion, and their passions were inflamed by wine; as on the eve of their departure the troops were indulged in licentious festivity.—*Gibbon.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c. 48, 68, 79-82. i. c. 26-28, 36, 54-58. iv. c. 40. *Ann.* i. c. 24, 25, 34. AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, xx. c. 4.

JULIAN MADE EMPEROR BY HIS SOLDIERS. (*Continued.*)

AT the hour of midnight the impetuous multitude, with swords and bows, and torches in their hands, rushed into the suburbs, encompassed the palace, and careless of future dangers, pronounced the fatal and irrevocable words, JULIAN AUGUSTUS! The prince, whose anxious suspense was interrupted by their disorderly acclamations, secured the doors against their intrusion, and, as long as it was in his power, secluded his person and dignity from the accidents of a nocturnal tumult. At the dawn of day the soldiers, whose zeal was irritated by opposition, forcibly entered the palace and seized, with respectful violence, the object of their choice, guarded Julian with drawn swords through the streets of Paris, placed him on the tribunal, and, with repeated shouts, saluted him as their emperor.

Prudence, as well as loyalty, inculcated the propriety of resisting their treasonable designs, and of preparing for his oppressed virtue the excuse of violence. Addressing himself by turns to the multitude and to individuals, he sometimes implored their mercy, and sometimes expressed his indignation; conjured them not to sully the fame of their immortal victories, and ventured to promise that if they would immediately return to their allegiance, he would undertake to obtain from the emperor not only their free and gracious pardon, but even the revocation of the order which had excited their resentment. But the soldiers, who were conscious of their guilt, chose rather to depend on the gratitude of Julian than on the clemency of the emperor. Their zeal was insensibly turned into impatience, and their impatience into rage. The inflexible Cæsar sustained, till the third hour of the day, their prayers, their reproaches, and their menaces; nor did he yield till he had been repeatedly assured that, if he wished to live, he must consent to reign. He was exalted on a shield in the presence and amidst the unanimous acclamations of the troops; a rich military collar, which was offered by chance, supplied the want of a diadem; the ceremony was concluded by the promise of a moderate donative, and the new emperor, overwhelmed with real or affected grief, retired into the most secret recesses of his apartment.—*Gibbon.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c. 48, 68, 79-82. i. c. 26-28, 36, 54-58. iv. c. 40. *Ann.* i. c. 24, 25, 34. AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, xx. c. 4.

PERNICIOUS COUNSELS OF BONNIVET AND OBSTINACY OF FRANCIS I. AT PAVIA.

THE Imperial generals, without suffering the ardour of their troops to cool, advanced immediately towards the French camp. On the first intelligence of their approach, Francis called a council of war, to deliberate what course he ought to take. All his officers of greatest experience were unanimous in advising him to retire, and to decline a battle with an enemy who courted it from despair. The Imperialists, they observed, would either be obliged in a few weeks to disband an army which they were unable to pay, and which they kept together only by the hope of plunder, or the soldiers enraged at the non-performance of the promises to which they had trusted, would rise in some furious mutiny, which would allow their generals to think of nothing but their own safety; that meanwhile he might encamp in some strong post, and waiting in safety the arrival of fresh troops from France and Switzerland, might, before the end of spring, take possession of all the Milanese without danger of bloodshed.—*Robertson.*

CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* v. c. 29. vii. c. 10-33. LIVY, xxi. c. 53. xxiv. c. 19.

PERNICIOUS COUNSELS OF BONNIVET AND OBSTINACY OF FRANCIS.

BUT in opposition to them, Bonnivet, whose destiny it was to give counsels fatal to France during the whole campaign, represented the ignominy that would reflect on their sovereign, if he should abandon a siege which he had prosecuted so long, or turn his back before an enemy to whom he was still superior in number, and insisted on the necessity of fighting the Imperialists rather than relinquish an undertaking, on the success of which the King's future fame depended. Unfortunately Francis's notions of honour were delicate to an excess that bordered on what was romantic. Having often said that he would take Pavia, or perish in the attempt, he thought himself bound not to depart from that resolution, and rather than expose himself to the slightest imputation, he chose to forego all the advantages which were the certain consequences of a retreat, and determined to wait for the Imperialists before the walls of Pavia.—*Robertson.*

CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* v. c. 29. vii. c. 10, 33.

CAUDINE FORKS—MISTAKEN POLICY OF GAIUS PONTIUS IN TRYING TO CONCLUDE AN EQUITABLE PEACE WITH THE ROMANS.

THEY perceived, when it was too late, that they had suffered themselves to be misled by a stratagem, and that the Samnites awaited them, not at Luceria, but in the fatal pass of Caudium. They attacked, but without hope of success, and without definite aim; the Roman army was totally unable to manœuvre, and was completely vanquished without a struggle. The Roman generals offered to capitulate. It is only a foolish rhetoric that represents the Samnite general as shut up to the alternative of either dismissing or slaughtering the Roman army; he could not have done better than accept the offered capitulation and make prisoners of the hostile army—the whole force which for the moment the Roman community could bring into action—with both its commanders-in-chief. In that case the way to Campania and Latium would have stood open, and in the then existing state of feeling when the Volsci and Hernici and the larger portion of the Latins would have received him with open arms, Rome's political existence would have been in serious danger. But instead of taking this course, and concluding a military convention, Gaius Pontius thought that he could at once terminate the quarrel by an equitable peace; whether it was that he shared that foolish longing of the confederates for peace to which Brutulus Papius had fallen a victim in the previous year, or whether it was that he was unable to prevent the party which was tired of the contest from spoiling his unexampled victory.—***Mommsen.***

LIVY, ix. c. 3, 4. CICERO, *De Officiis*. iii. § 109.

MURMURS AND MUTINOUS SPIRIT OF THE PRÆTORIAN TROOPS.

BUT nothing could reconcile the haughty spirit of the prætorians. They attended the emperors on the memorable day of their public entry into Rome; but amidst the general acclamations, the sullen, dejected countenance of the guards sufficiently declared that they considered themselves as the object, rather than the partners of the triumph. When the whole body was united in their camp, those who had served under Maximin, and those who had remained at Rome, insensibly communicated to each other complaints and apprehensions. The emperors chosen by the army had perished with ignominy; those elected by the senate were seated on the throne. The long discord between the civil and military powers was decided by a war, in which the former had obtained a complete victory. The soldiers must now learn a new doctrine of submission to the senate; and whatever clemency was affected by that politic assembly, they dreaded a slow revenge, coloured by the name of discipline, and justified by fair pretences of the public good. But their fate was still in their own hands; and if they had courage to despise the vain terrors of an impotent republic, it was easy to convince the world, that those who were masters of the arms, were masters of the authority, of the state.

TACITUS, *Hist.* i. c. 4. ii. c. 7, 66. iii. c. 13. *Ann.* i. c. 31.
LIVY, xxiv. c. 14. xxiii. c. 35. xxii. c. 43.

CORTES—HIS ARTFUL SUPPRESSION OF A MUTINY.

AS the proofs of Antonio's guilt were manifest, he was condemned after a short trial, and next morning he was seen hanging before the door of the house in which he had lodged. Cortes then called his troops together, and having explained to them the atrocious purpose of the conspirators, as well as the justice of the punishment inflicted on Antonio, he added, with an appearance of satisfaction, that he was entirely ignorant with respect to all the circumstances of this dark transaction, as the traitor, when arrested, had suddenly torn and swallowed a paper which probably contained an account of it, and under the severest tortures possessed such constancy as to conceal the names of his accomplices. This artful declaration restored tranquillity to many a breast that was throbbing, while he spoke, with consciousness of guilt and dread of detection; and by this prudent moderation, Cortes had the advantage of having discovered, and of being able to observe such of his followers as were disaffected; while they, flattering themselves that their past crime was unknown, endeavoured to avert any suspicion of it by redoubling their activity and zeal in his service.—*Robertson.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* i. c. 44. CICERO, *In Catilinam.* iii. § 9-13.

PETRARCH MADE A ROMAN CITIZEN; HIS GRATITUDE AND ENTHUSIASM.

THE grant was ratified by the authority of the senate and people; and the character of citizen was the recompense of his affection for the Roman name. They did him honour; but they did him justice. In the familiar society of Cicero and Livy, he had imbibed the idea of an ancient patriot; and his ardent fancy kindled every idea to a sentiment, and every sentiment to a passion. The aspect of the seven hills and their majestic ruins confirmed these lively impressions; and he loved a country by whose liberal spirit he had been crowned and adopted. The poverty and debasement of Rome excited the indignation and pity of her grateful son; he dissembled the faults of his fellow-citizens; applauded with partial fondness the last of their heroes and matrons: and in the remembrance of the past, in the hope of the future, was pleased to forget the miseries of the present time.

Rome was still the lawful mistress of the world; the pope and the emperor, his bishop and general, had abdicated their station by an inglorious retreat to the Rhone and the Danube; but if she could resume her virtue, the republic might again vindicate her liberty and dominion. Amidst the indulgence of enthusiasm and eloquence, Petrarch, Italy, and Europe were astonished by a revolution which realized for a moment his most splendid visions.—*Gibbon.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 4. LIVY, xxii. c. 25, 26.

ANECDOTE OF MAXIMIN—HIS BODILY STRENGTH AND ACTIVITY.

ABOUT thirty-two years before that event, the Emperor Severus, returning from an eastern expedition, halted in Thrace to celebrate with military games the birthday of his younger son Geta. The country flocked in crowds to behold their sovereign, and a young barbarian of gigantic stature earnestly solicited in his rude dialect that he might be allowed to contend for the prize of wrestling. As the pride of discipline would have been disgraced in the overthrow of a Roman soldier by a Thracian peasant, he was matched with the stoutest followers of the camp, sixteen of whom he successively laid on the ground. His victory was rewarded by some trifling gifts, and a permission to enlist in the troops. The next day the happy barbarian was distinguished above a crowd of recruits, dancing and exulting, after the fashion of his country. As soon as he perceived that he had attracted the emperor's notice, he instantly ran up to his horse, and followed him on foot, without the least appearance of fatigue, in a long and rapid career. "Thracian," said Severus, with astonishment, "art thou disposed to wrestle after thy race?" "Most willingly, sire," replied the unwearied youth; and almost in a breath overthrew seven of the strongest soldiers in the army. A gold collar was the prize of his matchless vigour and activity, and he was immediately appointed to serve in the horse guards, who always attended on the person of the sovereign. Maximin, for that was his name, though born on the territories of the empire, descended from a mixed race of barbarians. His father was a Goth, and his mother of the nation of the Alani.—*Gibbon.*

LIVY, ix. c. 16. TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c 63.

CORTES AND THE CHIEF OF CEMPOALLA.

A LONG conference ensued, from which the Spanish general gathered much light respecting the state of the country. He first announced to the chief that he was the subject of a great monarch who dwelt beyond the waters; that he had come to the Aztec shores to abolish the inhuman worship which prevailed there, and to introduce the knowledge of the true God. The cacique replied that their gods, who sent them the sunshine and the rain, were good enough for them; that he was the tributary of a powerful monarch also, whose capital stood on a lake far off among the mountains: a stern prince, merciless in his exactions, and in case of resistance or any offence, sure to wreak his vengeance by carrying off their young men and maidens to be sacrificed to his deities.

Cortes assured him that he would never consent to such enormities; he had been sent by his sovereign to redress abuses, and to punish the oppressor; and that if the Totonacs would be true to him, he would enable them to throw off the detested yoke of the Aztecs.—*Prescott.*

LIVY, xxi. c. 20. xxxiii. c. 33. CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* i. c. 14.

HEROIC CONSTANCY OF THE BURGOMASTER.

THERE stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows, and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death, which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it in my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

TACITUS, *Hist.* iv. c. 67, 68. LIVY, v. c. 44.
CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* vii. c. 77.

CHARLES V. RELINQUISHES THE CROWN, AND RECOMMENDS A SUCCESSOR.

HE sketched his various wars, victories, and treaties of peace, assuring his hearers that the welfare of his subjects and the security of religion had ever been the leading objects of his life. As long as God had granted him health, he continued, only enemies could have regretted that Charles was living and reigning. But now that his strength was but vanity, and life fast ebbing away, his love for his dominion, his affection for his subjects, and his regard for their interests, required his departure. Instead of a decrepit man with one foot in the grave, he presented them with a sovereign in the prime of life and the vigour of health. Turning toward Philip, he observed, that for a dying father to bequeath so magnificent an empire to his son was a deed worthy of gratitude, but that when the father thus descended to the grave before his time, and by an anticipated and living burial sought to provide for the welfare of his realms and the grandeur of his son, the benefit thus conferred was surely far greater. He added that the debt would be paid to him with usury, should Philip conduct himself in his administration of the provinces with a wise and affectionate regard to their true interests. Posterity would applaud his abdication, should his son prove worthy of his bounty: and that could only be by living in the fear of God and by maintaining law, justice, and religion in all their purity as the true foundation of the realm.—*Motley.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* i. c. 15, 16. JUVENAL, xi. 44.

CHARLES V. ADOPTS HIS SON PHILIP AS HIS SUCCESSOR.

SUCH brave words as these, so many vigorous asseverations of attempted performance of duty, such fervent hopes expressed of a benign administration on behalf of the son, could not but affect the sensibilities of the audience, already excited and softened by the impressive character of the whole display. Sobs were heard throughout every portion of the hall, and tears poured profusely from every eye. The knights on the platform, and the burghers in the background, were all melted with the same emotion. As for the emperor himself, he sank almost fainting on his chair as he concluded his address. An ashy paleness overspread his countenance, and he wept like a child. Even the icy Philip was almost softened as he rose to perform his part in the ceremony. Dropping upon his knees before his father's feet, he reverently kissed his hand. Charles placed his hands solemnly upon his son's head and blessed him. Then raising him in his arms, he tenderly embraced him, saying, as he did so, to the great potentates around him, that he felt a sincere compassion for the son on whose shoulders so heavy a weight had just devolved, and which only a lifelong labour would enable him to support.—*Motley.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* i. c. 17. *Ann.* i. c. 11.

EARL OF CHATHAM—HIS LAST APPEARANCE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

NO sooner did he hear of the intended address than he determined to appear in the House of Lords and oppose it. For such an exertion it was clear that he had not yet regained sufficient strength of body, nor even composure of mind. His family and friends endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain. On the 7th of April, then, he came, or it might almost be said, was carried in, walking with feeble steps, and leaning with one arm on his son William, with the other on Lord Mahon. The earl spoke, but was not like himself; his speech faltered, his sentences broken, and his mind not master of itself. His words were shreds of unconnected eloquence, and flashes of the same fire which he, Prometheus-like, had stolen from heaven, and which were then returning to the place whence they were taken. With an unconquerable spirit he protested against surrendering the birthright of the British princes, and the union of the British race and name.—*Lord Stanhope.*

LIVY, xxxiii. c. 2. CICERO, *de Oratore*, iii. § 2, 6. *De Senectute*, § 16, 22.

NATIONAL SORROW FOR THE LOSS OF NELSON.

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale; as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war after the battle of Trafalgar was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed, would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died.—*Southey.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 72, 73, 82. iii. c. 4, 5. *Agricola*, c. 43, 46.

FUNERAL OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

IT was the funeral-day of the late man who made himself to be called Protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuosos) as far as from the mount in Cornwall and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which two divers princes in the persons of their ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their brother) were pleased to attend; the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself.

But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed, that methought it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expense, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great show, and yet after all this, but an ill sight. At last (for it seemed long to me, and like his short reign too, very tedious) the whole scene passed by, and I retired back to my chamber, weary, and, I think, more melancholy than any of the mourners.—*A. Cowley.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* i. c. 8, 9, 10. iii. c. 2-6. *Hist.* iii. c. 84.

OLIVER CROMWELL HAUNTED BY REMORSE AND TERRORS DURING HIS LATTER DAYS.

ALL composure of mind was now for ever fled from the Protector: he felt that the grandeur which he had attained with so much guilt and courage, could not ensure him that tranquillity which it belongs to virtue alone and moderation fully to ascertain. Death too, which with such signal intrepidity he had braved in the field, being incessantly threatened by the poignards of fanatical or interested assassins, was ever present to his terrified apprehension, and haunted him in every scene of business or repose. Each action of his life betrayed the terrors under which he laboured. The aspect of strangers was uneasy to him: with a piercing and anxious eye he surveyed every face to which he was not daily accustomed. He never moved a step without strong guards attending him: he wore armour under his clothes, and farther secured himself by offensive weapons, which he always carried about him. He returned from no place by the direct road, or by the same way which he went. Every journey he performed with hurry and precipitation. Seldom he slept above three nights together in the same chamber: and he never let it be known beforehand what chamber he intended to choose, nor intrusted himself in any which was not provided with back doors, at which sentinels were carefully placed. Society terrified him, while he reflected on his numerous, unknown, and implacable enemies: solitude astonished him, by withdrawing that protection which he found so necessary for his security.—*Hume.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 84. CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. i. § 7, 8.
SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 15. CICERO, *pro Roscio Amer.* § 66, 67.
VIRGIL, *Æn.* ii. 755.

REMORSE OF HEROD.

THE foes of Marianne pretended that she had plotted to poison her husband. She was seized, examined, and sentence of death formally passed upon her. The sentence may have been intended only to intimidate her; but its execution was urged by the jealous passions of Salome, and Herod's fears were worked upon till he consented to let the blow fall. Her misery was crowned by the craven reproaches of her mother Alexandra, who sought to escape partaking in her fate by basely cringing to the murderer. But she, the last daughter of a noble race, endured with constancy to the end, and the favour of her admiring countrymen has not failed to accord to her a distinguished place in the long line of Jewish heroines. They recorded with grim delight the tyrant's unavailing remorse, his fruitless yearnings for the victim he had sacrificed, the plaintive exclamations he made to echo through his palace, and the passionate upbraidings with which he assailed her judges. He strove, it was said, by magical incantations to recall her spirit from the shades, and as if to drive from his mind the intolerable recollection of her loss commanded his attendants always to speak of her as one alive. Whether or not the pestilence that ensued might justly be regarded as a Divine judgment, the sharp disease and deep-settled melancholy which afflicted the murderer formed a signal and merited retribution for his crime.

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 84. CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. i. § 7, 8. *Pro Roscio Amer.* § 66, 67. VIRGIL, *Æn.* iv. 457.

ZENOBIA—HER HIGH-SPIRITED REPLY.

"ROMAN," said Zenobia, in reply, "I honour your frankness, and thank you for your faith in my generosity. It is not, I assure you, misplaced. I am glad to know from so authentic a source the policy of Aurelian. I surmised as much before. All that I have thought will come true. The rumours which are afloat are without foundation. Your emperor understands that I have a policy as well as he, and a fixed purpose as well as he. I will never fall from what I have been but into ruin, final and complete. I have lived a sovereign queen, and so I will die. The son of Valerian received Odenatus and Zenobia as partners in empire. We are representatives of Rome in the East. Our dignities and our titles were those of Gallienus. It were small boasting to say that they were worn not less worthily here than in Rome. And this association with Rome—I sought it not. It was offered as a tribute to our greatness. Shall it be dissolved at the will of Aurelian?—and Palmyra, no longer needed as a scourge for the great king, be broken down into a tributary province and obscure appendage of your greatness? May the gods forsake me that moment I am false to my country!"

LIVY, xxv. c. 29. xxxii. c. 42. TACITUS, *Ann.* xii. c. 36, 37. VIRGIL, *Æn.* iv. 651-654.

INSOLENT REPLY OF ALARIC TO THE ROMAN AMBASSADORS.

THE last resource of the Romans was in the clemency, or at least in the moderation, of Alaric. The senate, who in this emergency assumed the supreme powers of government, appointed two ambassadors to negotiate with the Gothic prince. When they were introduced into his presence they declared, perhaps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace or war; and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honourable capitulation, he might sound his trumpets, and prepare to give battle to an innumerable people, exercised in arms and animated by despair. "The thicker the hay the easier it is mowed," was the concise reply of the barbarian, and this rustic metaphor was accompanied by a loud and insulting laugh, expressive of his contempt for the menaces of an unwarlike populace, enervated by luxury before they were emaciated by famine. He then condescended to fix the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome: all the gold and silver in the city, all the rich and precious moveables, and all the slaves who could prove their title to the name of barbarians. The ministers of the senate presumed to ask in a suppliant tone, "If such, O king! are your demands; what do you intend to leave us?" "Your lives," replied the haughty conqueror. They trembled and retired.

LIVY, xxi. c. 13, 44. xxiii. c. 43, 44. xlv. c. 12. ix. c. 16. v. c. 36. xxxvii. c. 45. CICERO, *Philipp.* viii. § 23.

LETTER OF TIBERIUS DENOUNCING SEJANUS.

THE letter commenced with a passing reference to various affairs of state; then diverged to a gentle reproof of Sejanus himself for some trifling neglect; then wandered again to general subjects, mixed with strange complaints of the solitude of the old man, and his precarious position. From these, however, the letter descended gradually to particulars, and proceeded to demand the punishment of certain well-known adherents of Sejanus. For some time the senators had been growing uneasy, not knowing what to anticipate from a missive, the tone of which waxed less and less in harmony with the addresses to which they had been accustomed. One by one they slunk from his side, and left him wondering and irresolute, still clinging to the hope that all would end well, and shrinking to the last from an appeal to force, which must irrevocably compromise him. The agitation of the assembly became more marked—Sejanus looked anxiously around. Suddenly, before the whole letter was yet unrolled, he found himself thronged by the chiefs of the senate, and precluded from shifting his position, while the sentence with which the long missive terminated, denounced him as a traitor by name, and required the consuls to place him under arrest.—*Merivale.*

SUETONIUS, *Tiber.* c. 48, 65. JUVENAL, *Sat.* x. 71.
TACITUS, *Ann.* iv. c. 2.

MONMOUTH AT THE BATTLE OF SEDGMOOR.

MONMOUTH had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggons. The king's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction, were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes, and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon be in his rear, and would interrupt his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.—*Macaulay.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 41, 42. LIVY, v. c. 38. xxv. c. 21.

ATTILA ANTICIPATING DEFEAT, ENCOURAGES HIS SOLDIERS.

THE anxiety of Attila prompted him to consult his priests and soothsayers. It was reported that, after scrutinizing the entrails of victims and scraping their bones, they revealed, in mysterious language, his own defeat, with the death of his principal adversary, and that the barbarian, by accepting the equivalent, expressed his involuntary esteem for the superior merit of Aetius. But the unusual despondency which seemed to prevail among the Huns, induced Attila to use the expedient so familiar to the generals of antiquity, of animating his troops by a military oration; and his language was that of a king who had often fought and conquered at their head. He pressed them to consider their past glory, their actual danger, and their future hopes. The same fortune, he said, which opened the deserts and morasses of Scythia to their unarmed valour, which had laid so many warlike nations prostrate at their feet, had reserved the joys of this memorable field for the consummation of their victories. The cautious steps of their enemies, their strict alliance, and their advantageous posts he artfully represented as the effects not of prudence, but of fear. The Visigoths alone were the strength and nerves of the opposite army; and the Huns might securely trample on the degenerate Romans, whose close and compact order betrayed their apprehensions, and who were equally incapable of supporting the dangers or the fatigues of a day of battle.—*Gibbon.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 45, 46. LIVY, xxiii. c. 29. xxi. c. 40, 45. CÆSAR, *Bell. Civil.* iii. c. 73.

XIMENES—HIS DISMISSAL.

XIMENES did not bear this treatment with his usual fortitude of spirit. Conscious of his own integrity and merit, he expected a more grateful return from a prince to whom he delivered a kingdom more flourishing than it had been in any former age, together with authority more extensive and better established than the most illustrious of his ancestors possessed. He could not therefore on many occasions help giving vent to his indignation and complaints. He lamented the fate of his country, and foretold the calamities which it would suffer from the insolence, the rapaciousness, and the ignorance of strangers. While his mind was agitated by these passions, he received a letter from the king, in which after a few cold and formal expressions of regard, he was allowed to retire to his diocese, that, after a life of such continued labour, he might end his days in peace. This message proved fatal to Ximenes.—*Robertson.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* iv. c. 39, 41. xiv. c. 52-56. xv. c. 45, 60.

LORD RAGLAN IN THE CRIMEA—HIS CHEERFULNESS AND COURAGE WHEN THWARTED BY THE HOME GOVERNMENT AND SURROUNDED BY DIFFICULTIES.

A WISE man places his happiness as little as possible at the mercy of other people's breath. His own conscience, and the opinions of his friends, which become with the high-minded a sort of second conscience, are the sole tribunals for whose temporary verdict he in general cares. But without a just sensitiveness to the opinion of his employers, no one who holds a responsible situation can continue to serve in comfort. The peculiar circumstances of his case rendered the support of the Government of unusual moment to the English commander; and he had, if ever man had, a right to look for their uncompromising countenance. It was entirely in obedience to their pressing instructions that he had embarked in the adventure. It was under difficulties most trying to mind and body that he had gallantly persevered in it. He found himself now, with a divided command which had thwarted his schemes and cut short his triumphs, encamped upon a bleak and barren ridge, with soldiers sickly, dying, and dead, while those who continued to stand at their posts were overtasked, ill-sheltered, ill-clothed, and ill-fed. An enemy superior in number, who had lately engaged with him in a terrific struggle which made fainter hearts tremble for the ulterior consequences, encompassed him round, perpetually harassed his troops, and threatened to fall at every moment upon the remnant of his army, which grew daily less. Many a time in that anxious interval officers hastened down to head-quarters full of consternation at some rumour that the Russians were about to attack our lines, and returned reassured from the sole influence of his calm demeanour and cheerful words. In the worst troubles he continued to speak a soldier's language, and wear a soldier's countenance, and threw upon those who conversed with him the spell of his own undaunted nature.

LIVY, xxviii. c. 12. xxii. c. 43. xxv. c. 37, 38.
CÆSAR, *Bell. Civil.* i. c. 48, *sqq.*

POMPEY AND CÆSAR.

HERE was a trial, painful, unexpected, sudden; such as any man, at any age, might have honourably declined. The very best contingency in such a struggle was that nothing might be lost; whilst, along with this doubtful hope, ran the certainty that nothing could be gained. More glorious in the popular estimate of his countrymen Pompey could not become; for his honours were already historical, and touched with the autumnal hues of antiquity, having been won in a generation gone by; but, on the other hand, he might lose everything; for in a contest with so dreadful an antagonist as Cæsar he could not hope to come off unscorched; and whatever might be the final event, one result must have struck him as inevitable, that a new generation of men who had come forward into the arena of life within the last twenty years would watch the approaching collision with Cæsar as putting to the test a question much canvassed of late with regard to the soundness and legitimacy of Pompey's military exploits. As a commander-in-chief, Pompey was known to have been inequitably fortunate. The bloody contests of Marius, Cinna, Sulla, and their vindictive, but perhaps unavoidable, proscription, had thinned the ranks of natural competitors, at the very opening of Pompey's career. The interval of about eight years, by which he was senior to Cæsar, happened to make the whole difference between a crowded list of candidates for offices of trust, and no list at all. Even more lucky had Pompey found himself in the character of his appointments, and in the quality of his antagonists. All his wars had been of that class which yield great splendour of external show, but impose small exertion, and less risk.

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, ii. c. 40, 41. SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 53, 54.
LIVY, xxiv. c. 9. LUCAN, *Pharsal.* i. 129, *sqq.*
CICERO, *pro lege Manil.* § 28, 47.

HENRY IV. AND THE DUKE OF PARMA COMPARED.

THE two greatest captains of the age had at last met face to face. Each might be considered to be still in the prime of life, but Alexander, who was turned of forty-five, was already broken in health, whilst the vigorous Henry was eight years younger, and of an iron constitution. Both had passed their lives in the field, but the king, from nature, education, and the force of circumstances, preferred pitched battles to scientific combinations, while the duke, having studied and practised his art in the great Spanish and Italian schools of warfare, was rather a profound strategist than a professional fighter, although capable of great promptness and intense personal energy, when his judgment dictated a battle. Both were born with that invaluable gift which no human being can acquire—authority, and both were adored and willingly obeyed by their soldiers, so long as those soldiers were paid and fed.—*Froude.*

LIVY, xxx. c. 26, 30, 32. ix. c. 17. CICERO, *pro lege Manil.* § 43.
SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 54.

VACILLATION OF CICERO.

HIS mind was in a painful state of perplexity. At one moment he was resolved to sacrifice everything for Pompey, whom he thought it base to desert in his adversity; at another he wavered, and contemplated the idea of going back to Rome. But a strange obstacle deterred him. Even now he had not given up his hopes of a triumph, and he was still attended by his lictors, whom however he calls, as he well might, most troublesome companions; and he describes the *fasces* as laurel fetters. He could not enter the city with them unless a triumph was accorded to him; and he could not bear to dismiss them, and thus abandon his long-cherished dream, idle and silly as it was at such a moment.

If it were not the duty of a biographer to state the truth, and in the portrait he draws endeavour to give a faithful copy of the original, it would be far more agreeable not to unveil the weakness which Cicero displayed in this great emergency of his life. The one thing lacking in his character was decision. If there had been more of iron in his nature he would have been not only, as he was, the first orator, but the first statesman of his time. At this crisis no one saw more clearly than he did that there were only two courses to pursue. Either Cæsar's terms must be complied with—and he was ready to make the concession to avoid a civil war—or the most energetic resistance must be offered, and every sinew strained to meet him on equal terms in the field of battle.—*Forsyth.*

CICERO, *Ad Att.* viii. *Epist.* 2, 3. TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c. 7.

VACILLATION OF PRESTON UNDER FEAR OF DEATH.

THE fate of Preston was long in suspense. The Jacobites affected to be confident that the government would not dare to shed his blood. He was, they said, a favourite at Versailles, and his death would be followed by a terrible retaliation. They scattered about the streets of London papers in which it was asserted that, if any harm befell him, Mountjoy and all the other Englishmen of quality who were prisoners in France would be broken on the wheel. These absurd threats would not have deferred the execution one day. But those who had Preston in their power were not unwilling to spare him on certain conditions. He was privy to all the counsels of the disaffected party, and could furnish information of the highest value. He was informed that his fate depended on himself. The struggle was long and severe. Pride, conscience, party spirit were on one side; the intense love of life on the other. He went during a time irresolutely to and fro. He listened to his brother Jacobites; and his courage rose. He listened to the agents of the government; and his heart sank within him. In an evening, when he had dined and drunk his claret, he feared nothing. He would die like a man, rather than save his neck by an act of baseness. But his temper was very different when he woke the next morning, when the courage which he had drawn from wine and company had evaporated, when he was alone with the iron gates and stone walls, and when the thought of the block, the axe, and the sawdust rose in his mind. During some time he regularly wrote a confession every forenoon when he was sober, and burnt it every night when he was merry. His non-juring friends formed a plan for bringing Sancroft to visit the Tower, in the hope, doubtless, that the exhortations of so great a prelate and so great a saint would confirm the wavering virtue of the prisoner. Whether this plan would have been successful, may be doubted: it was not carried into effect: the fatal hour drew near; and the fortitude of Preston gave way. He confessed his guilt, and named......his accomplices.—*Macaulay.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* iii. c. 13-16. iv. c. 68-70. ii. c. 27-31. xiii. c. 42, 43. xv. c. 48-63.

YOUTH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

HOW much he lived in Homer's poetical world, may be partly inferred from the story of Lysimachus just mentioned. It was above all, as we know from more distinct evidence, the image of Achilles that captivated his boyish fancy. But it was no common interest that he took in the poet's creation: Achilles, according to the traditions of his mother's house, was his own ancestor. He felt the hero's blood in his veins. He too preferred glory to length of days: he too knew the delight of a glowing and constant friendship. At an age when it would not have been surprising if these bright visions had so occupied his imagination as to leave little room for the realities of life, he found an opportunity, in his father's absence, of conversing with some ambassadors who had been sent from Persia to the court of Macedonia. They could have told him of many wonders of the gorgeous East, which were celebrated in Greece; of the hanging gardens and golden plane-tree, and all the state and splendour of the great king. His curiosity was directed to subjects of quite another kind: it was about the roads, the distances, the force of the armies, the condition of the provinces, about their master's skill in arms, that he questioned them, with an eagerness which alarmed them, it is said, more than Philip's sagacity of which they had heard so much.

LIVY, xxvi. c. 19. CICERO, *pro Arch.* § 24. *Pro lege Manil.* § 28, 61.
TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. 73. VIRGIL, *Geo.* ii. 114, *sqq.*

HAMILCAR THWARTED BY A PARTY AT HOME.

BUT further, Hamilcar was not only a military chief, he was also a party leader. In opposition to the implacable governing party, which eagerly but patiently waited for an opportunity of overthrowing him, he had to seek support among the citizens; and although their leaders might be ever so pure and noble, the multitude was deeply corrupt, and accustomed by the unhappy system of corruption to give nothing without being paid for it. In particular emergencies indeed necessity or enthusiasm might for the moment prevail, as everywhere happens even with the most venal corporations; but if Hamilcar wished to secure the permanent support of the Carthaginian community for his plan, which at the best could only be executed after a series of years, he had to supply his friends at home with regular consignments of money, as the means of keeping the mob in good humour. Thus compelled to beg or to buy from the lukewarm and venal multitude permission to save it; compelled to wring from the arrogance of men whom he hated, and whom he had constantly conquered, at the price of humiliation and of silence, the respite indispensable for his ends, compelled to conceal from those despised traitors to their country, who called themselves the lords of his native country, his plans and his contempt—the noble hero stood with few friends of congenial sentiments between enemies without and enemies within, building upon the irresolution of the one and of the other, at once deceiving both and defying both, if only he might gain means, money, and men for the contest with a land which, even were the army ready to strike the blow, it seemed difficult to reach, and scarce possible to vanquish. He was still a young man, little beyond thirty, but he had apparently, when he was preparing for his expedition, a foreboding that he would not be permitted to attain the end of his labours, or to see otherwise than afar off the promised land.

LIVY, xxi. c. 1, 2, 9, 63. xxiii. c. 11 13. SALLUST, *Jugurth*, c. 41, 85.

CONTRAST BETWEEN FABIUS AND MARCELLUS.

SUCH a difference of behaviour in their two greatest leaders soon occasioned two different parties in Rome. The old people in general joined in crying up Fabius. Fabius was not rapacious, as some others were; but temperate in his conquests. In what he had done he had acted not only with that moderation which becomes a Roman general, but with much prudence and foresight. "These fineries," they cried, "are a pretty diversion for an idle effeminate people: let us leave them to the Greeks. The Romans desire no other ornaments of life than a simplicity of manners at home, and fortitude against our enemies abroad. It is by these arts that we have raised our name so high, and spread our dominion so far: and shall we suffer them now to be exchanged for a fine taste, and what they call elegance of living? No, great Jupiter, who presidest over the Capitol! let the Greeks keep their arts to themselves, and let the Romans learn only how to conquer and to govern mankind." Another set, and particularly the younger people, who were extremely delighted with the noble works of the Grecian artists that had been set up for some time in the temples, and porticos, and all the most public places of the city, and who used frequently to spend the greatest part of the day in contemplating the beauties of them, extolled Marcellus as much for the pleasure he had given them. "We shall now," said they, "no longer be reckoned among the barbarians. That rust, which we have been so long contracting, will soon be worn off. Other generals have conquered our enemies, but Marcellus has conquered our ignorance. We begin to see with new eyes, and have a new world of beauties opening before us. Let the Romans be polite, as well as victorious; and let us learn to excel the nations in taste, as well as to conquer them with our arms."—*Spence.*

CICERO, *De Senectute*, § 10. *In Verrem*, Act ii. lib. ii. § 3, *sqq.* lib. iii. § 9. LIVY, xxxiv. c. 4. xxiv. c. 9. SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 53, 54.

CICERO'S LETTERS—A PICTURE OF THE TIMES.

IN Cicero's extant correspondence we seem to be present at the shifting scenes of the drama, as the plot unfolds itself which involves the destinies of Rome. We hear the groans of the expiring republic, which had been mortally wounded during the long civil wars of Marius and Sylla, and was fast sinking under the flood of social and political corruption, which is sure to follow in the train of civil war. At one time we watch with eager impatience the arrival of a courier at Tusculum, with a letter from Atticus, telling his friend the news of the day; and in Cicero's reply we read all the fluctuations of hope and fear, which agitated him during the momentous crisis of his country's fate. At another, we contemplate the great orator and statesman in the seclusion of his villa, as a plain country gentleman, busying himself with improvements on his estate, building farms, laying out and planting shrubberies, and turning water-courses, or amusing himself with pictures and statues, and the various objects which interest a man of refined and cultivated taste. At another, we find him at Rome, sick, weary, and disgusted with the din of strife, mistrusting every body where no one seems worthy of trust, and harping ever on the vanity of ambition and the worthlessness of popular applause. We see him at one moment exalted to the summit of human glory, when saluted in the senate by the proud title of Pater Patriæ; and at another sunk in the lowest depths of despair, when he is a wandering fugitive, exiled from Rome, and tells his wife that while he writes he is blinded by his tears.—*Forsyth.*

CICERO, *Ad Att.* vii. *Epist.* 19, 20, 23.

DESPERATE PROJECTS OF CATILINE.

SUCH a state of society already trembled on the verge of dissolution, and reflecting men must have shuddered at the frailness of the bands which still held it together, and the manifold energies at work for its destruction. Catiline's designs, suspended for a moment, were ripening to another crisis; and the citizens pointed with horror to the victim of a guilty conscience, stalking through the streets with abrupt and agitated gait, his eyes bloodshot, his visage ashy pale, revolving in his restless soul the direst schemes of murder and conflagration. Involved in ruinous debt, his last hope of extrication had been the plunder of a province. The spoils of the prætorship had been wrested from him by the rapacity of his judges or his accuser, and access to the consulship was denied him. But his recent escape confirmed him in the assurance that he was too noble a culprit to be convicted: he scarcely deigned to veil his intrigues, while he solicited the aid of men of the highest families in the city.

SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 15-18, 21. TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 84.
CICERO, *In Catilinam*, i. *In Verrem*, Act ii. lib. i. § 7.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid.—*Macaulay.*

CICERO, *pro Milone.* § 1-3. PLINY, *Epist.* ii. 11.
LUCAN, *Pharsal.* i. 319.

IMPEACHMENT OF CATILINE.

CATILINE had kept his seat throughout this terrible infliction, agitated by rage and apprehension, yet trusting to the favour of his numerous connections, and relying on the stolid incredulity of the mass of the audience; for the habitual use of exaggerated invective had blunted the force of truth, and rendered the senators callous for the most part even to the most impassioned oratory. The appearance, perhaps, of the consul's myrmidons, and the fear, not of any legal sentence, but of popular violence, at last made him start to his feet. He muttered a few broken sentences in a tone of deprecation, appealing to his birth, rank, and aristocratic sentiments in gage of his loyalty, and in contrast to the specious pretensions of the base-born foreigner, his accuser. But the senators, encouraged or awed by the presence of the knights, murmured and groaned around him, calling him an enemy and a parricide. Then at last, losing all self-command, Catiline rushed wildly out of the chamber, exclaiming—"Driven to destruction by my enemies, I will smother the conflagration of my own house in the ruin of the city."

SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 31. CICERO, *In Catilinam,* i.

PRUDENCE AND PERSEVERANCE OF WILLIAM III. IN ORGANIZING OPPOSITION TO THE FRENCH.

A YEAR had hardly elapsed when arrangements were made for renewing the contest with tenfold fury. The steps which were taken at that time to compose, to reconcile, to unite, and to discipline all Europe against the growth of France, certainly furnish to a statesman the finest and most interesting part in the history of that great period. It formed the master-piece of King William's policy, dexterity, and perseverance. Baffled as that monarch was, and almost heart-broken at the disappointment he met with in the mode he first proposed for that great end, he held on his course. He was faithful to his object; and in councils, as in arms, over and over again repulsed, over and over again he returned to the charge. He persevered to expel the fears of his people by his fortitude, to steady their fickleness by his constancy, to expand their narrow prudence by his enlarged wisdom, to sink their factious temper in his public spirit. In spite of his people he resolved to make them great and glorious; to make England, inclined to shrink into her narrow self, the arbitress of Europe, the tutelary angel of the human race. In spite of the ministers, who staggered under the weight that his mind imposed upon theirs, he infused into them his own soul; he renewed in them their ancient heart; he rallied them in the same cause.

LIVY, xxiii. c. 33. xxxiv. c. 6. xxxvi. c. 7, 41. xxviii. c. 12.

IRRESOLUTION OF THE EMPEROR NERO ON THE REVOLT OF GAUL.

AT times, even in this hopeless situation, his native ferocity returned upon him, and he was believed to have framed plans for removing all his enemies at once—the leaders of the rebellion, by appointing successors to their offices, and secretly sending assassins to despatch their persons; the senate, by poison at a great banquet; the Gaulish provinces, by delivering them up for pillage to the army; the city, by again setting it on fire, whilst, at the same time, a vast number of wild beasts was to have been turned loose upon the unarmed populace, for the double purpose of destroying them, and of distracting their attention from the fire. But, as the mood of his frenzy changed, these sanguinary schemes were abandoned (not, however, under any feelings of remorse, but from mere despair of effecting them), and on the same day, but after a luxurious dinner, the imperial monster grew bland and pathetic in his ideas; he would proceed to the rebellious army; he would present himself unarmed to their view; and would recall them to their duty by the mere spectacle of his tears.

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 36, 55-68. SUETONIUS, *Nero*, c. 43.

MUCIANUS—HIS SPEECH AN ARTFUL MIXTURE OF FLATTERY AND FREEDOM.

MUCIAN'S speech in Tacitus contains many important matters in a small compass; and in a few clear and emphatical words goes through the principal topics of persuasion. He presses and conjures Vespasian to dispute the empire with Vitellius, by the duty he owes his bleeding country; by the love he has for his hopeful sons; by the fairest prospect of success that could be hoped for, if he once vigorously set upon that glorious business; but if he neglected the present opportunity, by the dismal appearance of the worst evils that could be feared; he encourages him by the number and goodness of his forces; by the interest and steadiness of his friends; by the vices of his rival, and his own virtues. Yet all the while this great man compliments Vespasian and pays him honour, he is cautious not in the least to diminish his own glory: if he readily allows him the first rank of merit, he briskly claims the second to himself. Never were liberty and complaisance of speech more happily mixed; he conveys sound exhortation in praise; and at the same time says very bold and very obliging things. In short, he speaks with the bravery of a soldier, and the freedom of a friend; in his address, there is the air and the gracefulness of an accomplished courtier; in his advice, the sagacity and caution of a consummate statesman.—*Blackwall.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c. 76, 77. i. c. 10. ii. c. 80.

POLICY OF AUGUSTUS AS REPRESENTED TO THE PATRICIANS AND TO THE PEOPLE.

AUGUSTUS pointed to the sacrifice he had made for the general weal, and compared himself to a Mucius, a Curtius, or a Decius. "Think not," he exclaimed, "that the ancients alone were true patriots, behold in me a living proof that the love of Rome burns still bright in her children. Such was the spirit of the old patricians, and such still exists in the bosom of the high-born offspring of Quirinus. They are the true rulers and fathers of the commonwealth; fear not that I will ever abandon it to the sway of an unprincipled democracy: no, sooner will I perish, sooner reign!" He thus held out to them the dire figure of royalty in the farthest distance, as a monster to be invoked only in the last necessity to save the world from chaos. So far from taking away the life of a single citizen to obtain the crown, he would sooner lose his own life than wear one! a life, be it remarked, which the gods will surely protect, as they have avenged the death of Cæsar. To the people he affirmed that the sway of Rome over the nations was now completed and assured. All nations should bring their tribute to the Capitol: the Romans proud and untaxed should enjoy the fruits of every zone and climate. Every gale should waft corn to Italy, to be lavished on the citizens by the hand of their friend and benefactor. The Roman should fold his arms in indolence and safety, while his subjects should labour, and his rulers think for him. —*Merivale.*

SUETONIUS, *Octav.* c. 28. CICERO, *Philipp.* xiii. § 22.
TACITUS, *Ann.* i. c. 9, 10.

SITE OF THE TOWN OF CARTHAGENA.

THE present town of Carthagena stands at the head of its famous harbour, built partly on some hills of tolerable height, and partly on the low ground beneath them, with a large extent of marshy ground behind it, which is flooded after rains, and its inner port surrounded by the buildings of the arsenal, running deeply into the land on its western side. But in the times of the second Punic war, the marshy ground behind was all a lagoon, and its waters communicated artificially with those of the port of the arsenal : so that the town was on a peninsula, and was joined to the main land only by a narrow isthmus, which had itself been cut through in one place to allow the lagoon-water to find an outlet.—*Arnold.*

LIVY, xxvi. c. 42. xxxvii. c. 27. xxiv. c. 3. xxxviii. c. 4. xliv. c. 46.
VIRGIL, *Æn.* i. CICERO, *In Verrem.* ii. lib. iv. § 106, 117.

SITE OF AGRIGENTUM.

AGRIGENTUM excels all other cities, not only in the advantages mentioned, but in strength likewise, and especially in ornament and beauty. Situated at the distance of only eighteen furlongs from the sea, it possesses all the conveniences which the sea procures. The whole circuit of the city is made very strong both by nature and art. For the walls are built upon a rock, which partly by nature and partly from the labour of art, is very steep and broken. It is surrounded also by rivers on different sides: on the side towards the south by a river of the same name as the city; and on the west and south-west by that which is called the Hypsas. The citadel, which stands upon a hill upon the north-east side, is secured all around the outside by a deep and inaccessible valley: and has one way only by which it may be entered from the city. On the summit of the hill is a temple dedicated to Minerva, and another to Jupiter Atabyrius as at Rhodes. For, as the Agrigentines were a colony from Rhodes, they gave to this deity not improperly the same appellation by which he was distinguished in the island from which they came. The city also itself, which is in all respects magnificent, is adorned with piazzas and temples. Among these the temple of Olympian Jupiter, though not finished with so much splendour, is equal in size and design to any of the temples of Greece.

LIVY, xxiv. c. 3. xxviii. c. 4. xliv. c. 46.
CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. iv. § 117, *sqq.* TACITUS, *Hist.* v. c. 11.
CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* vii. c. 69.

DESTRUCTION OF THE IMAGE OF SERAPIS—REFLECTIONS ON IDOL-WORSHIP.

THE colossal statue of Serapis was involved in the ruin of his temple and religion. A great number of plates of different metals, artificially joined together, composed the majestic figure of the deity, who touched on either side the walls of the sanctuary. The aspect of Serapis, his sitting posture, and the sceptre which he bore in his left hand, were extremely similar to the ordinary representations of Jupiter. He was distinguished from Jupiter by the basket or bushel, which was placed on his head; and by the emblematic monster, which he held in his right hand, the head and body of a serpent branching into three tails, which were again terminated by the triple heads of a dog, a lion, and a wolf. It was confidently affirmed that if any impious hand should dare to violate the majesty of the god, the heavens and the earth would instantly return to their original chaos. An intrepid soldier, animated by zeal, and armed with a weighty battle-axe, ascended the ladder; and even the Christian multitude expected, with some anxiety, the event of the combat. He aimed a vigorous stroke against the cheek of Serapis; the cheek fell to the ground; the thunder was still silent, and both the heavens and the earth continued to preserve their accustomed order and tranquillity. The victorious soldier repeated his blows: the huge idol was overthrown, and broken in pieces; and the limbs of Serapis were ignominiously dragged through the streets of Alexandria. His mangled carcase was burnt in the amphitheatre, amidst the shouts of the populace; and many persons attributed their conversion to this discovery of the impotence of their tutelar deity. The popular modes of religion, that propose any visible and material objects of worship, have the advantage of adapting and familiarizing themselves to the senses of mankind; but this advantage is counterbalanced by the various and inevitable accidents to which the faith of the idolater is exposed. It is scarcely possible, that in every disposition of mind, he should preserve his implicit reverence for the idols, or the relics, which the naked eye and the profane hand are unable to distinguish from the most common productions of art or nature; and if in the hour of danger their secret and miraculous virtue does not operate for their own preservation, he scorns the vain apologies of his priests, and justly derides the object and the folly of his superstitious attachment.

After the fall of Serapis, some hopes were still entertained by the pagans, that the Nile would refuse his annual supply to the impious masters of Egypt; and the extraordinary delay of the inundation seemed to announce the displeasure of the river-god. But the delay was soon compensated by the rapid swell of the waters. They suddenly rose to such an unusual height, as to comfort the discontented party with the pleasing expectation of a deluge; till the peaceful river again subsided to the well-known and fertilizing level of sixteen cubits, or about thirty English feet. —*Gibbon.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iv. c. 82, 84. ii c. 3. MACROBIUS, *Saturnal.* i. c. 20.
PLINY, *Nat. Hist.* xxxiii. 24. LUCAN, *Pharsal.* iii. v. 426, *sqq.*
CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. iv. § 5, 99-101.

DESCRIPTION OF SALONA.

A MISERABLE village still preserves the name of Salona. About six or seven miles from the city Diocletian constructed a magnificent palace, and we may infer, from the greatness of the work, how long he had meditated his design of abdicating the empire. The choice of a spot which united all that could contribute either to health or to luxury did not require the partiality of a native. "The soil was dry and fertile, the air is pure and wholesome, and, though extremely hot during the summer months, this country seldom feels those sultry and noxious winds to which the coasts of Istria and some parts of Italy are exposed. The views from the palace are no less beautiful than the soil and climate were inviting. Towards the west lies the fertile shore that stretches along the Adriatic, in which a number of small islands are scattered in such a manner as to give this part of the sea the appearance of a great lake. On the north side lies the bay, which led to the ancient city of Salona; and the country beyond it forms a proper contrast to that more extensive prospect of water which the Adriatic presents both to the south and to the east."—*Gibbon.*

LIVY, xxiv. c. 3. xxvi. c. 42. PLINY, *Epist.* lib. v. 6. vi. 31.

MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

HARD by the banks of the Tiber, in the grassy meadow where the Roman youths disported themselves in athletic and martial exercises, there rose a lofty marble tower with three retiring stages, each of which had its terrace filled with earth and planted with cypresses. These stages were pierced with numerous chambers, destined to receive row within row and story upon story the remains of every member of the imperial family, with many thousands of their slaves and freedmen. In the centre of that massive mound the great founder of the empire was to sleep his last sleep, while his statue was ordained to rise conspicuous on its summit, and satiate its everlasting gaze with the view of his beloved city. Marcellus was the first for whom these lofty portals opened. The people followed his remains with unavailing lamentations, heaping reproaches on the unkindness of the gods, and whispering horrid suspicions of the unfair practices of Julia. The season, indeed, had been unusually fatal; but in these cases the breath of rumour can never be wiped away, and every historian has thought it necessary to record that the guilt of Marcellus's death was imputed at least to the mother of Tiberius. The emperor had the fortitude to pronounce in person the panegyric of his favourite, and dedicated in his name a magnificent theatre in the Campus Martius. But amidst the vain and perishable memorials of the deceased, which Augustus might fondly love to accumulate, he was fortunate in obtaining from the gratitude of Virgil a monument nobler and more durable than stone.—*Merivale.*

SUETONIUS, *Octav.* c. 100. VIRGIL, *Æn.* vi. 872.
PLINY, *Epist.* lib. vi. 10. vii. 29. HORACE, *Carm.* iii. 30.

CHARNEL-FIELD OF THE CAMPUS ESQUILINUS TURNED INTO A PARK BY MÆCENAS.

THE prospect which this mansion embraced, the most varied and extensive in Rome, was defaced by the frightful charnel-field of the Campus Esquilinus, which lay at its feet outside the city. Here between the roads which issued from the Esquiline and Viminal gates was the plot assigned for casting out the carcasses of slaves, whose foul and half-burnt remains were abandoned miserably to the vultures. The accursed field was enclosed by neither wall nor fence to exclude the wandering steps of man or beast, and from the public walk on the summit of the ridge it must have been viewed in all its horrors. Here prowled in troops the houseless dogs of the city and the suburbs; here skulked the solitary wolf from the Alban hills, and here, perhaps to the doleful murmurs of the Marsic chant, the sorceress compounded her philtres of the ashes of dead men's bones, tempered with the sighs of murdered children. It was high time to sweep away for ever this abomination of a barbarous antiquity, now becoming a source of pestilence to the habitations which daily encroached more closely upon it, as well as offensive to every natural feeling. Mæcenas deserved the gratitude of the citizens when he obtained from the emperor a grant of this piece of ground, cleansed it from its pollutions, and transformed it into a spacious park or garden, which was either itself thrown open for the recreation of the people, or allowed at least to present an agreeable object to the frequenters of the terrace above it.—*Merivale.*

HORACE, *Sat.* I. viii. 14, *sqq.* *Epod.* v. 15, *sqq.*
TACITUS, *Ann.* xv. c. 42, 43. VIRGIL, *Æn.* vii. 753, *sqq.*

THE DUTCH NAVIGATORS—SMALLNESS AND CLUMSINESS OF THEIR SHIPS.

THE instruments of navigation too were but rude and defective compared to the beautiful machinery with which modern art and science now assist their votaries along the dangerous path of discovery. The small yet unwieldy, awkward, and to the modern mind most grotesque, vessels in which such audacious deeds were performed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, awaken perpetual astonishment. A ship of a hundred tons burden—built up like a tower, both at stem and stern, and presenting in its broad bulbous prow, its width of beam in proportion to its length, its depression amidships, and its other sins against symmetry, as much opposition to progress over the waves as could well be imagined—was the vehicle in which those indomitable Dutchmen circumnavigated the globe and confronted the Arctic terrors of either pole.—*Motley.*

Tacitus, *Ann.* ii. c. 6. Livy, xxviii. c. 45, *ad fin.*
Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.* iii. c. 13.

PARMA'S BRIDGE OVER THE SCHELDT—SIEGE OF ANTWERP, A.D. 1585.

As already stated, two strong structures, supported upon piers, had been projected, reaching respectively 500 feet into the stream. These two opposite ends were now connected by a permanent bridge of boats. There were thirty-two of these barges, each of them sixty-two feet in length, and twelve in breadth, the spaces between each couple being twenty-two feet wide, and all being bound together, stem, stern, and midships, by quadruple hawsers and chains. Each boat was anchored at stem and stern with loose cables. Strong timbers, with cross rafters, were placed upon the boats, upon which heavy framework the planked pathway was laid down. A thick parapet of closely-fitting beams was erected along both the outer edges of the whole fabric. Thus a continuous and well-fortified bridge, 2,400 feet in length, was stretched at last from shore to shore. Each of the thirty-two boats, on which the central portion of the structure reposed, was a small fortress, provided with two heavy pieces of artillery, pointing, the one up, the other down the stream, and manned by thirty-two soldiers and four sailors, defended by a breast-work formed of gabions of great thickness.

But, besides these batteries, an additional precaution had been taken. On each side, above and below the bridge, at a moderate distance—a bow-shot—was anchored a heavy raft, floating upon empty barrels. Each raft was composed of heavy timbers, bound together, in bunches of three, the spaces between being connected by ships' masts and lighter spar work, and with a tooth-like projection along the whole outer edge, formed of strong rafters, pointed and armed with sharp prongs and hooks of iron. Thus a serried phalanx, as it were, of spears, stood ever on guard to protect the precious inner structure. Vessels coming from Zeeland or Antwerp, and the floating ice-masses which were almost as formidable, were obliged to make their first attack upon these dangerous outer defences. Each raft, floating in the middle of the stream, extended 1,252 feet across, thus protecting the whole of the bridge of boats, and a portion of that resting upon piles.

CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* iv. c. 17. vii. c. 23. *Bell. Civil.* ii. c. 9, 10.
LIVY, xxi. c. 26, *ad fin.*, 28. xxiv. c. 33, 34.
LUCAN, *Pharsal.* iv. 415, *sqq.*

SECULAR GAMES OF THE AZTECS.

WE have seen in the preceding chapter the Mexican's tradition of the destruction of the world at four successive epochs. They looked forward confidently to another such catastrophe, to take place, like the preceding, at the close of a cycle, when the sun was to be effaced from the heavens, the human race from the earth, and when the darkness of chaos was to settle on the habitable globe. The cycle would end in the latter part of December, and as the dreary season of the winter solstice approached, and the diminished light of day gave melancholy presage of its approaching extinction, their apprehensions increased; and on the arrival of the five unlucky days which closed the year they abandoned themselves to despair. They broke in pieces the little images of their household gods, in whom they no longer trusted. The holy fires were suffered to go out in the temples, and none were lighted in their own dwellings. Their furniture and domestic utensils were destroyed; their garments torn in pieces, and everything was thrown into disorder for the coming of the evil genii who were to descend on the desolate earth.

On the evening of the last day a procession of priests, assuming the dress and ornaments of their gods, moved from the capital towards a lofty mountain, about two leagues distant. They carried with them a noble victim, the flower of their captives, and an apparatus for kindling the new fire, the success of which was an augury of the renewal of the cycle. On reaching the summit of the mountain the procession paused till midnight, when, as the constellation of the Pleiades approached the zenith, the new fire was kindled by the friction of the sticks placed on the wounded breast of the victim. The flame was soon communicated to a funeral pile, on which the body of the slaughtered captive was thrown.—*Prescott.*

LIVY, x. c. 38. TACITUS, *Hist.* iv. c. 53. *German.* c. 39, 40.

SECULAR GAMES OF THE AZTECS. (*Continued.*)

AS the light streamed up towards heaven shouts of joy and triumph burst forth from the countless multitudes who covered the hills, the terraces of the temples, and the house-tops, with eyes anxiously bent on the mount of sacrifice. Couriers, with torches lighted at the blazing beacon, rapidly bore them over every part of the country; and the cheering element was seen brightening on altar and hearthstone for the circuit of many a league, long before the sun, rising on his accustomed track, gave assurance that a new cycle had commenced its march, and that the laws of nature were not to be reversed for the Aztecs.

The following thirteen days were given up to festivity. The houses were cleansed and whitened; the broken vessels were replaced by new ones; the people dressed in their gayest apparel, and crowned with garlands and chaplets of flowers, thronged in joyous procession to offer up their oblations and thanksgivings in the temples. Dances and games were instituted, emblematical of the regeneration of the world. It was the carnival of the Aztecs, or rather the national jubilee, the great secular festival, like that of the Romans, or ancient Etruscans, which few alive had witnessed before, or could expect to see again.—*Prescott.*

Suetonius, *Tiberius*, c. 5. **Livy**, x. c. 38. xxvii. c. 51. xxxiii. c. 33. **Tacitus**, *Hist.* iv. c. 53. *German.* c. 39, 40.

POLITY OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE Britons were divided into many small nations or tribes, and being a military people, whose sole property was their arms and their cattle, it was impossible, after they had acquired a relish of liberty, for their princes or chieftains to establish any despotic authority over them. The governments, though monarchical, were free, as well as those of all the Celtic nations; and the common people seem even to have enjoyed more liberty among them than among the nations of Gaul, from whom they were descended. Each state was divided into factions within itself: it was agitated with jealousy or animosity against the neighbouring states: and while the arts of peace were yet unknown, wars were the chief occupation, and formed the principal object of ambition among the people.

Tacitus, *Agricola*, c. 12. **Cæsar**, *Bell. Gall.* v. c. 12, 14.

POLITY OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS.

WITH the Germans, the sovereignty resided in the great assembly of the people. There were slaves, indeed, but in small number, consisting either of prisoners of war, or of those unfortunates who had gambled away their liberties in games of chance. Their chieftains, although called by the Romans princes and kings, were, in reality, generals, chosen by universal suffrage. Elected in the great assembly to preside in war, they were raised on the shoulders of martial freemen, amid wild battle-cries and the clash of spear and shield. The army consisted entirely of volunteers, and the soldier was for life infamous who deserted the field while his chief remained alive. The same great assembly elected the village magistrates, and decided upon all important matters both of peace and war.

TACITUS, *German.* c. 11, 12, 13, 14. CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* vi. c. 11-28.

THE SUEVI—THEIR SUPERSTITION AND WARLIKE CHARACTER.

IN that part of Upper Saxony beyond the Elbe, which is at present called the Marquisate of Lusace, there existed in ancient times a sacred wood, the awful seat of the superstition of the Suevi. None were permitted to enter the holy precincts without confessing, by their servile bonds and suppliant posture, the immediate presence of the sovereign Deity. Patriotism contributed as well as devotion to consecrate the Somnenwald, or wood of the Semnones. It was universally believed that the nation had received its first existence on that sacred spot. At stated periods the numerous tribes who gloried in the Suevic blood resorted thither by their ambassadors; and the memory of their common extraction was perpetuated by barbaric rites and human sacrifices. The wide-extended name of Suevi filled the interior countries of Germany, from the banks of the Oder to those of the Danube. They were distinguished from the other Germans by their peculiar mode of dressing their long hair, which they gathered into a rude knot on the crown of the head: and they delighted in an ornament that showed their ranks more lofty and terrible in the eyes of the enemy. Jealous as the Germans were of military renown, they all confessed the superior valour of the Suevi: and the tribes of the Usipetes and Teucteri, who with a vast army encountered the Dictator Cæsar, declared that they esteemed it not a disgrace to have fled before a people to whose arms the immortal gods themselves were unequal.—*Gibbon.*

LIVY, ix. c. 36. TACITUS, *Germania*, c. 38, 39.
CÆSAR, *Bell. Gall.* iv. c. 2, 3, 7. LUCAN, *Pharsal.* iii. 399, *sqq.*

MANNERS OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS.

THESE northern people were distinguished by tall stature, blue eyes, red hair and beards. They were indefatigable in war, but indolent in sedentary labours. They endured hunger more patiently than thirst, and cold than the heat of the meridian sun. They disdained towns as the refuge of a timorous, and the hiding-places of a thievish populace. They burnt them in the countries which they conquered, or suffered them to fall into decay; and centuries elapsed before they surrounded their villages with walls. Their huts, dispersed like those of the Alpine people, were placed on the banks of rivulets, or near fountains, or in woods, or in the midst of fields. Every farm constituted a distinct centre round which the herds of the owner wandered, or where among agricultural tribes the women and slaves tilled the land. The Germans used very little clothing, for the habit of enduring cold served them in its stead. The hides of beasts, the spoils of the chase, hung from the shoulders of the warriors; and the women wore woollen coats ornamented with feathers, or with patches of skins which they selected for their splendid and various tints. The use of clothes which, fitting accurately the different parts of the body, covered the whole of it, was introduced many ages afterwards, and was looked upon even then as a signal corruption of manners.—*Burke.*

Tacitus, *German.* c. 4, 15, 17.
Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.* iv. c. 1-3. vi. c. 11-28.

LEGEND RESPECTING BRITAIN.

ONE hundred and fifty years after the reign of Honorius, the gravest historian of the times describes the wonders of a remote isle, whose eastern and western parts are divided by an antique wall, the boundary of life and death, or more properly of truth and fiction. The east is a fair country, inhabited by a civilized people; the air is healthy, the waters are pure and plentiful, and the earth yields her regular and fruitful increase. In the west, beyond the wall, the air is infectious and mortal: the ground is covered with serpents, and this dreary solitude is the region of departed spirits, who are transported from the opposite shores in substantial boats and by living rowers. Some families of fishermen, the subjects of the Franks, are excused from tribute in consideration of the mysterious office which is performed by these Charons of the ocean. Each in his turn is summoned, at the hour of midnight, to hear the voices and even the names of the ghosts: he is sensible of their weight: and he feels himself impelled by an unknown but irresistible power. After this dream of fancy we read with astonishment that the name of this island is Brittia: that it lies in the ocean over against the mouth of the Rhine, and less than thirty miles from the continent, and that it is possessed by three nations, the Frisians, the Angles, and the Britons.—*Gibbon.*

Tacitus, *Agricola*, c. 6, 12.
Virgil, *Geo.* i. 231-251. *Æn.* vi. 300, *sqq.*

ANCIENT AFRICA.

AFRIC is indeed a country of wonderful fertility. How blameable then is Timæus, who not only neglected to acquire a proper knowledge of these matters, but with a childish weakness, destitute of judgment, and trusting to the credit of ancient stories, which have been long ago exploded, represents this whole part of the world as a dry and barren sand, incapable of producing any fruits. Nor is this country less remarkable with respect to the animals with which it abounds. For not only horses and oxen, but sheep also and goats, are found in it more numerous than any other part of the world perhaps can show. Upon this account it is, that many of the inhabitants of this vast country, neglecting the cultivation of the lands, live upon the flesh of their cattle, and among their cattle. Every one also knows that Afric breeds elephants, lions, and leopards in great numbers, and of surprising strength; together with buffaloes, which are extremely beautiful, and ostriches of an enormous size; and that none of these animals are found in any part of Europe; but Timæus is silent with respect to all these things; and seems indeed as if he had designed to give such a description of this country as should be contrary to the truth.

SALLUST, *Bell. Jugurth.* c. 17.

INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

I PURPOSE to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second, down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known: how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels which to statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble bonds of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.—*Lord Macaulay.*

LIVY, *Preface.* xxi. c. 1. FLORUS, i. c. 1.
TACITUS, *Hist.* i. c. 1-4. SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 6, 12.

SEEDS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION SOWN BY THE COURT OF THE REGENCY.

UPON the death of Louis XIV. the court threw off the hypocritical mask, and gloried in its unblushing infamy. The Regent had no respect for virtue, and no desire to conceal his great contempt for it. Restraint was weakness. The consequence of the change was soon evident enough. Infidelity and immorality, that blazed at the apex of society, found their way rapidly to its broad and wide extended base. Literature reflected the tone of the palace; generally sparkling and clever, the publications of the day were always intolerably indecent. The bloodiest heroes of the Revolution were the sons and grandsons of the men who had been taught by their rulers that there is no God in the universe, and no happiness on earth that is not found in the overthrow of the moral sense, and in the anarchy of the passions. The rising of the people against authority, at the close of the eighteenth century had been preceded by the rising of authority against the people at the beginning of it. Had the Duke of Orleans, the nephew of Louis XIV., kept faith with the parliament, his last memorable descendant in all probability would never have reached his kingly eminence, or earned his bitter suffering. He broke that faith, he unloosed the bands that kept society together, and so prepared the way for a catastrophe that filled Europe with horror and amazement, but made no impression upon any member of the House of Orleans.

SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 11-14. JUVENAL, *Sat.* iv. 150.
PLINY, *Panegyr.* c. 48, 49.

THE PEACE PARTY—THEIR INFLUENCE FORFEITED IN A SPECIAL CASE BY THE GENERAL EXTRAVAGANCE OF THEIR DOCTRINES.

UPON the question of peace or war (the very question upon which more than any other a man might well desire to make his counsels tell) these two gifted men had forfeited their hold upon the ear of the country. They had forfeited it by their former want of moderation. It was not by any intemperate words upon the question of this war with Russia that they had shut themselves out from the counsels of the nation; but in former years they had adopted and put forward in their strenuous way some of the most extravagant doctrines of the Peace Party. In times when no war was in question, they had run down the practice of war in terms so broad and indiscriminate that they were understood to commit themselves to a disapproval of all wars not strictly defensive, and to decline to treat as defensive those wars which, although not waged against an actual invader of the Queen's dominions, might still be undertaken by England in the performance of a European duty, or for the purpose of checking the undue ascendancy of another Power. Of course the knowledge that they held doctrines of this wide sort disqualified them from arguing with any effect against the war then impending. A man cannot have weight as the opponent of any particular war if he is one who is known to be against almost all war. It is vain for him to offer to be moderate for the nonce, and to propose to argue the question in a way which his hearers will recognise. Practical men know that his mind is under the sway of an antecedent determination which dispenses him from the more narrow but more important inquiry in which they are engaged.—*Kinglake.*

LIVY, xxiii. c. 13. CICERO, *Phil.* xiii. *ad init.*

CONVENTION OF CINTRA, A.D. 1808.

MUCH of the subsequent clamour in England against the authors of this treaty sprang from the error of confounding grounds of argument essentially distinct. Conquest being the sole foundation of any rights on the part of the French, defeat, if complete, extinguished them, if incomplete, nullified a part only. Now the issue of the appeal to arms not having been answerable to the justice of the cause, an agreement ensued by which a part was sacrificed for the sake of the remainder, and upon the terms of that agreement the whole question of right hinges. If the French were not prisoners of war, it follows that they had not forfeited their claims, founded on the right of conquest, but they were willing to exchange an insecure tenure of the whole for a secure tenure of a part. The difficulty consisted in defining exactly what was conceded, and what should be recovered from them. With respect to the latter, the restitution of plunder acquired anterior to the convention was clearly out of the question; if officially made, it was part of the rights bargained for; and if individually, to what tribunal could the innumerable claims which would follow such an article be referred? Abstract notions of right in such a matter are misplaced. If an enemy surrenders at discretion, the victors may say with Brennus, "Woe to the vanquished;" but a convention implies some weakness, and must be weighed in the scales of prudence, not in those of justice.

CICERO, *De Officiis*, i. § 33-41.
LIVY, xxi. c. 19. xxiv. c. 29. xxxix. c. 28.

LIBERTY IN AMERICA CONTRASTED WITH EARLIER FORMS OF REPUBLICAN FREEDOM.

THERE had been nothing like it before in history. Greece and Rome, though incomparably superior in their moral and intellectual productions to the monarchies of the East, though presenting in the intensity of their patriotism the narrow prototype of an ampler fellowship to come, were, as was said before, really republics of masters, the mass of the people being slaves. The free cities of Italy, of Germany, of Flanders, produced, in virtue of their freedom, fruits of civilization, as well as of industry, far nobler and more abundant than those which were produced by great feudal kingdoms. But their liberties were mere burgher liberties, deeply tainted with the tyranny of guild over guild, of city over city, of the inhabitants of the cities over the peasantry beneath their sway: based upon no broad principles of equity or respect for human rights, and doomed by their vices to an extinction which we mourn for the sake of art, but which we cannot call unjust. Nor had these municipalities ever entirely cast off the idea of allegiance to a suzerain, or pronounced in unfaltering accents the name of freedom. The nation of the Old World which has approached most nearly to a commonwealth, though under monarchical and aristocratical forms, is that of which, in the hour when the love of the public good was strongest in the hearts of its citizens and their political character at its grandest elevation, the American Republic was born.

CICERO, *De Repub.* i. § 44-50. TACITUS, *Ann.* iii. c. 24, 28.
LIVY, ii. c. 7. xxiii. c. 32, 33. SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 7, 10.

RUINOUS EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY IN THE ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

THE peace of Constance presented a noble opportunity to the Lombards of establishing a permanent federal union of small republics—a form of government congenial from the earliest ages to Italy, and that perhaps under which she is again destined one day to flourish. They were entitled by the provisions of that treaty to preserve their league, the basis of a more perfect confederacy which the course of events would have emancipated from every kind of subjection to Germany. But dark long-cherished hatreds, and that implacable vindictiveness which, at least in former ages, distinguished the private manners of Italy, deformed her national character, which can only be the aggregate of individual passions. For revenge she threw away the pearl of great price, and sacrificed even the recollection of that liberty which had stalked like an avenging spirit among the ruins of Milan. It passed away, that high disdain of absolute power, that steadiness and self-devotion which raised the half-civilized Lombards to the level of those ancient republics from whose history our first notions of freedom and virtue are derived. The victim by turns of selfish and sanguinary factions, of petty tyrants, and of foreign invaders, Italy has fallen like a star from its place in heaven; she has seen her harvests trodden down by the horses of the stranger, and the blood of her children wasted in quarrels not their own: *conquering or conquered,* in the indignant language of her poet, *still alike a slave,* a long retribution for the tyranny of Rome.—*Hallam.*

TACITUS, *De Orat.* c. 36. *Annals*, iii. c. 26, 27.
SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 53. *Jugurth.* c. 41.

ENGLAND'S VICTORIES DUE TO THE PROWESS OF HER YEOMAN-ARCHERS.

SO great was the disparity of numbers upon those famous days, that we cannot, with the French historians, attribute the discomfiture of their hosts merely to mistaken tactics and too impetuous valour. They yielded rather to that intrepid steadiness in danger which had already become the characteristic of our English soldiers, and which during five centuries has insured their superiority, whenever ignorance or infatuation has not led them into the field. But these victories and the qualities that secured them must chiefly be ascribed to the freedom of our constitution, and to the superior condition of the people. Not the nobility of England won the battles of Crecy and Poitiers, for these were fully matched in the ranks of France. It is well known that each of the three great victories was due to our archers, who were chiefly of the middle class. The yeomen who drew the bow with strong and steady arms had become accustomed to its use in their native fields, and had been rendered fearless by personal competence and civil freedom.—*Hallam.*

LIVY, ix. c. 17. xxiv. c. 15.

THE ROMAN COUNTRY TRIBES—THEIR BUSINESS AND RECREATIONS.

THE members of the country tribes, of those at least which had been created within the last century, lived on their lands, and probably only went up to Rome to vote at the elections, or when any law of great national importance was proposed, and there was a powerful party opposed to its enactment. They were also obliged to appear in the Capitol on the day fixed by the consuls for the enlistment of soldiers for the legions. Law business might also call them up to Rome occasionally, and the Roman games, or any other great festival, would no doubt draw them thither in great numbers. With these exceptions, and when they were not serving in the legions, they lived on their small properties in the country; their business was agriculture, their recreations were country sports, and their social pleasures were found in the meetings of their neighbours at seasons of festival; at these times there would be dancing, music, and often some pantomimic acting, or some rude attempts at dramatic dialogue, one of the simplest and most universal amusements of the human mind. This was enough to satisfy all their intellectual cravings; of the beauty of painting or sculpture, of the charms of eloquence, and of the highest poetry, of the deep interest which can be excited by inquiry into the causes of all the wonders around us and within us, of some of the highest and most indispensable enjoyments of an Athenian's nature, the agricultural Romans of the fifth century had no notion whatsoever.

LIVY, vii. c. 2. CICERO, *pro Plancio*, § 9.
JUVENAL, *Sat.* iii. 168-184. xi. 56, *sqq.*
HORACE, *Ars. Poet.* 202, *sqq.* VIRGIL, *Geo.* ii. 513, *sqq.*

GREEDINESS OF THE ROMANS IN AMASSING GREEK WORKS OF ART.

FROM the time of the consul Mummius, who, whilst he plundered the city of Corinth of its beautiful productions of art, regarded them rather as household furniture, than as pieces of exquisite skill, the avidity of the Romans for the work of the Grecian artists had been progressively increasing, till at length they became the first objects of proconsular rapacity, in the highest gratification of patrician luxury. The astonishing number which Verres had acquired during his government of Sicily, forms one of the most striking features of the invectives of Cicero; who asserts, that throughout that whole province, so distinguished by the riches and taste of its inhabitants, there was not a single statue or figure, either of bronze, marble, or ivory, not a picture, or a piece of tapestry, not a gem or a precious stone, not even a gold or silver utensil, of the workmanship of Corinth or of Delos, which Verres during his prætorship, had not sought out and examined, and if he approved of it, brought it away with him; insomuch that Syracuse under his government, lost more statues than it had lost soldiers in the victory of Marcellus. Such, however, was the desolation which took place in Italy during the middle ages, that of the innumerable specimens of art which had decorated the palaces and villas of the Roman nobility, scarcely a specimen or a vestige was, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, to be discovered.

CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. iv. § 1, 2, 46, 47. Act i. § 13, 14.
JUVENAL, viii. 87, *sqq.*

GRADUAL EXTENSION OF BRITISH DOMINION IN INDIA.

FOR two centuries, the history of the British possessions in India was the history of accumulated successes. Dangers there had been, and difficulties, but each onward movement, with here and there a fluctuation, ended in a triumph which that fluctuation enhanced. There is no record of so many and such prosperous struggles leading to such a supremacy in the previous annals of any people save of the Romans alone. Here, too, as there, the empire seemed to grow by the very necessity of the case. New contracts brought new collisions. The sagacity of the civilized race, the steadfastness of the disciplined host, here by negotiation, there by the shock of armies, widened the circle of conquest. There was nothing which could be called a reverse to shade the bright outline except that one instance which invested with horror the name of Sooraj-ud-Dowlah. The memory of disasters is lost in the keener recollection of disgrace. We boast no longer that the flag of Britain in India is free from the soil of dishonour. Rome had her Furcæ Caudinæ. On the page of the English historian will stand out for ever a blot unerased—the tale of the Khyber Pass.

FLORUS, iii. c. 12. LIVY, ix. c. 7.

IMPOSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE FROM THE TYRANNY OF A ROMAN EMPEROR. THE WORLD ONE PRISON TO THE VICTIMS OF HIS DISPLEASURE.

A MODERN tyrant, who should find no resistance either in his own breast, or in his people, would soon experience a gentle restraint from the example of his equals, the dread of present censure, the advice of his allies, and the apprehension of his enemies. The object of his displeasure, escaping from the narrow limits of his dominions, would easily obtain, in a happier climate, a secure refuge, a new fortune adequate to his merit, the freedom of complaint; and perhaps the means of revenge. But the empire of the Romans filled the world, and when that empire fell into the hands of a single person, the world became a safe and dreary prison for his enemies. The slave of imperial despotism, whether he was condemned to drag his gilded chain in Rome and the senate, or to wear out a life of exile on the barren rock of Seriphus, or the frozen banks of the Danube, expected his fate in silent despair. To resist was fatal, and it was impossible to fly. On every side he was encompassed with a vast extent of sea and land, which he could never hope to traverse without being discovered, seized, and restored to his irritated master. Beyond the frontiers, his anxious view could discover nothing, except the ocean, inhospitable deserts, hostile tribes of barbarians of fierce manners and unknown language, or dependent kings, who would gladly purchase the emperor's protection by the sacrifice of an obnoxious fugitive. "Wherever you are," said Cicero to the exiled Marcellus, "remember that you are equally within the power of the conqueror."—*Gibbon.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* vi. c. 14. CICERO, *Ep. ad Famil.* iv. 7.
OVID, *Trist.* iii. el. 10. v. el. 1.

ROMAN EMPIRE IN ITS DECLINE.

IN the first stages of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, our eye is invariably fixed on the royal city, which had given laws to the fairest portion of the globe. We contemplate her fortunes, at first with admiration, at length with pity, always with attention; and when that attention is diverted from the capital to the provinces, they are considered as so many branches which have been successively severed from the imperial trunk. The foundation of a second Rome on the shores of the Bosphorus has compelled the historian to follow the successors of Constantine; and our curiosity has been tempted to visit the most remote countries of Europe and Asia, to explore the causes and the authors of the long decay of the Byzantine monarchy. By the conquest of Justinian, we have been recalled to the banks of the Tiber, to the deliverance of the ancient metropolis; but that deliverance was a change, or perhaps an aggravation, of servitude. Rome had been already stripped of her trophies, her gods, and her Cæsars; nor was the Gothic dominion more inglorious and oppressive than the tyranny of the Greeks. The name of Rome must yet command our involuntary respect; the climate (whatsoever may be its influence) was no longer the same: the purity of blood had been contaminated through a thousand channels; but the venerable aspect of her ruins, and the memory of past greatness, rekindled a spark of the national character.—*Gibbon.*

LIVY, *Preface.* xxi. c. 1. FLORUS, i. c. 1, 22. ii. c. 19. iii. c. 12.
TACITUS, *Ann.* iv. c. 32, 33. *Hist.* iv. c. 54.

FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE NOT SO SURPRISING AS ITS PERMANENCE.

THE rise of a city which swelled into an empire may deserve, as a singular prodigy, the reflection of a philosophic mind. But the decline of Rome was the natural and inevitable result of immoderate greatness. Prosperity ripened the principle of decay; the causes of destruction multiplied with the extent of conquest; and as soon as time or accident had removed the artificial supports, the stupendous fabric yielded to the pressure of its own weight.

The story of its ruin is simple and obvious; and instead of inquiring *why* the Roman Empire was destroyed, we should rather be surprised that it had subsisted so long. The victorious legions who, in distant wars, acquired the vices of strangers and mercenaries, first oppressed the freedom of the republic, and afterwards violated the majesty of the purple. The emperors, anxious for their personal safety and the public peace, were reduced to the base expedient of corrupting the discipline which rendered them alike formidable to their sovereign and to the enemy. The vigour of the military government was released and finally dissolved by the partial institutions of Constantine: and the Roman world was overwhelmed by a deluge of barbarians.—*Gibbon.*

SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 53. *Jugurth.* c. 41. LIVY, *Preface.*
TACITUS, *Hist.* iv. c. 74.
HORACE, *Carm. I.* xxxv. 13, *sqq.*; *III.* iv. 65.

REAL DEGRADATION OF THE SO-CALLED GOLDEN AGE OF ROME.

ALL this is true. A number of nations which had before waged incessant war with one another had been forced into a sort of unity. What court-poets call a golden age had set in. Round the whole shore of the Mediterranean Sea and northward to the Danube beyond the British Channel, national antipathies had been suppressed, and war had ceased, while the lives of men were regulated by an admirable code of laws. Yet, except to court-poets, this age did not seem golden to those who lived in it. On the contrary, they said it was something worse than an iron age; there was no metal from which they could name it. Never did men live under such a crushing sense of degradation, never did they look back with more bitter regret, never were the vices which spring out of despair so rife, never was sensuality cultivated more methodically, never did poetry curdle so readily into satire, never was genius so much soured by cynicism, and never was calumny so abundant, or so gross, or so easily believed. If morality depended on laws, or happiness could be measured by comfort, this would have been the most glorious era in the past history of mankind. It was, in fact, one of the meanest and foulest, because a tone or spirit is necessary to morality, and self-respect is needful to happiness.

Horace, *Carm. IV.* v. 15. Ovid, *Fast. I.* 595-602, 611, *sqq.* Livy, xxxiii. c. 32, 33. xxxix. c. 6. Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 87, *sqq.* 146, *sqq.* Tacitus, *Hist.* i. c. 1, 2, *sqq.* iii. c. 83. iv. c. 1, 2, 3. *Ann.* xiv. c. 20, 21. Sallust, *Jugurth.* c. 41. *Catilin.* c. 10-13.

DOWNFALL OF ROME THE NATURAL RESULT OF CORRUPTION OF MORALS.

TO those who have duly estimated the considerations I have enumerated, the downfall and moral debasement of the empire can cause no surprise, though they may justly wonder that its agony should have been so protracted, that it should have produced a multitude of good and great men, and that these should have exercised as wide an influence as they unquestionably did. Almost every institution or pursuit by which virtuous habits would naturally have been formed had been tainted or destroyed, while agencies of terrific power were impelling the people to vice. The rich, excluded from most honourable paths of ambition, and surrounded by countless parasites who inflamed their every passion, found themselves absolute masters of innumerable slaves who were their willing ministers, and often their teachers in vice. The poor, hating industry, and destitute of all intellectual resources, lived in habitual idleness, and looked upon abject servility as the normal road to fortune. But the picture becomes truly appalling when we remember that the main amusement of both classes was the spectacle of bloodshed, of the death, and sometimes of the torture, of men. The gladiatorial games form, indeed, the one feature of Roman society which to a modern mind is almost inconceivable in its atrocity. That not only men but women, in an advanced period of civilization—men and women who not only professed but very frequently acted upon a high code of morals—should have made the carnage of men their habitual amusement, that all this should have continued for centuries with scarcely a protest, is one of the most startling facts in moral history.

SALLUST, *Jugurth.* c. 41. *Catilin.* c. 10, 11, 12, 13.
SENECA, *Epist. Moral.* vii. PLINY, iv. *Epist.* 25. ix. *Epist.* 6.
TACITUS, *Ann.* xiv. c. 20, 21. CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* ii. § 39, 41.
LIVY, xxxix. c. 6.

LEVITY OF THE ROMAN CHARACTER UNDER NERO.

YOUNG Rome of the time of Nero was eminently conceited, and I fear eminently shallow. Placing Seneca at their head, as is the wont of the rising generation to shelter under a great name its own conscious self-distrust, the favourites of the prince, accepted at the same time as the favourites of the multitude, overbore the finer taste and judgment of the veterans of literature. The faults and vices of youth were admired, humoured, and stimulated. Reserve and modesty, persevering toil, patient self-examination, were regarded as irksome in themselves, and as a reflection on the character of the prince. Talent flourished in such an atmosphere, as in a forcing-house, but it was no climate for the natural ripening of genius. The wit and cleverness of Lucan, considering his years, is preternatural: the trumpet-tones of his scorn or admiration, after more than thirty years' familiarity, still thunder in my ears with startling intensity: but he has no divination of men and things; his imagination never clothes itself in the costume of the past; he is never transported out of himself; he never *saw* the conqueror of the Gauls; he never *trod* the plains of Æmathia.

TACITUS, *De Oratoribus*, c. 29. *Annals*, xiii. c. 2, 3.
JUVENAL, *Sat.* vii. SALLUST, *Catil.* c. 10-13.

ROMAN SOCIETY IN THE TIME OF JUVENAL.

IT was a monstrous and unnatural period, that in which Juvenal lived, of gigantic opulence and Titanic sin; a time both of blood and luxury; when the world ate and drank more, and lied and blasphemed more, and was at once more knowing and more superstitious than it has ever been known to be. Something tropical is the effect that entering into it produces on the imagination which still retains any healthy northern simplicity of character. You gasp for air. The soul is in an atmosphere close and hot, cloudy with coarse perfume; where the flowers and the vegetation have, with monstrous proportions, something glaring and ghastly in their beauty, and something sickly in their breath. Foul figures of every land swarm round them—brawny murderers from the Danube and dusky greasy scoundrels from the Nile. All that is bad is near. There are sounds of revelry which are allied with unutterable shame. The clashing of cymbals and the notes of lutes, the gleam of gold and of wine do not charm here: they terrify. The smoke of the wicked feasts blots the heaven above you, and, like the drifting smoke from funeral piles, is heavy with the odours of death.—*T. Hannay.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 83. i. c. 2, 3. *Ann.* xiv. c. 20, 21.
SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 10, 11, 12, 13. CICERO, *pro Sestio*, § 7, 8.
JUVENAL, *Sat.* i. iii.
AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, xiv. c. 6. xxviii. c. 4.
LIVY, xxxix. c. 6.

PART II.

CHARACTERS.

CHARACTER OF JAMES I.—HIS INCONSISTENCY.

"*Nil æquale homini fuit illi.*"

HE was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and one who feared war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppressions of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.—*Sir W. Scott.*

SUETONIUS, *Claud.* c. 30, 31. SENECA, *lusus de morte Claud.* c. 5.
HOR. *Sat. I.* iii. 1-40.

JAMES I.—CHARACTER OF A PEDANTIC KING.

NATURE and education had done their best to produce a finished specimen of all that a king ought not to be. His awkward figure, his rolling eye, his rickety walk, his nervous tremblings, his slobbering mouth, his broad Scotch accent, were imperfections which might have have been found in the best and greatest man. Their effect, however, was to make James and his office objects of contempt, and to dissolve those associations which had been created by the noble bearing of preceding monarchs, and which were in themselves no inconsiderable fence to royalty. The sovereign whom James most resembled was, we think, Claudius Cæsar. Both had the same feeble vacillating temper, the same childishness, the same coarseness, the same poltroonery. Both were men of learning; both wrote and spoke, not indeed well, but still in a manner which it seems almost incredible that men so foolish should have written or spoken. Claudius was ruled successively by two bad women, James successively by two bad men.—*Lord Macaulay.*

SUETONIUS, *Claud.* c. 30, 31. SENECA, *lusus de morte Claud.* c. 5.

CHARACTER OF PRINCE POTEMKIN.

IN this person were collected the most opposite defects and advantages of every kind. He was avaricious and ostentatious, despotic and obliging, politic and confiding, licentious and superstitious, bold and timid, ambitious and indiscreet; lavish of his bounties to his relations, his mistresses, and his favourites; yet frequently paying neither his household nor his creditors. His consequence always depended on a woman, and he was always unfaithful to her. Nothing could equal the activity of his mind, nor the indolence of his body. No dangers could appal his courage; no difficulties force him to abandon his projects. But the success of an enterprise always brought on disgust. Everything with him was desultory: business, pleasure, temper, courage. His presence was a restraint on every company. He was morose to all that stood in awe of him, and caressed all such as accosted him with familiarity. One while he formed the project of becoming Duke of Courland; at another he thought of bestowing on himself the crown of Poland. He built a superb palace, and wanted to pull it down before it was finished. In his youth he had pleased Catherine, by the ardour of his passion, by his valour, and by his masculine beauty. He put out an eye to free it from a blemish which marred its beauty. Banished by his rival, he ran to meet death in battle, and returned with glory. He died at the age of fifty-two.—*Byron.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* i. c. 10. ii. c. 5. SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 5, 22.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

THERE is nothing more memorable in history than the actions, fortunes, and character of this great man, whether we consider the grandeur of the plans he formed, the courage and wisdom with which they were executed, or the splendour of that success, which adorning his youth continued without the smallest reserve to support his age even to the last moments of his life. He lived above seventy years, and reigned, within ten years, as long as he lived—sixty over his dukedom, above twenty over England—both of which he acquired or kept by his own magnanimity, with hardly any other title than he derived from his arms; so that he might be reputed in all respects as happy as the highest ambition the most fully gratified, can make a man. The silent inward satisfaction of domestic happiness he neither had nor sought. He had a body suited to the character of his mind; erect, firm, large, and active, whilst to be active was a praise; a countenance stern, and which became command. Magnificent in his living, reserved in his conversation, grave in his common deportment, but relaxing with a wise facetiousness, he knew how to relieve his mind, and preserve his dignity; for he never forfeited by a personal acquaintance that esteem he had acquired by his great actions.—*Burke.*

LIVY, ix. c. 16, *sqq.* TACITUS, *Hist.* i. c. 10, 48, 9. ii. c. 50, 86. iii. c. 75, 86. iv. c. 5, 6. *Ann.* ii. c. 72, 73. iii. c. 30. iv. c. 1. vi. c. 51. CICERO, *Phil.* ii. § 116, 117. SUETONIUS, *Octav.* c. 79-84.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

UNLEARNED in books, he formed his understanding by the rigid discipline of a large and complicated experience. He knew men much, and therefore generally trusted them but little; but when he knew any man to be good, he reposed in him an entire confidence, which prevented his prudence from degenerating into a vice. He had vices in his composition, and great ones; but they were the vices of a great mind: ambition, the malady of every extensive genius, and avarice, the madness of the wise: one chiefly actuated his youth, the other governed his age. The vices of young and light minds, the joys of wine and the pleasures of love, never reached his aspiring nature. The general run of men he looked on with contempt, and treated with cruelty when they opposed him. Nor was the vigour of his mind to be softened but with the appearance of extraordinary fortitude in his enemies, which, by a sympathy congenial to his own virtues, always excited his admiration and ensured his mercy. So that there were often seen in this one man, at the same time, the extremes of a savage cruelty and a generosity that does honour to human nature.—*Hume.*

LIVY, ix. c. 16, *sqq.* TACITUS, *Hist.* i. c. 10, 48, 9. ii. c. 50, 86. iii. c. 75, 86. iv. c. 5, 6. *Ann.* ii. c. 72, 73. iii. c. 30. iv. c. 1. vi. c. 51. CICERO, *Phil.* ii. § 116, 117. SUETONIUS, *Octav.* c. 66, 67. QUINTUS CURTIUS, x. 6. 26.

CHARACTER OF DOMITIAN.

NERO had his social hours, and the temper to enjoy them. His smile was attractive; he could flatter and charm; he had companions and favourites, possibly friends and lovers. But the genius of Domitian was always solitary and morose; he seems to have had no personal intimacies; his humour, when he chose to unbend, was caustic and saturnine. Shrewd enough to take an accurate measure of the sycophants around him, he enjoyed a grim satisfaction in playing on their fears. If you only talked with him on the state of the weather, your life was at stake, says the satirist, and you felt that it was at stake. In the depth of his dissimulation he was an imitator of Tiberius, whom he professed to make his model, both in his measures and his demeanour; but the amusement he derived from dissembling with his victims was all his own. Of the feats he performed in disguising his cruel intentions from the wretches he was about to sacrifice, some ghastly stories were circulated, which suffice at least to show the estimate commonly formed of him.—*Merivale.*

JUVENAL, iv. 86. SUETONIUS, *Domitian*, c. 3, 11. TACITUS, *Hist.* iv. c. 86.

CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.—HIS VIOLENCE OF TEMPER.

BUT if he was a bountiful master, he was a most vindictive enemy. His temper could not brook contradiction. Whoever hesitated to obey his will, or presumed to thwart his desire, was marked out for his victim, and was pursued with the most unrelenting vengeance. His passion was said to be the raving of a madman, the fury of a savage beast. We are told that in its paroxysms his eyes were spotted with blood, and his countenance seemed of flame, his tongue poured a torrent of abuse and imprecation, and his hands were employed to inflict vengeance on whatever came within his reach; and that on one occasion, when a favourite minister had ventured to offer a plea in justification of the King of Scots, Henry, in a burst of passion, called his minister a traitor, threw down his cap, ungirt his sword, tore off his clothes, pulled the silk coverlet from his couch, and, unable to do more mischief, sat down, and gnawed the straw on the floor.

SENECA, *De Irâ*, lib. iii. c. 14, 17, 21.
CICERO, *Philipp.* iii. § 30, 31. vii. § 17.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.—HIS GOOD-NATURE AND FRIVOLITY.

IT is creditable to Charles's temper that, ill as he thought of his species, he never became a misanthrope. He saw little in men but what was hateful. Yet he did not hate them. Nay, he was so far humane that it was highly disagreeable to him to see their sufferings, or to hear their complaints. This, however, is a sort of humanity which, though amiable and laudable in a private man, whose power to help or hurt is bounded by a narrow circle, has in princes often been rather a vice than a virtue. More than one well-disposed ruler has given up whole provinces to rapine and oppression, merely from a wish to see none but happy faces round his own board and in his own walks. No man is fit to govern great societies who hesitates about disobliging the few who have access to him for the sake of the many whom he will never see. The facility of Charles was such as has perhaps never been found in any man of equal sense.

He was a slave without being a dupe. Worthless men and women, to the very bottom of whose hearts he saw, and whom he knew to be destitute of affection for him and undeserving of his confidence, could easily wheedle him out of titles, places, domains, state-secrets, and pardons. He bestowed much; yet he neither enjoyed the pleasure nor acquired the fame of beneficence. He never gave spontaneously; but it was painful to him to refuse. The consequence was, that his bounty generally went, not to those who deserved it best, nor even to those whom he liked best, but to the most shameless and importunate suitor who could obtain an audience.—*Lord Macaulay.*

LIVY, xli. c. 19, 20.

CHARACTER OF STEPHEN—HIS GOOD-NATURE, WEAKNESS, OBSTINACY.

"*Magistratus indicat virum.*"

STEPHEN would have been regarded by all men to have been most worthy of a crown, *nisi imperasset.* Of a kindly disposition, courteous to his equals, affable to his inferiors, he was popular and beloved; but he often wanted the ability to fulfil the promises which his inconsiderate good-nature was lavish in making; and his friends, disappointed, denounced him as insincere, and were frequently converted into enemies. His courage was indisputable, but it often amounted to rashness; and his chivalrous generosity, while, at one time, it rendered his conduct impolitic, was not sufficient on some occasions to prevent him from becoming cruel and unjust. Weak-minded and easy-tempered, he would sometimes become perversely obstinate; and, though he could be ruled, it was only by those who never showed they ruled, or permitted him to perceive their dominion over his mind.

Tacitus, *Hist.* i. c. 49. ii. c. 47, 50. **Livy**, xli. c. 20.

CHARACTER OF DORSET.

YET, in the midst of follies and vices, his courageous spirit, his fine understanding, and his natural goodness of heart, had been conspicuous. Men said that the excesses in which he indulged were common between him and the whole race of gay young cavaliers, but that his sympathy with human suffering and the generosity with which he made reparation to those whom his freaks had injured were all his own. And yet, with all his good-nature, such was the keenness of his wit that scoffers whose sarcasm all the town feared stood in craven fear of the sarcasm of Dorset. All political parties esteemed and caressed him: but politics were not much to his taste. Had he been driven by necessity to exert himself, he would probably have risen to the highest posts in the state: but he was born to rank so high and wealth so ample that many of the motives which impel men to engage in public affairs were wanting to him.

Nepos, *Atticus*, c. 6.

CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF ALVA.

THE Duke of Alva was inferior to no general of his age. As a disciplinarian he was foremost in Spain, perhaps in Europe. A spendthrift of time, he was an economist of blood, and this was, perhaps, in the eye of humanity his principal virtue.

"Time and myself are two," was a frequent observation of Philip, and his favourite general considered the maxim as applicable to war as to politics. Such were his qualities as a military commander. As a statesman, he had neither experience nor talent. As a man, his character was simple. He did not combine a great variety of vices, but those which he had were colossal, and he possessed no virtues. He was neither lustful nor intemperate, but his professed eulogists admitted his enormous avarice, while the world has agreed that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness were never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom. His history was now to show that his previous thrift of human life was not derived from any love of his kind. Personally he was stern and overbearing. As difficult of access as Philip himself, he was even more haughty to those who were admitted to his presence. He addressed every one with the depreciating second person plural. Possessing the right of being covered in the presence of the Spanish monarch, he had been with difficulty brought to renounce it before the German Emperor. He was of an illustrious family, but his territorial possessions were not extensive; his duchy was a small one, furnishing him with not more than 14,000 crowns of annual income, and with 400 soldiers. He had, however, been a thrifty financier all his life, never having been without a handsome sum of money at interest.—*Motley.*

Livy, xxi. c. 4. Tacitus, *Ann.* vi. c. 51.
Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.* v. § 20, *sqq.*

CHARACTER OF BANNER.—HIS VIRTUES AND VICES THOSE OF A SOLDIER.

BANNER at length terminated his career at Halberstadt in May, 1641, a victim to vexation and disappointment. He sustained with great renown, though with varying success, the reputation of the Swedish arms in Germany, and by a train of victories showed himself worthy of his great master in the art of war. He was fertile in expedients, which he planned with secrecy and executed with boldness; cautious in the midst of dangers, greater in adversity than in prosperity, and never more formidable than when upon the brink of destruction. But the virtues of the hero were united with all the failings and vices which a military life creates, or at least fosters. As imperious in private life as he was at the head of his army, he oppressed the German princes no less by his haughtiness, than their country by his contributions. He consoled himself for the toils of war in voluptuousness and the pleasures of the table, in which he indulged to excess, and was thus brought to an early grave. But he turned from the arms of luxury into the hardest fatigues, and placed himself in all his vigour at the head of his army at the very moment his soldiers were murmuring at his luxurious excesses.—*Schiller.*

LIVY, xxi. c. 4. TACITUS, *Hist.* i. c. 10. SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 5.

MONDRAGON.

THIS was Mondragon's last feat of arms. Less than three months afterwards, in Antwerp citadel, as the veteran was washing his hands, before going to the dinner-table, he sat down and died. Strange to say, this man who had spent almost a century on the battle-field, who had been a soldier in nearly every war that had been waged in any part of Europe during that most belligerent age, who had come an old man to the Netherlands before Alva's arrival, and had ever since been constantly and personally engaged in the vast Flemish tragedy which had now lasted well-nigh thirty years, had never himself lost a drop of blood. His battle-fields had been on land and water, on ice, in fire, and at the bottom of the sea; but he had never received a wound. Nay, more; he had been blown up in a fortress—the Castle of Dauvilliers, in Luxembourg, of which he was governor—where all perished save his wife and himself; and when they came to dig among the ruins they excavated at last the ancient couple, protected by the framework of a window, in the embrasure of which they had been seated, without a scratch or a bruise. He was a Biscayan by descent, but born in Medina del Campo. A strict disciplinarian, very resolute and pertinacious, he had the good fortune to be beloved by his inferiors, his equals, and his superiors. He was called the father of his soldiers, the good Mondragon, and his name was unstained by any of those deeds of ferocity which make the chronicles of the time resemble rather the history of wolves than of men.—*Motley.*

SALLUST, *Jugurth.* c. 63. TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 55.
LIVY, ix. c. 16. CICERO, *de Senectute*, § 10-12; 16, 17, 37.

CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE conduct of the Protector in foreign affairs was full of vigour and enterprise, and drew a consideration to his country, which, since the reign of Elizabeth, it seemed to have totally lost. It was his boast that he would render the name of an Englishman as much feared and revered as ever was that of a Roman; and as his countrymen found some reality in these pretensions, their national vanity, being gratified, made them bear with more patience all the indignities and calamities under which they laboured.

The general behaviour and deportment of Cromwell, who had been raised from a private station, and who had passed most of his youth in the country, was such as might befit the greatest monarch. He maintained a dignity without either affectation or ostentation; and supported with all strangers that high idea with which his great exploits and prodigious fortune had impressed them. Among his ancient friends he could relax himself; and by trifling and amusement, jesting, and making verses, he feared not exposing himself to their most familiar approaches. Great regularity, however, and even austerity of manners, were always maintained in his court; and he was careful never by any liberties to give offence to the most rigid of the godly. Some state was upheld, but with little expense, and without any splendour. The nobility, though courted by him, kept at a distance, and disdained to intermix with those mean persons who were the instruments of his government.

TACITUS, *Ann.* iv. c. 6. *Hist.* i. c. 48. LIVY, ix. c. 16. xxxix. c. 41, 44. xxxiv. c. 27. SALLUST, *Jugurth.* c. 63. CICERO, *de Senectute*, §.10-12; 16, 17, 21. LIVY, xxi. c. 26, 27.

INFLUENCE OF WILBERFORCE AS AN ORATOR.

AGAINST all these accomplishments of a finished orator there was little to set on the other side. A feeble constitution, which made him say all his life that he never was either well or ill; a voice sweetly musical beyond that of most men, and of great compass also, but sometimes degenerating into a whine; a figure exceedingly undignified and ungraceful, though the features of the face were singularly expressive; and a want of condensation, in the latter years of his life especially, lapsing into digression, and ill calculated for a very business-like audience like the House of Commons, may be noted as the only drawbacks which kept him out of the very first place among the first speakers of his age, whom in pathos, and also in graceful, and easy, and perfectly elegant diction, as well as harmonious periods, he unquestionably excelled. The influence which Wilberforce always commanded in the old Parliament, the great weight which the head, indeed the founder, of a powerful religious sect possessed in the country, would have given extraordinary authority in the senate to one of far inferior personal endowments. But when these partly accidental circumstances were added to his powers, and when the whole were used and applied with the habits of industry which naturally belonged to one of his extreme temperance in every respect, it is difficult to imagine any one bringing a greater force to any cause which he might espouse.—*Lord Brougham.*

CICERO, *Brutus*, § 1-9; 141-143. *De Oratore*, iii. § 2-6.

WARREN HASTINGS.—HIS CHARACTER AND APPEARANCE AT HIS TRIAL.

THE culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, and made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis;* such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.—*Lord Macaulay.*

TACITUS, *Agricola*, c. 44. CICERO, *Philipp.* ii. § 116-118.

CHARACTER OF SIR R. WALPOLE.—A SAFE MINISTER FALSELY CHARGED WITH CORRUPTION.—COARSE AND OFFENSIVE IN MANNER.

HE was an honourable man, and a sound politician. He was not, as the discontented of his time have represented him, and as ill-informed people still represent him, a prodigal and corrupt minister. They charged him in their libels and seditious conversations as having first reduced corruption to a system. Such was their cant. But he was far from governing by corruption. He governed by party attachments. The charge of systematic corruption is less applicable to him, perhaps, than to any minister who ever served the crown for so great a length of time. He gained over very few from the opposition. Without being a genius of the first class, he was an intelligent, prudent, and safe minister. He loved peace; and he helped to communicate the same disposition to nations at least as warlike and restless as that in which he had the chief direction of affairs. With many virtues, public and private, he had his faults; but his faults were superficial. A careless, coarse, and over-familiar style of discourse, without sufficient regard to persons or occasions, and an almost total want of political decorum, were the errors by which he was most hurt in the public opinion; and those through which his enemies obtained the greatest advantage over him. But justice must be done. The prudence, steadiness, and vigilance of that man, joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and his politics, preserved the crown to this royal family; and with it their laws and liberties to this country.—*Lord Macaulay.*

LIVY, xxxix. c. 40, 41. CICERO, *de Senec.* § 10-12; 16, 17, 21. TACITUS, *de Orat.* c. 1.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.—HIS FIRMNESS AND SKILL AS A DIPLOMATIST.

HOW to negotiate with a perfect skill never degenerating into craft, how to form such a scheme of policy that his country might be brought to adopt it without swerving, and how to pursue this always, promoting it steadily abroad, and gradually forcing the home government to go all lengths in its support, this he knew; and he was, moreover, so gifted by nature, that whether men studied his despatches or whether they listened to his spoken words, or whether they were merely bystanders caught and fascinated by the grace of his presence, they could scarcely help thinking that if the English nation was to be maintained in peace or drawn into war by the will of a single mortal, there was no man so worthy to fix its destiny. He had faults, for his temper was fierce, and his assertion of self was so closely involved in his conflicts that he followed up his opinions with his feelings and with the whole strength of his imperious nature. But his fierce temper, being always under control when purposes of state so required, was far from being an infirmity; and was rather a weapon of exceeding sharpness, for it was so wielded by him as to have more tendency to cause dread and surrender than to generate resistance. Then, too, every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey therefore the idea of duration. As though yielding to fate itself the Turkish mind used to bend and fall down before him.—*Kinglake.*

LIVY, ix. c. 16. CICERO, *pro lege Manil.* § 26-48.

CHARACTER OF JEREMY BENTHAM.—AN HONEST AND INDEPENDENT PHILOSOPHER.

HE was slenderly furnished with fancy, and far more capable of following a train of reasoning, expounding the theories of others, and pursuing them to their legitimate consequences, than of striking out new paths, and creating new objects, or even adorning the creations of other men's genius. With the single exception that he had something of the dogmatism of the school, he was a person of most praiseworthy candour in controversy, always of such self-denial that he sunk every selfish consideration in his anxiety for the success of any cause which he espoused, and ever ready to the utmost extent of his faculties, and often beyond the force of his constitution, to lend his help for its furtherance. In all the relations of private life he was irreproachable; and he afforded a rare example of one born in humble circumstances, and struggling, during the greater part of his laborious life, with the inconveniences of restricted means, nobly maintaining an independence as absolute in all respects as that of the first subject in the land—an independence, indeed, which but few of the pampered children of rank and wealth are ever seen to enjoy. For he could at all times restrain his wishes within the limits of his resources; was firmly resolved that his own hands alone should ever minister to his wants; and would, at every period of his useful and virtuous life, have treated with indignation any project that should trammel his opinions or his conduct with the restraints which external influence, of whatever kind, could impose.—*Lord Brougham.*

LIVY, **xxxix.** c. 40, 44.   CICERO, *Philipp.* ix. § 10-12.

CHARACTER OF PITT.—HIS HIGH-MINDEDNESS.

YET with all his faults and affectations, Pitt had, in a very extraordinary degree, many of the elements of greatness. He had genius, strong passions, quick sensibility, and vehement enthusiasm for the grand and the beautiful. There was something about him which ennobled tergiversation itself. In an age of low and dirty prostitution, it was something to have a man who might perhaps, under some strong excitement, have been tempted to ruin his country, but who never would have stooped to pilfer her,—a man whose errors arose, not from a sordid desire of gain, but from a fierce thirst for power, for glory, and for vengeance. History owes to him this attestation, that, at a time when anything short of direct embezzlement of the public money was considered as quite fair in public men, he showed the most scrupulous disinterestedness; that, at a time when it seemed to be taken for granted that Government could be upheld only by the basest and most immoral arts, he appealed to the better and nobler parts of human nature; that he made a brave and splendid attempt to do, by means of public opinion, what no other statesmen of his day thought it possible to do, except by means of corruption; that he looked for support not to a strong aristocratical connection, not to the personal favour of the Sovereign, but to the middle class of Englishmen; that he inspired that class with a firm confidence in his integrity and ability; that, backed by them, he forced an unwilling court and an unwilling oligarchy to admit him to an ample share of power; and that he used his power in such a manner as clearly proved him to have sought it, not for the sake of profit or patronage, but from a wish to establish for himself a great and durable reputation by means of eminent services rendered to the State.

CICERO, *Academ. Prior.* ii. § 1-6.
De Senectute, § 10-12; also 16, 17, 37. LIVY, xxxix. c. 40, 44.

PITT.—HIS STRONG POINT PERSUASION, NOT LEGISLATION.

HIS powerful intellect was ill supplied with knowledge. Of this he had no more than a man can acquire while he is a student at college. The stock of general information which he brought with him from Cambridge, extraordinary for a boy, was far inferior to what Fox possessed, and beggarly when compared with the massy, the splendid, the various treasures laid up in the large mind of Burke. He had no leisure to learn more than was necessary for the purposes of the day which was passing over him. What was necessary for those purposes such a man could learn with little difficulty. He was surrounded by experienced and able public servants. He could at any moment command their best assistance. From the stores which they produced his vigorous mind rapidly collected the materials for a good parliamentary case; and that was enough. Legislation and administration were with him secondary matters. To the work of framing statutes, of negotiating treaties, of organizing fleets and armies, of sending forth expeditions, he gave only the leavings of his time, and the dregs of his intellect. The strength and sap of his mind were all drawn in a different direction. It was when the House of Commons was to be convinced and persuaded that he put forth all his powers.—*Lord Macaulay.*

CICERO, *Acad. Prior.* ii. § 1-6. *De Senect.* § 10-12; 16, 17, 21.

CHARACTER OF PITT.—HIS INTEGRITY, AUTHORITY, AND ELOQUENCE.

A CHARACTER so exalted, so strenuous, so authoritative astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not, like Murray, conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt but could not be followed.—*Lord Macaulay.*

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, ii. c. 13. CICERO, *de Sen.* § 16, 17, 37.
LIVY, xxxix. c. 40, 44. TACITUS, *de Orat.* c. 8.

CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.—HIS VERSATILITY.

IT is possible to be a very great man and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in point of eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators, and philosophers that ever appeared in the world; an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings

—fighting and making love at the same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the fountains of the Nile. Such did Julius Cæsar appear to his contemporaries, and to those of the subsequent ages who were the most inclined to deplore and execrate his fatal genius.—*Lord Byron.*

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, ii. c. 41, 43.
CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* v. § 20, 21.

CHARACTER OF GONZALVO DE CORDOVA.—HIS SHINING QUALITIES, HIS COOLNESS, PRUDENCE, AND SAGACITY.

HIS splendid military successes, so gratifying to Castilian pride, have made the name of Gonzalvo as familiar to his countrymen as that of the Cid, which, floating down the stream of popular melody, has been treasured up as a part of the national history. His shining qualities, even more than his exploits, have been often made the theme of fiction; and fiction, as usual, has dealt with them in a fashion to leave only confused and erroneous conceptions of both. More is known of the Spanish hero, for instance, to foreign readers, from Florian's agreeable novel, than from any authentic record of his actions. Yet Florian, by dwelling only on the dazzling and popular traits of his hero, has depicted him as the very personification of romantic chivalry. This certainly was not his character, which might be said to have been formed after a riper period of civilization than the age of chivalry. At least it had none of the nonsense of that age, its fanciful vagaries, reckless adventure, and wild romantic gallantry. His characteristics were prudence, coolness, steadiness of purpose, and intimate knowledge of men. He understood, above all, the temper of his own countrymen. He may be said, in some degree, to have formed their military character, their patience of severe training and hardship, their unflinching obedience, their inflexible spirit under reverses, and their decisive energy in the hour of action. It is certain that the Spanish soldier, under his hands, assumed an entirely new aspect from that which he had displayed in the romantic wars of the Peninsula.

LIVY, ix. c. 17, 18. xxi. c. 4. xxvi. c. 19. xxviii. c. 12. xxxviii. c. 53.

CHARACTER OF CLAVERHOUSE.

"Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re."

THE severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour, which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed at first sight rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, Claverhouse was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of facing death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.—*Sir W. Scott.*

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, ii. 29. TACITUS, *Hist.* ii. c. 47, 50.
LIVY, xxi. c. 4. xxxix. c. 44. CICERO, *Acad. Prior.* ii. § 1, 2.

CHARACTER OF ARISTIDES.

ARISTIDES knew no cause, but that of justice and the common weal: no party, but his friends. Themistocles had formed or entered into a union with men who were pledged to mutual protection and assistance; and he did not always shrink from sacrificing the service of the people to his friends and adherents; he connived at their offences, seconded them in their undertakings, and used their aid to further his views. In all such cases a neutral and independent man, who kept aloof from all factions, and exposed and resisted corrupt practices, wherever he perceived them, might easily become a troublesome adversary. Characters like that of Aristides, even when there. is nothing rugged and forbidding in their exterior, are seldom loved; and so probably there were many at Athens, who were not only displeased that one man should be distinguished by the epithet of the Just; but were offended by the vigilance and severity with which he detected abuses, and guarded the public welfare. Without having incurred accusation or reproach, without being suspected of any ambitious designs, he was sent by the ostracism into honourable banishment, as the wise Hermotimus by the Ephesians, because he had no equal in the highest virtue.—*Thirlwall.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iii. c. 86. SALLUST, *Catil.* c. 53, 54.
LIVY, xxxix. c. 40, 44.

CHARACTER OF EPAMINONDAS.—HIS TEMPERANCE, INTEGRITY, PRUDENCE, AND OTHER VIRTUES.

EPAMINONDAS was born and educated in that honest poverty which those less corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The instructions of a Pythagorean philosopher, to whom he was intrusted in his earliest years, formed him to all the temperance and severity peculiar to that sect, and were received with a docility and pleasure which bespoke an ingenuous mind. Music, dancing, and all those arts which were accounted honourable distinctions, he received from the greatest masters. In the athletic exercises he became conspicuous, but soon learned to apply particularly to those which might prepare him for the labours and occasions of a military life. His modesty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive instruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderness, and humanity, and an exalted patriotism, he had learned, and soon displayed. To these glorious qualities he added penetration and sagacity, a happiness in improving every incident, a consummate skill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and distress, a boldness in enterprise, vigour, and magnanimity.

LIVY, xxvi. c. 19. CICERO, *de Oratore*, i. § 48. iii. § 34.
Tuscul. Disp. i. § 2. CORNELIUS NEPOS, *Epaminondas*, *passim*.

AGRICOLA.—HIS IMPARTIALITY, PRUDENCE, AND CONCILIATORY CONDUCT.

IN the interval between his campaigns Agricola was employed in the great labours of peace. He knew that the general must be perfected by the legislator; and that the conquest is neither permanent nor honourable which is only an introduction to tyranny. His first care was the regulation of his household, which under former legates had been always full of faction and intrigue, lay heavy on the province, and was as difficult to govern. He never suffered his private partialities to intrude into the conduct of public business; nor in appointing to employments did he permit solicitation to supply the place of merit, wisely sensible that in a proper choice of officers is almost the whole of government. He eased the tribute of the province, not so much by reducing it in quantity, as by cutting off all those vexatious practices which attended the levying of it, far more grievous than the imposition itself. Every step in securing the subjection of the conquered country was attended with the utmost care in providing for its peace and internal order. Agricola reconciled the Britons to the Roman government by reconciling them to the Roman manners. His conduct is the most perfect model for those employed in the unhappy but sometimes necessary task of subduing a rude and free people.—*Merivale.*

TACITUS, *Agric.* c. 19, 21. CICERO, *Acad. Prior.* ii. § 1-7.
De Senect. § 10-12; 16, 17, 21.

DEATH OF POMPEY A NATIONAL LOSS.—HIS DISINTERESTEDNESS WHEN IN POWER.

BUT the tears that were shed for Pompey were not only those of domestic affliction: his fate called forth a more general and honourable mourning. No man had ever gained, at so early an age, the affections of his countrymen; none had enjoyed them so largely, or preserved them so long with so little interruption; and at the distance of eighteen centuries the feeling of his contemporaries may be sanctioned by the sober judgment of history. He entered upon public life as a distinguished member of an oppressed party which was just arriving at its hour of triumph and retaliation; he saw his associates plunged in rapine and massacre, but he preserved himself pure from the contagion of their crimes; and when the death of Sulla left him almost at the head of the aristocratical party, he served them ably and faithfully with his sword, while he endeavoured to mitigate the evils of their ascendancy by restoring to the commons of Rome, on the earliest opportunity, the most important of those privileges and liberties which they had lost under the tyranny of their late master. He received the due reward of his honest patriotism in the unusual honours and trusts that were conferred on him; but his greatness could not corrupt his virtue; and the boundless powers with which he was repeatedly invested he wielded with the highest ability and uprightness to the accomplishment of his task, and then, without any undue attempts to prolong their duration, he honestly resigned them.—*Merivale.*

LUCAN, ix. 165, *sqq.* 188, *sqq.* CICERO, *pro lege Manil.* § 29, *sqq.* *Philipp.* ix. § 3. v. § 16. TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 72, 73, 82.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—FASCINATION OF HIS MANNER.

OF all the men that live in history, there is none, perhaps, whom most of us would so much wish to have seen as the great Julius Cæsar. Tall in stature, and of commanding aspect, delicate in feature, and graceful in form, we picture him to ourselves as not less conspicuous for the beauty of his person than for the eminence of his genius. But who can rest satisfied with realizing to his imagination the mere outline of the hero's figure, if he fail to obtain a glimpse of the expression which informs it with mind and character? It is not enough to read that Cæsar's complexion was pale and fair, his eyes dark and piercing, or to scan on busts and medals the ample volume of his forehead, and the haughty curve of his nose. These monuments present us, not without some variety of lineaments, the signs of his intellectual energy and moral power; but they fail to mark the generous kindling of his glance, and the fascination of his smile. There was in Cæsar, we are told, a charm of manner and address which captivated all beholders. Cato smiled on the man whose treasons he denounced; Brutus admired and Cicero loved him. Strange that a being whose public career was so selfish and unfeeling, should have proved himself the most merciful to his enemies, the most considerate to his friends, the most magnanimous to those who wronged him, of all his countrymen.

SUETONIUS, *Julius*, c. 45. VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, ii. c. 41.
LUCAN, *Pharsal.* i. 143, *sqq.*

CHARACTER OF SCIPIO.—HIS CLAIMS TO DIVINE INSPIRATION, HIS COMPLACENT SUPERIORITY.

YET a special charm lingers around the form of that graceful hero: it is surrounded as with a dazzling halo, by the atmosphere of serene and confident inspiration, in which Scipio with mingled credulity and adroitness always moved. With quite enough of enthusiasm to warm men's hearts, and enough of calculation to follow in every case the dictates of intelligence, while not leaving out of account the vulgar; not naïve enough to share the belief of the multitude in his divine inspirations, not straightforward enough to set it aside, and yet in secret thoroughly persuaded that he was a man specially favoured of the gods,—in a word, a genuine prophetic nature, raised above the people, and not less aloof from them; a man steadfast to his word and kingly in his bearing, who thought that he would humble himself by adopting the ordinary title of a king, but could never understand how the constitution of the republic should in his case be binding; so confident in his own greatness that he knew nothing of envy or of hatred: courteously acknowledged other men's merits, and compassionately forgave other men's faults; an excellent officer and a refined diplomatist, without presenting the offensive special stamp of either calling; uniting Hellenic culture with the fullest national feeling of a Roman; an accomplished speaker, and of graceful manners: Publius Scipio won the hearts of soldiers and of women, of his countrymen, and of the Spaniards, of his rivals in the senate, and of his greater Carthaginian antagonist. Soon his name was on every one's lips, and his was the star which seemed destined to bring victory and peace to his country. —*Mommsen.*

LIVY, xxvi. c. 19. xxxv. c. 14. xxxix. c. 40.
LUCAN, *Pharsal.* ix. 165. CICERO, *Academ. Prior.* ii. § 1-7.

CICERO.—STANDS ON A HIGHER MORAL LEVEL THAN OTHER ANCIENT STATESMEN.

BUT while Cicero stands justly charged with many grave infirmities of temper and defects of principle, while we remark with a sigh the vanity, the inconstancy, and the ingratitude he so often manifested, while we lament his ignoble subserviencies and his ferocious resentments, the high standard by which we claim to judge him is in itself the fullest acknowledgment of his transcendent merits. For undoubtedly had he not placed himself on a higher moral level than the statesmen and sages of his day, we should pass over many of his weaknesses in silence, and allow his pretensions to our esteem to pass almost unchallenged. But we demand a nearer approach to the perfection of human wisdom and virtue in one who sought to approve himself the greatest of their teachers. Nor need we scruple to admit that the judgment of the ancients on Cicero was for the most part unfavourable. The moralists of antiquity required in their heroes virtues with which we can more readily dispense; and they too had less sympathy with many qualities which a purer religion and a wider experience have taught us to love and admire. Nor were they capable, from their position, of estimating the slow and silent effects upon human happiness of the lessons which Cicero enforced. After all the severe judgments we are compelled to pass on his conduct, we must acknowledge that there remains a residue of what is amiable in his character and noble in his teaching beyond all ancient example.

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, ii. c. 66. TACITUS, *De Oratore*, c. 22, 23.
CICERO, *In Verrem*. Act. ii. lib. i. § 1, *sqq*.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, xi. 336, *sqq*.

CHARACTER OF CINEAS, PHILOSOPHER AND STATESMAN.

LIKE Themistocles, he was gifted with an extraordinary memory; the very day after his arrival at Rome, he was able to address all the senators and citizens of the equestrian order by their several proper names. He had studied philosophy, like all his educated countrymen, and appears to have admired particularly the new doctrine of Epicurus; which taught that war and state affairs were but toil and trouble, and that the wise man should imitate the blissful rest of the gods, who dwelling in their own divinity, regarded not the vain turmoil of this lower world. Yet his life was better than his philosophy; he served his king actively and faithfully in peace and in war, and he wrote a military work, for which he neither wanted ability nor practical knowledge. He excited no small attention as he went to Rome, and his sayings at the places through which he passed were remembered and recorded. Some stories said that he was the bearer of presents to the influential senators, and of splendid dresses to win the favour of their wives; all which, as the Roman traditions related, were steadily refused. But his proposals required grave consideration, and there were many in the senate who thought that the state of affairs made it necessary to accept them.—*Arnold.*

PLINY, *Hist. Nat.* vii. c. 24. CICERO, *de Senectute*, § 43.
Tusc. Disp. § 59. *Epist. ad Fam.* lib. ix. 25, § 1.
LIVY, xxxiv. c. 4, § 6, 7, 8.

GROTIUS.—HIS EXCELLENCE AS AN AUTHOR, STATESMAN, AND CITIZEN.

SO great is the uncertainty of posthumous reputation, and so liable is the fame even of the greatest men to be obscured by those new fashions of thinking and writing which succeed each other so rapidly among polished nations, that Grotius, who filled so large a space in the eye of his contemporaries, is now perhaps known to some of my readers only by name. Yet if we fairly estimate both his endowments and his virtues, we may justly consider him as one of the most memorable men who have done honour to modern times. He combined the discharge of the most important duties of active and public life with the attainment of that exact and various learning which is generally the portion only of the recluse student. He was distinguished as an advocate and a magistrate, and composed the most valuable works on the law of his own country. He was almost equally celebrated as a historian, a scholar, a poet, and a divine. Unmerited exile did not damp his patriotism; the bitterness of controversy did not extinguish his charity. The sagacity of his numerous and fierce adversaries could not discover a blot on his character; and in the midst of all the hard trials and galling provocations of a turbulent political life, he never once deserted his friends when they were unfortunate, nor insulted his enemies when they were weak. Such was the man who was destined to give a new form to the law of nations, or rather to create a science, of which only rude sketches and undigested materials were scattered over the writings of those who had gone before him.

CICERO, *pro Archia, passim.* *Acad. Prior.* ii. § 1-7.

CONTRAST OF A YOUNG PRINCE AND AN OLD KING.

INSTEAD of a monarch, jealous, severe, and avaricious, who, in proportion as he advanced in years, was sinking still deeper in these unpopular vices, a young prince of eighteen had succeeded to the throne, who even in the eyes of men of sense gave promising hopes of his future conduct, much more in those of the people, always enchanted with novelty, youth, and royal dignity. The beauty and vigour of his person, accompanied with dexterity in every manly exercise, was further adorned with a blooming and ruddy countenance, with a lively air, with the appearance of spirit and activity in all his demeanour. His father, in order to remove him from the knowledge of public business, had hitherto occupied him entirely in the pursuits of literature, and the proficiency which he made gave no bad prognostic of his parts and capacity. Even the vices of vehemence, ardour, and impatience, to which he was subject, and which afterwards degenerated into tyranny, were considered only as faults, incident to unguarded youth, which would be corrected when time had brought him to greater moderation and maturity.

SUETONIUS, *Caligula*, c. 3, 4. TACITUS, *Hist.* iv. c. 86. i. c. 14.
LIVY, xxiv. c. 4, 5.

CLEOPATRA.—HER ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

THOUGH her own security had been her first object, and her ambition the second, the inspirer of so many licentious passions was at last enslaved herself. She might disdain the fear of a rival potentate, and defy the indignation of Octavius, but her anxiety about his sister was the instinct of the woman rather than of the queen. She could not forget that a wife's legitimate influence had once detained her lover from her side for more than two whole years; she might still apprehend the awakening of his reason, and his renunciation of an alliance which at times he felt she well knew to be bitterly degrading. To retain her grasp of her admirer, as well as her seat upon the throne of the Ptolemies, she must drown his scruples in voluptuous oblivion, and invent new charms to revive and amuse his jaded passion. Her personal talents were indeed of the most varied kind; she was an admirable singer and musician; she was skilled in many languages, and possessed intellectual accomplishments rarely found among the staidest of her sex, combined with the archness and humour of the lightest. She pampered her lover's grosser appetites by rank and furious indulgences; she stimulated his flagging zest in them by ingenious surprises; nor less did she gratify every reviving taste for nobler enjoyments with paintings and sculptures and works of literature. She amused him with sending divers to fasten salt-fish to the bait of his angling-rod; and when she had pledged herself to consume the value of ten million sesterces at a meal, amazed him by dissolving in the humble cup of vinegar before her a pearl of inestimable price.—*Merivale.*

CICERO, *pro Cluentio*, § 12-16. SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 25.
HORACE, *Od. I.* xxxvii. *Epod.* ix.

PART III.

ORATORICAL.

INVECTIVE AGAINST MINISTERS, AND DENUNCIATION OF WAR.

I AM not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; but that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day, that I am not sure that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it. I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble lords, the emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire, representing feebly, perhaps, but honestly, the opinions of very many, and the true interests of all that have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, or of an incompetent and guilty Ministry. And, even if I were alone, if my voice were the solitary one raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night—and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that I have never uttered one word that could promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood.—*J. Bright.*

SALLUST, *Jugurth.* c. 31. HORACE, *Od. III.* iii. 1-8.
LIVY, vi. c. 40. xxii. c. 34.

PASSIONATE CONDEMNATION OF THE POLICY, AND PARTY OF PITT.

GENTLEMEN, I stand up in this contest against the friends and followers of Mr. Pitt, or as they partially designate him, the immortal statesman now no more. *Immortal* in the miseries of his devoted country! Immortal in the cruel wars which sprang from his cold miscalculating ambition! Immortal in the intolerable taxes, the countless loads of debt which these wars have flung upon us—which the youngest man amongst us will not live to see the end of! Immortal in the triumphs of our enemies, and the ruin of our allies, the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! Immortal in the afflictions of England, and the humiliation of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years' reign, from the first rays of favour with which a delighted court gilded his early apostasy, to the deadly glare which is at this instant cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last ally!* But may no such immortality ever fall to my lot—let me rather live innocent and inglorious; and when at last I cease to serve you, and to feel for your wrongs, may I have a humble monument in some nameless stone, to tell that beneath it there rests from his labours in your service, "*an enemy of the immortal statesman—a friend of peace and of the people!*"

Friends! you must now judge for yourselves and act accordingly. Against us and against you stand those who call themselves the successors of that man. They are the heirs of his policy; and if not of his immortality too, it is only because their talents for the work of destruction are less transcendent than his. They are his surviving colleagues. His fury survives in them, if not his fire; and they partake of all his infatuated principles, if they have lost the genius that first made those principles triumphant. If you choose them for your delegates, you know to what policy you lend your sanction—what men you exalt to power. Should you prefer me, your choice falls upon one who, if obscure and unambitious, will at least give his own age no reason to fear him, or posterity to curse him—one whose proudest ambition it is to be deemed the friend of Liberty and of Peace.—*Lord Brougham.*

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* The news of the burning of Moscow had arrived by that day's post.

CICERO, *Philipp.* ii. § 110, *sqq.* LIVY, xxi. c. 10. ix. c. 33. SALLUST, *Bell. Jugurth.* c. 31.

APPEAL DEPRECATING THE PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE OF INDIAN RICHES UPON ENGLISH HONESTY.

AND now, my lords, in what a situation are we all placed! This prosecution of the Commons (I wish to have it understood, and I am sure I shall not be disclaimed in it) is a prosecution not merely for preventing this and that offence, but it is a great censorial prosecution, for the purpose of preserving the manners, characters, and virtues that characterize the people of England.

The situation in which we stand is dreadful. These people pour in upon us every day. They not only bring with them the wealth which they have acquired, but they bring with them into our country the vices by which it was acquired: formerly the people of England were censured, and perhaps properly, with being a sullen, unsocial, cold, unpleasant race of men, and as inconstant as the climate in which they are born. These are the vices which the enemies of the kingdom charged them with, and people are seldom charged with vices of which they do not in some measure partake. But nobody refused them the character of being an open-hearted, candid, liberal, plain, sincere people; qualities which would conceal a thousand faults if they had them. But if, by conniving at these faults, you once teach the people of England a concealing, narrow, suspicious, guarded conduct; if you teach them qualities directly the contrary to those by which they have hitherto been distinguished; if you make them a nation of concealers, a nation of dissemblers, a nation of liars, a nation of forgers; my lords, if you, in one word, turn them into a people of *Banyans*, the character of England, that character, which more than our arms and more than our commerce has made us a great nation, the character of England will be gone and lost. Our liberty is as much in danger as our honour and our national character. We, who here appear representing the Commons of England, are not wild enough not to tremble both for ourselves and for our constituents at the effect of riches. "*Opum metuenda potestas.*" We dread the operation of money. Do we not know that there are many men who wait, and who indeed hardly wait, the event of this prosecution to let loose all the corrupt wealth of India, acquired by the oppression of that country for the corruption of all the liberties of this, and to fill the Parliament with men who are now the object of its indignation? To-day the Commons of Great Britain prosecute the delinquents of India. To-morrow the delinquents of India may be the Commons of Great Britain. We know, I say, and feel the force of money; and we now call upon your lordships for justice in this cause of money. We call upon you for the preservation of our manners, of our virtues. We call upon you for our national character. We call upon you for our liberties, and hope that the freedom of the Commons will be preserved by the justice of the Lords.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Verrem*. Act i. § 7-10; 43-52. *Pro Cluentio*. § 158, 159.
JUVENAL, *Sat.* iii. 58, *sqq.* LIVY, xxxix. c. 6. xxxiv. c. 4.
SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 12.

MOTIVES OF THE GOVERNMENT IN UNDERTAKING THE FRENCH WAR CONDEMNED, BY REDUCTION TO A DILEMMA.

WILL he meet the matter fairly? Will he answer to this one question distinctly? If France had abstained from any act of aggression against Great Britain, and her ally, Holland, should we have remained inactive spectators of the last campaign, idle, apart, and listening to the fray, leaving the contest to Austria and Prussia, and whatever allies they could themselves have obtained? If he says this, mark the dilemma into which he brings himself, his supporters, and the nation. This war is called a war unlike all other wars that ever man was engaged in. It is a war, it seems, commenced on a different principle, and carried on for a different purpose from all other wars. It is a war in which the interests of individual nations are absorbed in the wider consideration of the interests of mankind. It is a war in which personal provocation is lost in the outrage offered generally to civilized man; —it is a war for the preservation of the possessions, the morals, and the religion of the world; it is a war for the maintenance of human order, and the existence of human society. Does he then mean to say, that he would have sat still, that Great Britain would have sat still, with arms folded; and, reclining in luxurious ease in her commercial couch, have remained an unconcerned spectator of this mighty conflict, and left the cause of civil order, government, morality, and religion, and its God, to take care of itself? or to owe its preservation to the mercenary exertions of German and Hungarian barbarians, provided only, that France had not implicated Great Britain by a special offence, and forced us into this cause of divine and univeral interest by the petty motive of a personal provocation?—*Sheridan.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* viii. § 7-13. xiv. § 6, *sqq.* LIVY, xxii. c. 34.

IMPATIENCE OF SUBJUGATION A FEELING NATURAL TO ALL NATIONS.—ILLUSTRATED BY THE SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

I HAVE not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence: "Who is it," said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—"Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it!" said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.—*Lord Erskine.*

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TACITUS, *Agricola*, c. 30-22. Q. CURTIUS, vii. c. 8.

ADVICE OF HERENNIUS PONTIUS TO HIS SON, HOW TO DEAL WITH THE ROMANS CAPTURED AT THE CAUDINE FORKS.

WE read, sir, in the history of ancient Rome, that when one of the armies of the republic had fallen into the power of the enemy, and was surrounded by the Samnites at the Caudine Forks, the victorious general, desirous to make the most of the advantage which he had obtained, despatched a message to his father, a senator celebrated for his wisdom, to counsel him as to the most expedient mode of disposing of his captives,—"Dismiss them unransomed and unmolested;" was the answer of the aged senator. This was a strain of generosity too high for the comprehension of the son. He re-despatched his messenger to consult his oracle again. The answer then was: "Exterminate them to the last man." This advice was so unlike the former, that it excited a suspicion that the old man's intellects were deranged: he was brought to the camp to explain the discordancy of his counsel. "By my first advice," said he, "which was the best, I recommended to you to insure the everlasting gratitude of a powerful people; by my second, which was the worst, I pointed out to you the policy of getting rid of a dangerous enemy. There is no third way. *Tertium nullum consilium.*" When asked, what if a middle course should be taken, what if they should be dismissed unhurt, but if at the same time harsh laws should be imposed upon them as a conquered enemy? "*Ista quidem sententia,*" said the old man, "*ea est quæ neque amicos parat neque inimicos tollit.*" The son, however, unhappily, for his country, thought himself wiser than his father; the middle course was adopted: he neither liberated the Romans nor exterminated them; he passed their necks under the yoke and sent them home. —*Canning.*

Livy, ix. c. 3, 4. Cicero, *de Officiis.* iii. § 109.

ACKNOWLEDGED JUSTICE OF THE WAR AGAINST BONAPARTE.

THE cause speaks for itself; it excites feelings which words are ill able to express; involving every object and motive which can engage the solicitude, affect the interests, or inflame the heart of man. After a series of provocations and injuries, reciprocally sustained and retaliated, the dispute betwixt us and our enemies is brought to a short issue; it is no longer which of the two nations shall have the ascendant, but which shall continue a nation: it is a struggle for existence, not for empire. It must surely be regarded as a happy circumstance that the contest did not take this shape at an earlier period, while many were deceived by certain specious pretences of liberty into a favourable opinion of our enemies' designs. The popular delusion is passed; the most unexampled prodigies of guilt have dispelled it; and after a series of rapine and cruelty, have torn from every heart the last fibre of mistaken partiality. The crimes of those with whom we have to contend are legible in every part of Europe. There is scarcely a man to be found who is not perfectly acquainted with the meaning of that freedom they profess to bestow: that it is a freedom from the dominion of laws to pass under the yoke of slavery, and from the fear of God to plunge into crimes and impiety; an impious barter of all that is good for all that is ill, through the utmost range and limits of moral destiny.—*Robert Hall.*

Cicero, *Philipp.* xiii. § 1-7. viii. § 12.
In Catil. i. § 27, *sqq.* ii. § 25, *sqq.*

PEACE WITH BONAPARTE IMPOSSIBLE.

NOR is it less easy to develop the character of our principal adversary. A man bred in the school of ferocity, amid the din of arms and the tumult of camps; his element war and confusion; who has changed his religion with his uniform, and has not spared the assassination of his own troops; it is easy to foresee what treatment such a man will give to his enemies, should they fall into his power; to these enemies especially who, saved from the shipwreck of nations, are preserving as in an ark the precious remains of civilization and order; and whom, after destroying the liberties of every other country, he envies the melancholy distinction of being the only people he has not enslaved. Engaged with such an enemy, no weak hopes of moderation or clemency can tempt us for a moment to relax in our resistance to his power; and the only alternative which remains is to conquèr or to die.—*Robert Hall.*

Livy, xxi. c. 41. xxxi. c. 30.
Cicero, *Philipp.* iii. § 28, 29, 30, 34, 35, 36. vi. § 18, 19. x. § 19. xiii. § 47, *sqq.*

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

WHAT though he has carried the flames of war throughout Europe, and "gathered as a nest the riches of the nations, while none peeped, nor muttered, nor moved the wing;" he has yet to try his fortune on another field, he has yet to contend on a soil filled with the monuments of freedom, enriched with the blood of its defenders; with a people who, animated with one soul, and inflamed with zeal for their laws and for their prince, are armed in defence of all that is dear or venerable; their wives, their parents, their children, the sanctuary of God, and the sepulchre of their fathers. We will not suppose there is one who will be deterred from exerting himself in such a cause, by a pusillanimous regard to his safety, when he reflects that he has already lived too long who has survived the ruin of his country; and that he who can enjoy life after such an event, deserves not to have lived at all. It will suffice us, if our mortal existence, which is at most but a span, be co-extended with that of the nation which gave us birth.—*Robert Hall.*

Cicero, *Philipp.* viii. § 7-10. iii. § 35.
Virgil, *Æneid.* xi. 399, *sqq.* Horace, *Od. III.* ii.

BONAPARTE COMPARED TO A VULTURE.

RECOLLECT for a moment his invasion of Egypt, a country which had never given him the slightest provocation; a country so remote from the scene of his crimes, that it probably did not know there was such a man in existence (happy ignorance, could it have lasted!); but while he was looking around him, like a vulture perched on an eminence, for objects on which he might gratify his insatiable thirst of rapine, he no sooner beheld the defenceless condition of that unhappy country, than he alighted upon it in a moment. In vain did it struggle, flap its wings, and rend the air with its shrieks; the cruel enemy, deaf to its cries, had infixed his talons, and was busy in sucking its blood, when the interference of a superior power forced him to relinquish his prey, and betake himself to flight. Will that vulture, think you, ever forget his disappointment on that occasion, or the numerous wounds, blows, and concussions he received in a ten years' struggle? It is impossible. It were folly to expect it. He meditates, no doubt, the deepest revenge. He who saw nothing in the condition of defenceless prisoners to excite his pity, nor in that of the companions of his warfare, sick and wounded in a foreign land, to prevent him from despatching them by poison, will treat in a manner worthy of the impiety and inhumanity of his character, a nation which he naturally dislikes as being free, dreads as the rivals of his power, and abhors as the authors of his disgrace.—*Robert Hall.*

LIVY, xxxi. c. 30. xxxiv. c. 32. CICERO, *Philipp.* xiv. § 8-10.
iii. § 27. ÆSCHYLUS IN CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* ii. § 24.
VIRGIL, *Æn.* vi. 595-60.

THE THREATENED INVASION OF BRITAIN, 1803.

BY a series of criminal enterprises the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished; the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the world. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests!—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depend the colour and complexion of their destiny.—*Robert Hall.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* iii. § 29. vi. § 18, 19. x. § 19. LIVY, xxi. c. 41.

SENSE OF CONCORD AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO PATRIOTIC EXERTION.

HENCE that unexampled unanimity which distinguishes the present season. In other wars we have been a divided people; the effect of our external operations has been in some measure weakened by intestine dissension. When peace has returned, the breach has widened, while parties have been formed on the merits of particular men, or of particular measures. These have all disappeared: we have buried our mutual animosities in a regard to the common safety. The sentiment of self-preservation, the first law which nature has impressed, has absorbed every other feeling; and the fire of liberty has melted down the discordant sentiments and minds of the British Empire into one mass, and propelled them in one direction. Partial interests and feelings are suspended, the spirits of the body are collected at the heart, and we are awaiting with anxiety, but without dismay, the discharge of that mighty tempest which hangs upon the skirts of the horizon, and to which the eyes of Europe and of the world are turned in silent and awful expectation. While we feel solicitude, let us not betray dejection, nor be alarmed at the past successes of our enemy, since they have raised him from obscurity to an elevation which has made him giddy, and tempted him to suppose everything within his power. The intoxication of his success is the omen of his fall. —*Robert Hall.*

CICERO, *In Catilinam*, iv. § 14-16. *Philipp.* viii. § 7, 8.
LIVY, xxxiv. c. 49.

ENGLAND THE LAST CHAMPION OF FREEDOM. (1803.)

IF liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you then to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war.—*Robert Hall.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* iii. § 29. vi. § 18, 19. x. § 19. xiv. § 30-35.
LIVY, xxi. c. 41.

ARGUMENT THAT ENGLAND HAS NOTHING TO DREAD FROM THE PREPONDERANCE OF REPUBLICAN FRANCE RIDICULED.

BUT if there are yet existing any people like me, old-fashioned enough to consider that we have an important part of our very existence beyond our limits, and who therefore stretch their thoughts beyond the Pomœrium of England, for them, too, he has a comfort which will remove all their jealousies and alarms about the extent of the empire of regicide: "These conquests eventually will be the cause of her destruction." So that they who hate the cause of usurpation, and dread the power under any form, are to wish her to be a conqueror, in order to accelerate her ruin. A little more conquest would be still better. Every symptom of the exacerbation of the public malady is with him (as with the Doctor in Molière) a happy prognostic of recovery.

Flanders gone—*tant mieux!* Holland subdued—Charming! Spain beaten, and all the hither Germany conquered—Bravo!

Better and better still. But they will retain all their conquests on a treaty—Best of all! What a delightful thing it is to have a gay physician, who sees all things, as the French express it, *couleur de rose!* What an escape we have had that we and our allies were not the conquerors! By these conquests previous to her utter destruction, she is "wholly to lose that preponderance which she held in the scale of European powers." Bless me! this new system of France, after changing all other laws, reverses the law of gravitation. By throwing in weight after weight, her scale rises, and will by-and-by kick the beam. Certainly there is one sense in which she loses her preponderance: that is, she is no longer preponderant against the countries she has conquered—they are part of herself.

CICERO, *Philipp.* xiii. § 35-48. xiv. § 18. viii. § 12, 13, *sqq.* vi. § 12, 13, 14, 15. iii. § 24-27.

CÆSAR.—THE GREAT POWER OF HIS CHARACTER.

TO that grand array of aristocratic gravity, of military renown, of learning and eloquence, of austere and indomitable virtue, were opposed the genius and resources of one man. He bore, indeed, an ancient and honourable name; his talents for war were, perhaps, the highest the world has ever witnessed; his intellectual powers were almost equally distinguished in the closet, the forum, and the field; his virtues, the very opposite to those of Cato, have been not less justly celebrated. But one qualification for success he possessed beyond all his rivals: the perfect simplicity of his own character gave him tact to appreciate the real circumstances and tendencies of public affairs, to which his contemporaries were signally blind. He watched the tide of events for many anxious years, and threw himself upon it at the moment when its current was most irresistible. Favoured on numerous occasions by the most brilliant good fortune, he never lost the opportunities which were thus placed within his grasp. He neither indulged himself in sloth like Lucullus, nor wavered like Pompeius, nor shifted like Cicero, nor like Cato wrapped himself in impracticable pride; but equally capable of commanding men and of courting them, of yielding to events and of moulding them, he maintained his course firmly and fearlessly, without a single false step, till he attained the topmost summit of human power.—*Merivale.*

LUCAN, *Pharsal.* i. 143-157.
CICERO, *pro Marcello.* § 4-12. *Philipp.* ii. § 116.

DEFENCE AND APPEAL TO THE PITY OF THE COURT.

I CALL heaven and earth to witness, gentlemen, that in pleading for the defendant I am acting with all openness and good faith. I am not wittingly keeping back from you any offence of his against the public weal. In the whole course of my investigations I found no ground for accusation or suspicion against him. I may have seemed severe, nay, even merciless towards others, but in that I only discharged my duty to my country. In other cases I am bound to follow my own natural bent; and naturally, gentlemen, I am as open to compassion as any of you. When I was severe it was because I felt myself obliged to be so: I had to save my country from ruin, and it was nought but compassion for my fellow-citizens that prompted such severity as the cause required. But while patriotism led me to punish the guilty, my own feelings prompt me to save the innocent; and in my client, while there is much to pity, there is nothing to hate. It is not from a wish to avert any personal misfortune that he comes before you, but to prevent a foul blot being cast upon his ancestral name. For what has he now left to make life worth having? Not long ago he held a position which none could rival; now he is stript of all, and he makes no effort to recover what is lost. But he does intreat you, gentlemen, not to take from him the last comfort which is left him in his misfortune, the sympathy of his family and his friends. The plaintiff might well be satisfied with the miseries he has already inflicted, and only rob him of his seat; for it is political rivalry, and not personal ill-will that lies at the bottom of this suit.

CICERO, *pro Cœlio*, § 77-79. *Pro Milone*, § 99, *sqq.*
Pro Plancio, § 101, *sqq.* *Philipp.* vii. § 7.

DEVASTATION OF THE CARNATIC BY HYDER ALI.

HE resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his dispute with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter, whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction: and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on the menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others—without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or the sacredness of function—fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses—were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities: but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.—*Burke.*

LIVY, xxxi. c. 30. i. c. 29. v. c. 21-37. xxii. c. 30, *ad fin.*

REPOSE NO PROOF OF WEAKNESS.—COMPARISON OF ENGLAND TO A SHIP OF WAR.

BUT while we thus control even our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace, either because we fear or because we are unprepared for war; on the contrary, if eight months ago the Government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should be unfortunately necessary, every month of peace that has since passed has but made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness in which I have seen those mighty masses, that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage, how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of those magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself: while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.—*Canning.*

Cicero, *Philipp.* viii. § 11-19. *Pro Sestio.* § 45-46.
Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 845, 854. Livy, xxx. c. 42. xlv. c. 8.
Tacitus, *Ann.* xi. c. 24. Seneca, *Epist. Mor.* lxvi. c. 40.
Sallust, *Catilin.* c. 9.

LORD BACON.—HIS DEMEANOUR AT HIS IMPEACHMENT CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

YOUR lordships know from history, and the records of this House, that a Lord Bacon has been before you. Who is there that, upon hearing this name, does not instantly recognise everything of genius the most profound, everything of literature the most extensive, everything of discovery the most penetrating, everything of observation on human life the most distinguishing and refined? All these must be instantly recognised, for they are all inseparably associated with the name of Lord Verulam. Yet when this prodigy was brought before your lordships, by the commons of Great Britain, for having permitted his menial servant to receive presents, what was his demeanour? Did he require his counsel not "to let down the dignity of his defence?" No. That Lord Bacon, whose least distinction was, that he was a peer of England, a lord high chancellor, and the son of a lord keeper, behaved like a man who knew himself; like a man who was conscious of merits of the highest kind; but who was at the same time conscious of having fallen into guilt. The House of Commons did not spare him. They brought him to your bar. They found spots in that sun. And what, I again ask, was his behaviour? That of contrition, that of humility, that of repentance, that which belongs to the greatest men lapsed and fallen through human infirmity into error. He did not hurl defiance at the accusations of his country, he bowed himself before it, yet with all his penitence he could not escape the pursuit of the House of Commons, and the inflexible justice of this court. Your lordships fined him forty thousand pounds, notwithstanding all his merits; notwithstanding his humility; notwithstanding his contrition; notwithstanding the decorum of his behaviour, so well suited to a man under the prosecution of the commons of England, before the peers of England. You fined him in a sum fully equal to one hundred thousand pounds of the present day. You imprisoned him during the king's pleasure; and you disqualified him for ever from having a seat in this House, and any office in this kingdom. This is the way in which the commons behaved formerly, and in which your lordships acted formerly; when no culprit at this bar dared to hurl a recriminatory accusation against his prosecutors, or dared to censure the language in which they expressed their indignation at his crimes.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act. i. § 1-10. LIVY, xxxviii. c. 50-53, 58-60.

ADDRESS OF SAINTE ALDEGONDE, BURGOMASTER OF ANTWERP, TO THE PRINCE OF PARMA, ON SURRENDERING THE CITY, A.D. 1585.

"WE are not here, O invincible Prince," he said, "that we may excuse, by an anxious legation, the long defence which we have made of our homes. Who could have feared any danger to the most powerful city in the Netherlands from so moderate a besieging force? You would yourself have rather wished for, than approved of, a greater facility on our part, for the brave cannot love the timid. We knew the number of your troops, we had discovered the famine in your camp, we were aware of the paucity of your ships, we had heard of the quarrels in your army, we were expecting daily to hear of a general mutiny among your soldiers. Were we to believe that with ten or eleven thousand men you would be able to block up the city by land and water, to reduce the open country of Brabant, to cut off all aid, as well from the neighbouring towns as from the powerful provinces of Holland and Zeeland, to oppose, without a navy, the whole strength of our fleets, directed against the dyke? Truly, if you had been at the head of fifty thousand soldiers, and every soldier had possessed one hundred hands, it would have seemed impossible for you to meet so many emergencies, in so many places, and under so many distractions. What you have done we now believe possible to do, only because we see that it has been done."—*Motley.*

LIVY, xxx. c. 30. xxv. c. 29.

ADDRESS OF SAINTE ALDEGONDE. (*Continued.*)

"YOU have subjugated the Scheldt, and forced it to bear its bridge, notwithstanding the strength of its current, the fury of the ocean tides, the tremendous power of the icebergs, the perpetual conflicts with our fleets. We destroyed your bridge, with great slaughter of your troops. Rendered more courageous by that slaughter, you restored that mighty work. We assaulted the great dyke, pierced it through and through, and opened a path for our ships. You drove us off when victorious, repaired the ruined bulwark, and again closed to us the advance of relief. What machine was there that we did not employ? What miracles of fire did we not invent? What fleets and floating citadels did we not put in motion? All that genius, audacity, and art could teach us we have executed; calling to our assistance water, earth, heaven, and hell itself! Yet with all these efforts, with all this enginry, we have not only failed to drive you from our walls, but we have seen you gaining victories over other cities at the same time. You

have done a thing, O Prince, than which there is nothing greater either in ancient or modern story. It has often occurred, while a general was besieging one city that he lost another situate further off. But you, while besieging Antwerp, have reduced simultaneously Dendermonde, Ghent, Nymegen, Brussels, and Mechlin."
—*Motley.*

LIVY, xxx. c. 30. xxv. c. 29.

REMONSTRANCE OF SIR J. CHEKE WITH THE REBELS WHO FOLLOWED KET THE TANNER OF NORFOLK, A.D. 1547.

YE pretend to a commonwealth. How amend ye it by killing of gentlemen, by spoiling of gentlemen, by imprisoning of gentlemen? A marvellous tanned commonwealth! Why should ye hate them for their riches, or for their rule? Rule, they never took so much in hand as ye do now. They never resisted the king, never withstood his council. Be faithful at this day, when ye be faithless, not only to the king, whose subjects ye be, but also to your lords, whose tenants ye be. Is this your true duty—in some of homage, in most of fealty, in all of allegiance—to leave your duties, go back from your promises, fall from your faith, and contrary to law and truth, to make unlawful assemblies, ungodly companies, wicked and detestable camps, to disobey your betters, and to obey your tanners, to change your obedience from a King to a Ket, to submit yourselves to traitors, and break your faith to your true king and lords! If riches offend you, because ye would have the like, then think that to be no commonwealth, but envy to the commonwealth. Envy it is to appair another man's estate, without the amendment of your own; and to have no gentlemen, because ye be none yourselves, is to bring down an estate, and mend none. Would ye have all rich alike? That is the overthrow of all labour, and utter decay of work in this realm. For who will labour more if, when he hath gotten more, the idle shall by lust, without right, take what him list from him, under pretence of equality with him? This is the bringing in of idleness, which destroyeth the commonwealth, and not the amendment of labour, which maintaineth the commonwealth.

LIVY, xxviii. c. 27-29.

CERIALIS TO THE GAULS.—THEIR INTERESTS ARE BOUND UP WITH THOSE OF ROME.

THE protection of the Republic has delivered Gaul from internal discord and foreign invasions. By the loss of national independence you have acquired the name and privileges of Roman citizens. You enjoy in common with ourselves the permanent benefits of civil government; and your remote situation is less exposed to the accidental mischiefs of tyranny. Instead of exercising the rights of conquest, we have been contented to impose such tributes as are required for your own preservation. Peace cannot be secured without armies; and armies must be supported at the expense of the people. It is for your sake, not for our own, that we guard the barrier of the Rhine against the ferocious Germans, who have so often attempted and who will always desire to exchange the solitude of their woods and morasses for the wealth and fertility of Gaul. The fall of Rome would be fatal to the provinces, and you would be buried in the ruins of that mighty fabric which has been raised by the valour and wisdom of eight hundred years. Your imaginary freedom would be insulted and oppressed by a savage master; and the expulsion of the Romans would be succeeded by the eternal hostilities of the barbarian conquerors.—*Merivale.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* iv. c. 73, 74.

ENGLAND THE CHAMPION OF FREEDOM.

FOR as it was said by a great orator of antiquity, that no man ever was the enemy of the republic who had not first declared war against him, so I may say, with truth, that no man ever meditated the subjugation of Europe, who did not consider the destruction, or the corruption, of England as the first condition of his success. If you examine history you will find, that no such project was ever formed in which it was not deemed a necessary preliminary, either to detach England from the common cause, or to destroy her. It seems as if all the conspirators against the independence of nations, might have sufficiently taught other states that England is their natural guardian and protector; that she alone has no interest but their preservation; that her safety is interwoven with their own. When vast projects of aggrandisement are manifested, when schemes of criminal ambition are carried into effect, the day of battle is fast approaching for England. Her free government cannot engage in dangerous wars, without the hearty and affectionate support of her people. A state thus situated cannot, without the utmost peril, silence those public discussions, which are to point the popular indignation against those who must soon be enemies. In domestic dissensions, it may sometimes be the supposed interest of government to overawe the press. But it never can be even their apparent interest when the danger is purely foreign.—*Mackintosh.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* ii. § 1. LIVY, xxxiii. c. 33.

SOULT TO THE ARMY OF THE PYRENEES, A.D. 1813.

SOLDIERS! I partake of your chagrin, your grief, your indignation. I know that the blame of the present situation of the army is imputable to others—be the merit of repairing it yours. I have borne testimony to the Emperor of your bravery and zeal. His instructions are to drive the enemy from these lofty heights which enable him proudly to survey our fertile valleys, and chase him across the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that your tents must next be pitched, and from thence your resources drawn. No difficulties can be insurmountable to your valour and devotion. Let us then exert ourselves with mutual ardour, and be assured that nothing can give greater felicity to the paternal heart of the Emperor than the knowledge of the triumphs of his army—of its increasing glory, of its having rendered itself worthy of him and of our dear country.

TACITUS, *Hist.* i. c. 83. LIVY, xxi. c. 40, 41, 43, 44.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

THERE is, however, one man, who distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people, that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and who pronounces them, in every particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances, by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, in country, and religion to be aliens;—to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion! The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate [Lord Lyndhurst], could supply,—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight, in which we have been contributors to his renown. [At Waterloo], the blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit, their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate?—and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country, for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?—*Sheil.*

Livy, viii. c. 4, 5.

INDEPENDENCE PREFERABLE TO A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.

BUT if I profess all this impolitic stubbornness, I may chance never to be elected into Parliament. It is certainly not pleasing to be put out of the public service. But I wish to be a member of Parliament, to have my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would therefore be absurd to renounce my objects in order to obtain my seat. I deceive myself indeed most grossly, if I had not much rather pass the remainder of my life hidden in the recesses of the deepest obscurity, feeding my mind even with the visions and imaginations of such things, than to be placed on the most splendid throne in the universe, tantalized with a denial of the practice of all which can make the greatest situation any other than the greatest curse. Gentlemen, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you for having set me in a place wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince; if I have thus taken part with the best of men in the best of their actions, I can shut the book. I might wish to read a page or two more; but this is enough for my measure,—I have not lived in vain.—*Burke.*

Cicero, *Philipp.* i. § 37, 38. *Pro Sestio.* § 42-46.

BURKE CONTRASTS HIS OWN MERITS AND REWARDS WITH THOSE OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

IN truth his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity but in its kind so different from his own. Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign, his from Henry the Eighth. The merit of the grantee whom he derives from was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was great and noble. Mine has been in endeavouring to screen every man in every class from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad time of confiscating princes, confiscating chief governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy. The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to their native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support with unrelaxing vigilance every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion in the vast domain that is still under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection of the British crown. His founder's merits were, by arts in which he served his master and made his fortune, to bring poverty, wretchedness, and depopulation on his country. Mine were under a benevolent prince, in promoting the commerce, manufactures and agriculture of his kingdom.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Pisonem.* § 24-33. *Philipp.* ii. § 10-19.
LIVY, xxxiii. c. 33.

NATIONAL LONGING FOR CHANGE.

THE love of change, gentlemen, is another characteristic of our present intellectual condition. Love of any kind is only a desire for something which we need; and our great need now is, of those truths which may restore and regenerate individuals and society; it is in the future only that we can expect to find them. Hence our age is looking with hope and love to that future, and gives itself up cheerfully to change. We seem to be living not so much in the present as in the future, and receive each novelty with rapturous enthusiasm; as if, because new, it was that of which we feel the want. The secret and unconscious longing of our hearts is for something yet untried, as if it alone could satisfy our desires. Hence that indiscriminate passion for revolution which makes us the dupes and tools of each adventurer's ambitious dreams, and renders vain the sacrifices and the cost of social convulsion. For, observe, what we need is no outward change. Let society pass through any number of outward revolutions, and unless the ideas which it is in want of are thereby supplied, they will leave it exactly where it was, and will be wholly useless. Reflection alone makes discoveries in truth, and peace is needed for reflection. Outward revolutions are indeed of service, when they tend to realize the truths which have already been discovered; but to desire revolution, when the truths for which an age is sighing are yet unknown, and as a means for discovering them, is to commit the absurdity of wishing that the consequence should produce its principle, or an end its means.

CICERO, *pro Sestio.* § 100, *sqq.* *De Republica*, ii. § 7-8.

DESIRE OF CHANGE.—UNREASONING IN THE MULTITUDE.

THIS, however, is the very thing which the multitude does not see; it is so deluded as to expect, from every future change, that new and unknown something which may make them happy. They hurry on to revolution with blind madness, impatient of the present, eager for the future. Before this torrent of popular passion no institution can stand, no government endure. Hence such short-lived popularity as we continually see. When a new man appears in the political world, we greet him with admiration and honour. Why? Because we hope that in him we have at last found one who can satisfy our wants. And what follows? As he, no more than we ourselves, has any answer for the problems which we wish to solve, in a few weeks after his elevation to power we find him barren and empty as his predecessors, and at once his popularity declines. In our day, in fact, the mere possession of power is reason sufficient for unpopularity. They only are, or can be popular, who have not yet acquired the power they seek. They, as yet, have not uttered their secret; and the moment when they are in a position to declare it, and when it appears that they, like the rest, have no more to tell, the warm favour which welcomed them grows cool, for the illusion which made them great is gone.

CICERO, *pro Sestio.* § 95, *sqq.* *Pro Plancio*, § 6-11.

INEFFECTUAL LONGING FOR CHANGE.

FROM what has now been said, gentlemen, we can readily perceive the cause of the unhappiness of that collective being, called a government in our day. The people are like children who feel a want, and cry to the nurse for something—she can neither discover nor imagine what—and which, very possibly, may be wholly out of reach. The people feel a painful uneasiness, but they know not its cause; and they complain, therefore, now of the form of government under which they live, and then of those who conduct it, because the evil which they suffer from is not rooted out. They for ever desire to substitute other men for those now in power; in place of established forms, they would have new ones; and for existing laws, and the social order already prevailing, they seek new laws, and a new order; persuaded that the source of the evil is in the government, in the laws, in the organization of society, and that, with the change of these, they shall find what they seek. But, were all changed, they would still remain as unhappy and discontented as at first; for the changes they desire are only outward and material, not moral, while it is a moral change of which there really is a need. And, as long as the desired solutions of these questions remain unfound, in the light of which society is to be remodelled in a form adequate to the wants of the human mind, so long will society continue to pass through a constant succession of ineffectual changes.

Cicero, *pro Sestio.* § 96-101. *Pro Murena.* § 35, 36.
Pro Plancio. § 6-11. Persius, *Sat.* iii. 15, *sqq.*

ROBESPIERRE.—HIS MURDERERS AS BAD AS HIMSELF.—NO PEACE POSSIBLE WITH THEM.

BUT who gave Robespierre the power of being a tyrant? And who were the instruments of his tyranny? The present virtuous constitution-mongers. He was a tyrant, they were his satellites and his hangmen. Their sole merit is in the murder of their colleagues. They have expiated their other murders by a new murder. It has always been the case among this banditti: they have always had the knife at each other's throats, after they had almost blunted it at the throat of every honest man. These people thought that in the commerce of murder, he was like to have the better of the bargain if any time was lost; they therefore took one of their short revolutionary methods, and massacred him in a manner so perfidious and cruel as would shock all humanity if the stroke was not struck by the present rulers on one of their associates. But this last act of infidelity and murder is to expiate all the rest, and to qualify them for the amity of a humane and virtuous sovereign and civilized people. I have heard that a Tartar believes when he has killed a man, that all his estimable qualities pass with his clothes and arms to the murderer; but I have never heard that it was the opinion of any savage Scythian, that if he kill a brother villain, he is, *ipso facto*, absolved of all his own offences. The Tartarian doctrine is the most tenable opinion. The murderers of Robespierre, besides what they are entitled to by being engaged in the same tontine of infamy, are his representatives, have inherited all his murderous qualities in addition to their own private stock. But it seems we are always to be of a party with the last and victorious assassins. I confess I am of a different mind, and am rather inclined, of the two, to think and speak less hardly of a dead ruffian, than to associate with the living. I could better bear the stench of the gibbeted murderer than the society of the bloody felons who yet annoy the world. Whilst they wait the recompense due to their ancient crimes, they merit new punishments by the new offences they commit. There is a period to the offences of Robespierre. They survive in his assassins. Better a living dog, says the old proverb, than a dead lion; not so here. Murderers and hogs never look well till they are hanged. From villainy no good can arise but the example of its fate.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* xiii. § 1-4; 48, *sqq.*; xi. § 9, *sqq.*; v. § 10-26.
In Catilin. ii. § 17, 18, *sqq.*

THE EMPEROR ADDRESSES A PROVINCIAL DEPUTATION.

WHEN, some years ago, I came for the first time to visit this department, everything smiled upon my wishes. I had just espoused the Empress, and I may say I had just wedded France before eight millions of witnesses. Order was restored, political passions were lulled to rest, and I foresaw for the country a new era of greatness and prosperity. At home the union existing among all good citizens presaged the peaceful dawn of liberty; abroad, I saw our glorious flag protecting every cause of civilizing justice. During the last fourteen years many of my hopes have been realized, and great progress has been accomplished. Dark spots, however, have dimmed our horizon. But even as good fortune has not dazzled me, so transient reverses will not discourage me. How should I be discouraged when I see from one end of France to the other the people greeting the Empress and myself with acclamations in which is unceasingly associated the name of our son? To-day I do not come here only to celebrate a glorious anniversary in the capital of ancient Flanders; I also come to learn your wants, to heighten the courage of some, to confirm the confidence of all, and to endeavour to increase the prosperity of this great department by still further developing its agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. You will aid me, gentlemen, in this noble task, but you will not forget that the first condition of the prosperity of a nation is to possess the consciousness of its own strength, and not allow itself to be depressed by imaginary fears, but to rely on the wisdom and patriotism of its Government.—*Napoleon III.*

TACITUS, *Ann.* iv. c. 37, 38. iii. c. 56.

PITT DESCRIBED AS A CRAFTY, TYRANNICAL, LAVISH, MALIGNANT DEMAGOGUE.

ENGLAND, as you know, is governed by Pitt, the most insidious of her demagogues, and the most hostile to aristocracy. Jealous of power, and distrustful of the people that raised him to it, he enriches and attaches to him the commercial part of the nation by the most wasteful prodigality both in finance and war, and he loosens from the landed the chief proprietors by raising them to the peerage. Nearly a third of the lords have been created by him, and prove themselves devotedly his creatures. This Empusa puts his ass's foot on the French, and his iron one on the English. He possesses not the advantage possessed by insects, which, if they see but one inch before them, see that inch distinctly. He knows not that the machine which runs on so briskly, will fall to pieces the moment it stops. He will indeed carry his point in debasing the aristocracy; but he will equally debase the people. Undivided power he will continue to enjoy; but, after his death, none will be able to say from any visible proof or appearance, how glorious a people did he govern! He will have changed its character in all ranks and conditions. After this it is little to say that he will have exalted its rival, who, without his interposition, would have sunk under distress and crime. But interposition was necessary to his aggrandizement, enabling him to distribute in twenty years, if he should live so long, more wealth among his friends and partisans, than has been squandered by the uncontrolled profusion of French monarchs, from the first Louis to the last.—*W. S. Landor.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* ii. § 44. *sqq.*   SALLUST, *Bell. Catilin.* c. 5, 16.

FEAR OF AN AVENGING WAR A SAFEGUARD FOR THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

IT is the apprehension of this result which is the main safeguard of peace. Any prince who might be inclined to do a wrong to another State casts his eyes abroad to see the condition of the great powers. If he observes that they are all in a sound state, and headed by firm, able rulers, who are equal, if need be, to the duty of taking up arms, he knows that his contemplated outrage would produce a war of which he cannot foresee the scope or limit, and unless he be a madman or a desperado, desiring war for war's sake, he will be inclined to hold back. On the other hand, if he sees that any great nation which ought to be foremost to resist him is in a state of exceptional weakness, or under the governance of unworthy or incapable rulers, or is distracted by some whim or sentiment interfering with her accustomed policy, then, perhaps he allows himself to entertain a hope that she may not have the spirit or the wisdom to perform her duty. That is the hope, and it may be said in these days it is the one only hope, which would drive a sane prince to become the disturber of Eurôpe. To frustrate this hope—in other words, to keep alive the dread of a just and avenging war—should be the care of every statesman who would faithfully labour to preserve the peace of Europe.—*Kinglake.*

CICERO, *In Catilin.* i. § 29, *sqq.* *Philipp.* v. § 13-15.

INVECTIVE AGAINST GOVERNMENT BY A CLASS.

I AM convinced that just laws, and an enlightened administration of them, would change the face of the country. I believe that ignorance and suffering might be lessened to an incalculable extent, and that many an Eden, beauteous in flowers and rich in fruits, might be raised up in the waste wilderness which spreads before us. But no class can do that. The class which has hitherto ruled in this country has failed miserably. It revels in power and wealth, whilst at its feet, a terrible peril for its future, lies the multitude which it has neglected. If a class has failed, let us try the nation. That is our faith, that is our purpose, that is our cry—Let us try the nation. This it is which has called together these countless numbers of the people to demand a change; and, as I think of it, and of these gatherings, sublime in their vastness and in their resolution, I think I see, as it were, above the hill-tops of time, the glimmerings of the dawn of a better and a nobler day for the country and for the people that I love so well.—*J. Bright.*

SALLUST, *Jugurth*, c. 31. *Catilin.* c. 20. LIVY, vi. c. 37, 39.

METEORLIKE CAREER OF NAPOLEON I.

TO trace the wild and irregular grandeur of his career, to mark the splendour of his rise or the gloom of his declension, would be to record those extraordinary events which have rendered the last thirty years the most important period in the history of the world. The memory of these occurrences comes upon us as the remembrance of a fearful vision. It is scarcely of the earth. It is like the dim legend of a fabulous generation. We might almost doubt of the important part which this man has acted on the great stage of the world, because the last act of his "strange eventful history" has been one of oblivion and obscurity, because he has lain down like the commonest among us, pining with despondency and wasting with disease, to die in silence and solitude, with not a recollection of his glory about him. But his career has been one that can never be forgotten, either in its power or in its guilt. He will be the great mark of the age. For this is the man that carried revolutionary France in triumph through Europe,—this is he that raised himself to the consular chair,—this is he that sat down on the throne of the ancient Kings of France, and put the iron crown of Italy on his brow,—this is he that kings and emperors bowed before, and that held queens captive, and gave princesses in dower,—this is he that conquered at Jena and Austerlitz,—this is he that seized upon the crown of Spain,—this is he that defied the frosts as well as the hardy soldiers of the North, and fell before their united fury,—this is he that the power of England drove out of Spain,—this is he that abdicated the throne to which the revolution had raised him,—this is he that leapt a second time into the seat of his usurpation, and whose power crumbled into dust on the day of Waterloo.

CICERO, *pro lege Manil.* § 29-31; 36. *Pro Milone.* § 72-75.
LIVY, ix. c. 18. xxi. c. 4. xxxviii. c. 53.
LUCAN, *Pharsal.* i. 143.

PRAISE OF MR. COBDEN.—HIS SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.

FULL of knowledge and wisdom, tried in the great struggles of his public life, he came in his maturer years to his native place, to exhibit the unvarying graces of a good and honest man, and to practise those rare virtues of simplicity and tranquillity which adorned him even more than his vast knowledge and unparalleled sagacity. Those who merely saw him could hardly credit the large powers which lay hid in so easy and serene a presence. To us who were honoured with his closer intimacy there is a blank created by his loss which no subsequent friendship can occupy. We cannot imagine any man with such varied gifts, such signal opportunities, so wide an experience, and so wise a mind, with so pure and simple a character. The charms of his graceful simplicity, of his lucid language, his copious knowledge, are no longer available for our instruction. No man's loss could create such a waste, because no man ever occupied so large a space in the habitual thoughts and affectionate intercourse of his more intimate friends. To have lived familiarly within the influences and convictions of a great and true mind, was to live happily indeed, but to live within the range of a great sorrow.—*Rev. J. E. T. Rogers.*

Cicero, *Brutus*, § 1-9; 265, 266. *De Oratore*, iii. § 6-8.
Philipp. ix. § 8, *sqq.*

SOUNDNESS OF THE POLITICAL INSTINCTS OF ENGLISHMEN.

IN England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals. We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire; unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our own bosoms. We fear God: we look up with awe to kings, with affection to parliaments, with duty to magistrates, with reverence to priests, and with respect to nobility. Why? Because when such ideas are brought before our minds, it is natural to be so affected, because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty.

Cicero, *Pro Sestio*, § 96-100; 136-139.
Sallust, *Catilin.* c. 6-9.

REFORM BILL OF 1831 *COMPARED TO THE SIBYL'S BOOKS.*

MY Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be consequences of a temporary defeat—temporary it can only be; for its ultimate, and even speedy success, is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded that, even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you without reform. But our successors will take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you will be fain to grant a bill, compared with which, the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sibyl; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes—of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable; to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give: you refuse her terms—her moderate terms—she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back;—again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands—in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands. It is parliaments by the year, it is vote by the ballot, it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming; for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests upon that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry, of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.—*Lord Brougham.*

LIVY, c. iv. 3-5. x. c. 7. 8. AULUS GELLIUS, lib. i. c. 19. CICERO, *de Legibus.* iii. § 23, *sqq.* *In Verrem. Divinat.* § 67-71. Act I. § 1, *sqq.* Act. II. lib. iii. § 1, *sqq.* lib. v. § 179, *sqq.* JUVENAL, *Sat.* viii. 126.

SPEECH IN FAVOUR OF SEVERE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

I CONFESS my notions are widely different, and I never was less sorry for any action of my life. I like the Bill the better on account of the events of all kinds that followed it. It relieved the real sufferers, it strengthened the State, and by the disorders that ensued, we had clear evidence that there lurked a temper somewhere which ought not to be fostered by the laws. No ill consequence whatever could be attributed to the Act itself. We knew beforehand, or we were poorly instructed, that toleration is odious to the intolerant, freedom to oppressors, property to robbers, and all kinds and degrees of prosperity to the envious. We knew that all these kinds of men would gladly gratify their evil dispositions under the sanction of law and religion if they could; if they could not, yet to make way to their objects, they would do their utmost to subvert all religion and all law. This we certainly knew. But knowing this, is there any reason because thieves break in and steal, and thus bring detriment to you and draw ruin on themselves, that I am to be sorry that you are in possession of shops and of warehouses, and of wholesome laws to protect them? Are you to build no houses because desperate men may pull them down upon their own heads?

CICERO, *Philipp.* i. § 21-26. *In Catilinam.* i. § 27, *sqq.* SALLUST, *Bell. Catilin.* c. 52.

A BAD MINISTER DISCREDITS A GOOD PRINCE.

YOU will say, perhaps, that the situation of affairs at home demanded and engrossed the whole of your attention. Here I confess you have been active. An amiable, accomplished prince ascends the throne under the happiest of all auspices, the acclamations and united affections of his subjects. The first measures of his reign, and even the odium of a favourite, were not able to shake their attachment. *Your* services, my Lord, have been more successful. Since you were permitted to take the lead, we have seen the natural effects of a system of government at once both odious and contemptible. We have seen the laws sometimes scandalously relaxed, sometimes violently stretched beyond their tone. We have seen the person of the sovereign insulted; and, in profound peace, and with an undisputed title, the fidelity of his subjects brought by his own servants into public question. Without abilities, resolution, or interest, you have done more than Lord Bute could accomplish, with all Scotland at his heels.—*Junius.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* ii. § 115, *sqq.* *In Vatinium.* § 15-20.

INDIA TOO VAST TO BE GOVERNED BY ONE MAN.

I BELIEVE the duties of the Governor-General are far greater than any human being can adequately fulfil. He has a power omnipotent to crush anything that is good. If he so wishes he can overbear and overrule whatever is proposed for the welfare of India, while as to doing anything that is good, I could show that with regard to the vast countries over which he rules he is really almost powerless to effect anything that those countries require. The hon. gentleman behind me has told us that there are twenty nations in India, and that there are twenty languages. Has it ever happened before that any one man governed twenty nations, speaking twenty different languages, and bound them together in one great and compact empire? My hon. friend mentions a great Parthian monarch. No doubt there have been men strong in arm and in head, and of stern resolution, who have kept great empires together during their lives; but as soon as they went the way of all flesh and descended like the meanest of their subjects to the tomb, the provinces they had ruled were divided into several states, and their great empires vanished.—*J. Bright.*

CICERO, *ad Quintum Fratrem. I. Epist.* i. § 2, 7, 14.
Pro lege Manil. § 14-16; 67, 68.

EULOGY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE Duke of Wellington left to his countrymen a great legacy —greater even than his glory. He left them the contemplation of his character. I will not say that his conduct revived the sense of duty in England—I will not say that of our country —but that his conduct inspired public life with a purer and more masculine tone I cannot doubt. His career rebukes restless vanity, and reprimands the irregular ebullitions of a morbid egotism. I doubt not that among all orders of Englishmen, from those with the highest responsibilities of our society, to those who perform the humblest duties, I dare say there is not a man who, in his toil and his perplexity, has not sometimes thought of the Duke, and found in his example support and solace. Though he lived so much in the minds and hearts of his countrymen, though he occupied such eminent posts, and fulfilled such august duties, it was not till he died that we felt what a place he filled in the feelings and thoughts of the people of England. Never was the influence of real greatness more completely asserted than in his decease. In an age whose want of intellectual equality flatters all our self-complacencies, the world suddenly acknowledged that it had lost the greatest of men; in an age of utility, the most industrious and common-sense people in the world could find no vent for their woe, and no representative for their sorrow but the solemnity of a pageant; and we, we who have met here for such different purposes, to investigate the sources of the wealth of nations, to enter into statistical research, and to encounter each other in fiscal controversy, we present to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle that human circumstances can well produce—the spectacle of a senate mourning a hero.—*B. Disräeli.*

CICERO, *pro lege Manil.* § 27-31; 36. *Pro Balbo.* § 8-13.
Academ. Prior. ii. § 1, *sqq.* *Pro Milone.* § 96-98.
Pro Marcello. § 4-12.

SPEECH OF A PATRICIAN AGAINST ALTERING THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF ROME.

WHAT is there, then, ye will say to me, in this third ordinance which thou so mislikest? I will answer you in few words. I mislike the changing of the laws of our fathers, especially when these laws have respect to the worship of the gods. Many things I know are ordered wisely for one generation, which notwithstanding are by another generation no less wisely ordered otherwise. There is room in human affairs for change, there is room also for unchangeableness. But where shall we seek for that which is unchangeable, but in those great laws which are the very foundation of the Commonwealth, most of all in those which, having to do with the immortal gods, should be also themselves immortal? Now it belongs to these laws that the office of Consul, which is as it were the shadow of the majesty of Jove himself, should be held only by men of the houses of the patricians. Ye know how that none but the patricians may take any office of priesthood for the worship of the gods of Rome; nor interpret the will of the gods by augury. For the gods being themselves many, have set also upon earth many nations of men and many orders; and one race may not take to itself the law of another race, nor one order the law of another order. Each has its own law, which was given to it from the beginning; and if we change these, the whole world will be full of confusion. It is our boast that we Romans have greater power over our children than the men of any other nation; with us the son, even as long as he lives, is subject to his father's will, except his father be pleased to give him his freedom. Now if a son were to ask why he should not, when he has come to full age, be free from his father's authority, what answer should we give other than this, that the law of the Romans gave to fathers this power over their children; that to this law he had been born as surely as to those other laws of his nature, which appointed him to be neither a god nor a beast, but a man. These laws are not of to-day nor of yesterday; we know of no time when they have not been. May neither we nor our children ever even see that time when they shall have ceased to be.—*Arnold.*

LIVY, vi. c. 40, 41. iv. c. 2. x. c. 8.

ARGUMENTS IN SUPPORT OF THE LICINIAN ROGATIONS CONSIDERED.

TO such language as this the Tribunes ought to have replied by denying that its principle was applicable to the particular point at issue; they might have urged that the admission of the Commons to the Consulship was not against the original and unalterable laws of the Romans, inasmuch as strangers had been admitted even to be kings at Rome. And the good King Servius, whose memory was so fondly cherished by the people, was, according to one tradition, not only a stranger by birth, but a slave. And further they ought to have answered, that the law of intermarriage between the Patricians and Commons was a breaking down of the distinction of orders, and implied that there was no such difference between them as to make it profane in either to exercise the functions of the other. But as to the principle itself, there is no doubt that it did contain much truth. The ancient heathen world craved, what all men must crave, an authoritative rule of conduct; and not finding it elsewhere, they imagined it to exist in the fundamental and original laws of each particular race or people. To destroy this sanction without leaving anything to substitute in its place was deeply perilous; and reason has been but too seldom possessed of power sufficient to recommend its truths to the mass of mankind by their own sole authority.—*Arnold.*

LIVY, iv. c. 3, 4. x. c. 8. vi. c. 37.
CICERO, *De Legibus*, ii. § 8-13.

ENERGY AND SUCCESS OF THE AMERICAN WHALE-FISHERS.

AS to the wealth which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy; and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis' Strait; whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hard industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. ii. § 1-3, 7-9; Act ii. lib. iii. § 227, 228.
TACITUS, *Agricola*, c. 30, 34.

OFFICIAL TRAINING NARROWS THE MIND.

MR. GRENVILLE was bred to the law, which is, in my opinion, one of the finest and noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion. Passing from that study, he did not go very largely into the world, but plunged into business, I mean into the business of office, and the limited and fixed methods and forms established there. Much knowledge is to be had, undoubtedly, in that line, and there is no knowledge which is not valuable. But it may be truly said that men too much conversant in office are rarely minds of remarkable enlargement. Their habits of office are apt to give them a turn to think the substance of business not to be much more important than the forms in which it is conducted. These forms are adapted to ordinary occasions, and therefore persons who are nurtured in office do admirably well as long as things go on in their common order, but when the high roads are broken up, and the waters out, when a new and troubled scene is opened, and the file affords no precedent, then it is that a greater knowledge of mankind and a far more extensive comprehension of things are requisite, than ever office gave, or than office can ever give.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *pro Murenâ*, § 19-25; 30. *Pro Archia*. § 12-16.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS COMPARED TO HARPIES.

ALL this in effect, I think, but I am not sure, I have said elsewhere. It cannot at this time be too often repeated: line upon line, precept upon precept, until it comes into the currency of a proverb; to innovate is not to reform. The French revolutionists complained of everything; they refused to reform anything, and they left nothing, no, nothing at all, unchanged. The consequences are before us—not in remote history; not in future prognostication: they are about us; they are upon us. They shake the public security, they menace private enjoyment. They dwarf the growth of the young; they break the quiet of the old. If we travel, they stop our way. They infest us in town; they pursue us to the country. Our business is interrupted, our repose is troubled, our pleasures are saddened, our very studies are poisoned and perverted, and knowledge is rendered worse than ignorance, by the enormous evils of this dreadful innovation. The revolution harpies of France sprung from night and hell, or from that chaotic anarchy which generates equivocally "all monstrous, all prodigious things," cuckoo-like, adulterously lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the nest of every neighbouring State. These obscene harpies, who deck themselves in I know not what divine attributes, but who in reality are foul and ravenous birds of prey (both mothers and daughters), flutter over our heads, and souse down upon our tables, and leave nothing unrent, unrifled, unravaged, or unpolluted with the slime of their filthy offal.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Catilinam*, ii. § 24-26. *Pro Milone*, § 72-77. *Pro Archia.* § 16, *ad fin.* VIRGIL, *Æneid*, iii. 210, *sqq.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES THE PEOPLE?

BUT there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence: namely, that order of men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order is alone known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called THE PEOPLE. Now it may happen that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a State, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble: for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in State affairs, be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident that great numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them.—*Goldsmith.*

CICERO, *Pro Sestio*, § 96-100. *Pro Plancio*, § 21-24.
Pro lege Manilia, § 17, 18.

DEFENCE OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION ACT.

BUT they tell us that those fellow-citizens, whose chains we have a little relaxed, are enemies to liberty and our free constitution. Not enemies, I presume, to their own liberty. And as to the constitution, until we give them some share in it, I do not know on what pretence we can examine into their opinions about a business in which they have no interest or concern. But, after all, are we equally sure that they are adverse to our constitution as that our statutes are hostile and destructive to them? For my part, I have reason to believe their opinions and inclinations in that respect are various, exactly like those of other men, and if they lean more to the crown than I and than many of you think we ought, we must remember that he who aims at another's life is not to be surprised if he flies into any sanctuary that will receive him. The tenderness of the executive-power is the natural asylum of those upon whom the laws have declared war; and to complain that men are inclined to favour the means of their own safety, is so absurd that one forgets the injustice in the ridicule.

LIVY, vi. c. 37, 39. iv. c. 15. CICERO, *Philipp.* i. § 20.

FRENCH NATIONAL CHARACTER—FULL OF CONTRADICTIONS.

WHEN I consider this nation in itself, it strikes me as more extraordinary than any event in its own annals. Was there ever any nation on the face of the earth so full of contrasts, and so extreme in all its actions; more swayed by sensations, less by principles; led therefore always to do either worse or better than was expected of it; sometimes below the common level of humanity, sometimes greatly above it;—a people so unalterable in its leading instincts that its likeness may still be recognised in descriptions written 2,000 or 3,000 years ago, but at the same time so mutable in its daily thoughts and in its tastes as to become a spectacle and an amazement to itself, and to be as much surprised as the rest of the world at the sight of what it has done;—a people beyond all others, the child of home and the slave of habit, when left to itself, but when once torn against its will from the native hearth and from its daily pursuits, ready to go to the end of the world, and to dare all things; indocile by temperament, yet accepting the arbitrary and even the violent rule of a sovereign more readily than the free and regular government of the chief citizen; to-day the declared enemy of all obedience, to-morrow serving with a sort of passion which the nations best adapted for servitude cannot attain: guided by a thread as long as no one resists, ungovernable when the example of resistance has once been given: always deceiving its masters, who fear it either too little or too much: never so free that it is hopeless to enslave it, or so enslaved that it may not break the yoke again; apt for all things, but excelling only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendour, and noise, more than true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of good sense; ready to conceive immense designs rather than to consummate great undertakings;

the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe, and that best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference?

Cicero, *Pro Flacco.* § 9-19. Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 58, *sqq.*
Livy, xxxi. c. 29. xxiv. c. 25. xxxviii. c. 17. xxi. c. 20.
Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.* vi. c. 13-20.

THE REFORMATION—A BATTLE-FIELD OF MARTYRS.

HERE, therefore, we are to enter upon one of the grand scenes of history; a solemn battle fought out to the death, yet fought without ferocity, by the champions of rival principles. Heroic men had fallen, and were still fast falling, for what was called heresy; and now those who had inflicted death on others were called upon to bear the same witness to their own sincerity. England became the theatre of a war between two armies of martyrs, to be waged, not upon the open field, in open action, but on the stake and on the scaffold, with the nobler weapons of passive endurance. Each party were ready to give their blood; each party were ready to shed the blood of their antagonists; and the sword was to single out its victims in the rival ranks, not as in peace among those whose crimes made them dangerous to society, but, as on the field of battle, where the most conspicuous courage most challenges the aim of the enemy. It was war, though under the form of peace; and if we would understand the true spirit of the time, we must regard Catholics and Protestants as gallant soldiers, whose deaths, when they fall, are not painful but glorious; and whose devotion we are equally able to admire, even where we cannot equally approve their cause. Courage and self-sacrifice are beautiful alike in an enemy and in a friend. And while we exult in that chivalry with which the Smithfield martyrs bought England's freedom with their blood, so we will not refuse our admiration to those other gallant men whose high forms, in the sunset of the old faith, stand transfigured on the horizon, tinged with the light of its dying glory.—*J. A. Froude.*

CICERO, *Pro Marcello*, § 17, 18, 30-32. *Philipp.* xiv. § 31-34. xii. § 17. LUCAN, *Pharsal.* i. 67-128.

WAR SHOULD NOT BE LIGHTLY UNDERTAKEN—THREATS OF INVASION STIMULATE PATRIOTISM.

IT is most unfair to represent as advocates of a creeping or unjust peacefulness those who, anxiously foreseeing many of the evil consequences of war, are strenuous in producing facts and arguments that tend to dissuade from it. A gift is not the less a gift because the giver knows full well the value of what he is giving; and the people who go to war without reluctance do not prove their valour or their magnanimity by so doing.. We all know that there are occasions when, as on the threat of foreign invasion, a nation gathers itself up in all its strength—when selfish aims are thrown aside—when ordinary life is felt to be tame, and buying and selling are not much thought of—when even great griefs that are but private fall lightly on us, and when the bonds of society are knit together so closely that the whole nation produces and presents its full power of resistance. Then it is that the ambitious man forgets his ambition; the covetous man, if possible, his money; the civic crown with its glorious motto, OB CIVES SERVATOS, becomes the chief desire of all brave men; and tender mothers feel like the Spartan matron of old, who as she adjusted the buckler on her young warrior's arm, could exclaim—"Come back either with it or upon it!"

CICERO, *In Catilinam*, ii. § 24, *sqq.* LIVY, xxiii. c. 12, 13. VIRGIL, *Æneid*, xi. 343, *sqq.* viii. 556-7.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS—THEIR UTTER DEPRAVITY.

NOTHING that I can say, or that you can say, will hasten them by a single hour in the execution of a design which they have long since entertained. In spite of their solemn protestations, their soothing addresses, and the multiplied oaths which they have taken, or forced others to take, they will assassinate the king when his name will no longer be necessary to their designs. Till the justice of the world is awakened, they will go on without admonition, and without provocation, to every extremity. Those who have made such an exhibition already as they have done, are capable of every evil. They do not commit crimes for their designs, but they form designs that they may commit crimes. It is not their necessity, but their nature, that impels them. They are modern philosophers; which when you say of them you express everything that is ignoble, savage, and hard-hearted. In truth, they all resemble their leader. His blood they transfuse into their mind and manners. Him they study; him they meditate in all the time they can spare from the laborious mischief of the day, or the debauches of the night.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Catilinam*, ii. § 9-11. *Pro Plancio.* § 86.
Philipp. ii. § 87, 66-68.

TO BE ACCUSED OF TOO GREAT BENEVOLENCE BRINGS COMFORT.

AND now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality or of neglect of duty. It is not said that, in the long period of my service, I have in a single instance sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition or to my fortune. It is not alleged that to gratify any anger or revenge of my own, or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind—that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant; and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress, I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted.

CICERO, *Pro Sestio.* § 145, 146. *Philipp.* ii. § 10, *sqq.;* 118, 119.

INNATE WEAKNESS OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENTS.

RESISTANCE not only to evil, but to the principle of evil—not only to disorder, but to the passions and ideas which engender disorder—this is the paramount and peremptory duty of every government. And the greater the empire of democracy, the more important it is that government should hold fast to its true character, and act its true part in the struggle which agitates society. Why is it that so many democracies, some of them very brilliant, have perished so rapidly? Because they would not suffer their governments to do their duty and fulfil the objects for which governments are instituted. They did more than reduce them to weakness; they condemned them to falsehood. It is the melancholy condition of democratic governments, that while charged, as they must be, with the repression of disorder, they are required to be complaisant and indulgent to the causes of disorder; they are expected to arrest the evil when it breaks out, and yet they are asked to foster it while it is hatching.

CICERO, *De Repub.* i. § 67, 68. *Pro Sestio.* § 100, 101.

THE LESSONS OF ADVERSITY THROWN AWAY UPON KINGS.

WHO says that suffering is the monitor of kings? When has it ever proved so? No man living or dead ever passed through such an apprenticeship for the business of his later life as that forced upon Louis Philippe, king of the French, and yet how has the painful lesson been thrown away! Never had prince greater opportunity for the acquirement of the knowledge, for the want of which kings fail and command the sympathy of meaner men. The page of history was open before him; the records of his own house were a history in themselves. He had himself been cast upon the world nameless, houseless, the companion of the unfortunate, the associate of the poor. With his own eyes he had witnessed the wrongs of society, with his own ears he had heard its loud and just complaints. Unknown and unrecognised, he had moved amongst his fellows, and communed with them upon the same low level. Flattery came not to him to beguile, or hypocrisy to mislead his better judgment. He passed into exile with all the experience furnished him by the fate of his family; he issued from it with all the further experience derived from his own personal intimacy with mankind. In vain. Suffering teaches heroism, or it confirms obstinacy. Poverty closes the heart entirely, or opens it to Paradise.

CICERO, *De Officiis*, iii. § 82, *sqq*. LIVY, ii. c. 2, 6, 9.

DOMINATION OF THE ARISTOCRACY MUST BE BROKEN DOWN.

TWO centuries ago the people of this country were engaged in a fearful conflict with the Crown. A despotic and treacherous monarch assumed to himself the right to levy taxes without the consent of Parliament and the people. That assumption was resisted. This fair island became a battle-field, the kingdom was convulsed, and an ancient throne overturned. And, if our forefathers two hundred years ago resisted that attempt—if they refused to be the bondmen of a king, shall we be the born thralls of an aristocracy like ours? Shall we, who struck the lion down, shall we pay the wolf homage? or shall we not, by a manly and united expression of public opinion, at once and for ever put an end to this giant wrong? Our cause is at least as good as theirs. We stand on higher vantage-ground; we have large numbers at our back: we have more of wealth, intelligence, and union, and we understand better the rights and true interests of the country; and what is more than all this—we have a constitutional weapon which we intend to wield, and by means of which we are sure to conquer, our laurels being gained, not in bloody fields, but upon the election hustings and in courts of law.—*J. Bright.*

LIVY, vi. c. 18. SALLUST, *Jugurth.* c. 31.

IMPOSSIBILITY OF A THOROUGH CONQUEST OF AMERICA.

BUT the Americans must now be heard; they have been condemned unheard. The indiscriminate hand of vengeance has devoted thirty thousand British subjects of all ranks, ages, and descriptions, to one common ruin. You may, no doubt, destroy their cities; you may cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps the conveniences of life; but, my lords, they will still despise your power, for they have yet remaining their woods and their liberty. What though you march from town to town, from province to province; though you should be able to enforce a temporary and local submission: how shall you be able to secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you, in your progress of eighteen hundred miles of continent, animated with the same spirit of liberty and of resistance? This universal opposition to your arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen; it was obvious from the nature of things, and from the nature of man, and, above all, from the confirmed habits of thinking, from the spirit of Whiggism, flourishing in America. The spirit which now pervades America is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship money in this country; the same spirit which roused all England to action at the revolution, and which established at a remote era your liberties on the basis of that great fundamental maxim of the constitution, that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every generous Briton?—*Earl of Chatham.*

TACITUS, *Agricola*, c. 30-32. QUINTUS CURTIUS, vii. c. 8.

VINDICATION OF FREE SPEAKING.

I WILL consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit anything which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of the world, I know it is not to be had; for that of worthy men, I hope I shall not forfeit it; for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable, in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer satirists than I have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and allow me to remark it was out of the suffering party too that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. It was under the greatest princes and best ministers that moral satirists were most encouraged; and then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies that historians did over the vices of men. It may also be worth considering whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure in the writings of the former or of the latter; and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius.

TACITUS, *Ann.* iv. c. 34, 35. JUVENAL, *Sat.* i. 150, *sqq.*

EFFECTS OF USURIOUS TRANSACTIONS IN THE CARNATIC.

IN consequence of this double game all the territorial revenues have, at one time or other, been covered by those locusts, the English soucars. Not one single foot of the Carnatic has escaped them, a territory as large as England. During these operations what a scene has that country presented. The usurious European assignee supersedes the nabob's native farmer of the revenue; the farmer flies to the nabob's presence to claim his bargain; whilst his servants murmur for wages, and his soldiers mutiny for pay. The mortgage to the European assignee is then resumed, and the native farmer replaced; replaced, again to be removed on the new clamour of the European assignee. Every man of rank and landed fortune being long since extinguished, the remaining miserable last cultivator, who grows to the soil, after having his back scored by the farmer, has it again flayed by the whip of the assignee, and is thus by a ravenous, because a short-lived, succession of claimants, lashed from oppressor to oppressor, whilst a single drop of blood is left as the means of extorting a single grain of corn. Do not think I paint. Far, very far from it: I do not reach the fact, nor approach to it. Men of respectable condition, men equal to your substantial English yeomen, are daily tied up and scourged, to answer the multiplied demands of various contending and contradictory titles, all issuing from one and the same source.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Verrem,* Act ii. lib. iii. § 20, 21; § 64-66, 70; § 188-200.

EVILS OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

PENAL laws, it must be allowed, secure property in a State, but they also diminish personal security in the same proportion; there is no positive law, how equitable soever, that may not be sometimes capable of injustice. When a law, enacted to make theft punishable with death, happens to be equitably executed, it can at best only guard our possessions; but when, by favour or ignorance, justice pronounces a wrong verdict, it then attacks our lives, since, in such a case, the whole community suffers with the innocent victim; if therefore, in order to secure the effects of one man, I should make a law which should take away the life of another, in such a case, to attain a smaller good, I am guilty of a greater evil; to secure society in the possession of a bauble, I render a real and valuable possession precarious. And indeed the experience of every age may serve to vindicate the assertion. No law could be more just than that called *læsæ majestatis,* when Rome was governed by emperors; it was but reasonable that every conspiracy against the administration should be detected and punished; yet what terrible slaughters succeeded in consequence of its enactment! proscriptions, stranglings, poisonings, in almost every family of distinction; yet all done in a legal way, every criminal had his trial, and lost his life by a majority of witnesses.

Sallust, *Bell. Catilin.* c. 51.
Cicero, *pro Roscio Amerino.* § 153, 154.

INDIAN GOVERNMENT IN 1784.

THE several irruptions of Arabs, Tartars, and Persians into India were, for the greater part, ferocious and bloody, and wasteful in the extreme. Our entrance into the dominion of that country was, as generally, with small comparative effusion of blood, being introduced by various frauds and delusions, and by taking advantage of the incurable, blind, and senseless animosity which the several country powers bear towards each other, rather than by open force. But the difference in favour of the first conquerors is this: the Asiatic conquerors very soon abated of their ferocity, because they made the conquered country their own. They rose or fell with the rise or fall of the territory they lived in. Fathers there deposited the hopes of their posterity, and children there beheld the monuments of their fathers. Here their lot was finally cast; and it is the natural wish of all that their lot should not be cast in a bad land. Poverty, sterility, and desolation, are not a recreating prospect to the eye of man, and there are very few who can bear to grow old among the curses of a whole people. If their passion or their avarice drove the Tartar lords to acts of rapacity or tyranny, there was time enough, even in the short life of man, to bring round the ill effects of an abuse of power upon the power itself. If hoards were made by violence and tyranny, they were still domestic hoards; and domestic profusion, or the rapine of a more powerful and prodigal hand, restored them to the people. With many disorders, and with few political checks upon power, nature had still fair play; the sources of acquisition were not dried up, and therefore the trade, the manufactures, and the commerce of the country flourished. Even avarice and usury itself operated both for the preservation and the employment of national wealth. The husbandman and manufacturer paid heavy interest, but then they augmented the fund from whence they were again to borrow. Their resources were dearly bought, but they were sure, and the general stock of the community grew by the general effort.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. iii. § 19-21. § 125, *sqq.*
Ad Quintum Fratrem, I. i. § 32, *sqq.*
Pro lege Manilia, § 65-67. § 11-13.
In Verrem. Act ii. lib. ii. § 3-5. § 50-52. § 146, *sqq.*
LIVY, xxxi. c. 29, 30. xxvi. c. 30. xxix. c. 17, 18.

INDIAN GOVERNMENT IN 1784. (*Continued.*)

BUT under the English government all this order is reversed. The Tartar invasion was mischievous; but it is our protection that destroys India. It was their enmity, but it is our friendship. Our conquest there, after twenty years, is as rude as it was the first day. The natives scarcely know what it is to see the grey head of an Englishman. Young men (boys almost) govern there, without society and without sympathy with the natives. They have no more social habits with the people than if they still resided in England, nor indeed any species of intercourse but that which is necessary to making a sudden fortune with a view to a remote settlement. Animated with all the avarice of age, and all the impetuosity of youth, they roll in one after another, wave after wave, and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually wasting. Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India. With us are no retributory superstitions, by which a foundation of charity compensates, through ages, to the poor, for the rapine and injustice of a day. With us no pride erects stately monuments, which repairs the mischiefs which pride had produced, and which adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument, either of state or beneficence, behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by any thing better than the ouran outang or the tiger.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. iii. § 19-21. § 125, *sqq.*
Ad Quintum Fratrem, I. i. § 32, *sqq.*
Pro lege Manilia. § 65-67. § 11-13.
In Verrem. Act ii. lib. ii. § 3-5. § 50-52. § 146, *sqq.*
LIVY, xxxi. c. 29, 30. xxvi. c. 30. xxix. c. 17, 18.

INDIAN GOVERNMENT IN 1784. (*Concluded.*)

THERE is nothing in the boys we send to India worse than the boys whom we are whipping at school, or that we see trailing a pike, or bending over a desk at home. But as English youth in India drink the intoxicating draught of authority and dominion before their heads are able to bear it, and as they are full grown in fortune long before they are ripe in principle, neither nature nor reason has any opportunity to exert itself for remedy of the excesses of their premature power. The consequences of their conduct, which in good minds (and many of theirs are probably such) might produce penitence or amendment, are unable to pursue the rapidity of their flight. Their prey is lodged in England, and the cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about, in every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean. In India all the vices operate by which sudden fortune is acquired; in England are often displayed, by the same persons, the virtues which dispense hereditary wealth. Arrived in England the destroyers of the nobility and gentry of a whole kingdom will find the best company in this nation at a board of elegance and hospitality. Here the manufacturer and husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand that in India has torn the cloth from the loom, or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the peasant of Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor. They marry into your families, they enter into your senate, they ease your estates by loans, they raise their value by demand, they cherish and protect your relations which lie heavy on your patronage; and there is scarcely a house in the kingdom that does not feel some concern or interest, that makes all reform of our Eastern government appear officious and disgusting, and on the whole a most discouraging attempt. In such an attempt you hurt those who are able to return kindness or to resent injury. If you succeed you save those who cannot so much as give you thanks. All these things show the difficulty of the work we have on hand, but they show its necessity too. Our Indian government is, in its best state, a grievance; it is necessary that the correctives should be uncommonly vigorous, and the work of men sanguine, warm, and even impassioned in the cause. But it is an arduous thing to plead against abuses of a power which originates from our own country, and affects those whom we are used to consider as strangers.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. iii. § 19-21. § 125, *sqq.*
Ad Quintum Fratrem, I. i. § 32, *sqq.*
Pro lege Manilia, § 65-67. § 11-13.
In Verrem. Act. ii. lib. ii. § 3-5. § 50-52. § 146, *sqq.*
LIVY, xxxi. c. 29, 30. xxvi. c. 30. xxix. c. 17, 18.

INVECTIVE AGAINST THE VICEROY OF IRELAND.

IN another kingdom indeed the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood; or, at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people plundered, insulted, and oppressed as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is vain therefore to shift the scene. You can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the end; and that as you have lived without virtue you should die without repentance.—*Junius.*

CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act ii. lib. i. § 4-7.
Pro Roscio Amerino, § 67. *De Senectute*, § 70.
Tusc. Disp. v. § 57, *sqq.* *Ad Quintum Fratrem*, I. i. § 46.

ENORMITY OF THE CHARGES AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

WE know, as we are to be served by men, that the persons who serve us must be tried as men, and with a very large allowance indeed to human infirmity and human error. This, my lords, we knew, and we weighed before we came before you. But the crimes which we charge in these articles are not lapses, defects, errors of common human frailty, which, as we know and feel, we can allow for. We charge this offender with no crimes that have not arisen from passions which it is criminal to harbour; with no offences that have not their root in avarice, rapacity, pride, insolence, or ferocity, treachery, cruelty, malignity of temper; in short in nothing that does not argue a total extinction of all moral principle; that does not manifest an inveterate blackness of heart dyed in grain with malice, vitiated, corrupted, gangrened to the very core. If we do not plant his crimes in those vices which the breast of man is made to abhor, and the spirit of all laws human and divine to interdict, we desire no longer to be heard upon this occasion. Let everything that can be pleaded on the ground of surprise or error, upon those grounds be pleaded with success: we give up the whole of those predicaments. We urge no crimes, that were not crimes of forethought. We charge him with nothing that he did not commit upon deliberation; that he did not commit against advice, supplication, and remonstrance; that he did not commit against the direct command of lawful authority; that he did not commit after reproof and reprimand of those who are authorized by the laws to reprove and reprimand him. The crimes of Mr. Hastings are crimes not only in themselves, but aggravated by being crimes of contumacy. They were crimes, not against forms, but against those eternal laws of justice, which are our rule and our birthright.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *In Verrem.* Act i. § 10-15. Act ii. lib. i. § 6-9.
In Pisonem. § 85-88. 97, *sqq.* *Pro Milone,* § 72-77.
LIVY, xxxiv. c. 32.

CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM BETTER THAN THE IDEAL SYSTEMS OF REVOLUTIONISTS.

THEY who have acted, as in France they have done, upon a scheme wholly different, and who aim at the abstract and unlimited perfection of power in the popular part, can be of no service to us in any of our political arrangements. They, who in their headlong career have overpassed the goal, can furnish no example to those who aim to go no further. The temerity of such speculators is no more an example than the timidity of others. The one sort scorns the right; the others fear it; both miss it. But those, who by violence go beyond the barrier, are without question the most mischievous; because to go beyond it they destroy and overturn it. To say they have spirit is to say nothing in their praise. The untempered spirit of madness, blindness, immorality, and impiety, deserves no commendation. He that sets his house on fire because his fingers are frost-bitten can never be a fit instructor in the method of providing our habitations with a cheerful and salutary warmth. We want no foreign examples to rekindle in us the flame of liberty. The example of our own ancestors is abundantly sufficient to maintain the spirit of freedom in its full vigour, and to qualify it in all its exertions. The example of a wise, moral, well-natured and well-tempered spirit of freedom, is that alone which can be useful to us, or in the least degree reputable or safe. Our fabric is so constituted, one part of it bears so much on the other, the parts are so made for one another and for nothing else, that to introduce any foreign matter into it is to destroy it.

CICERO, *pro Sestio*, § 96-105. § 136-143. SALLUST, *Jugurth.* c. 41.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

A SOLDIER from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession, and feeling that he was worthy to lead a British army, hailed the fortune that placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed, the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confiding in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance, and opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned, without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken, when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself; neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly. If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller!—*Napier.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* ix. *passim.* TACITUS, *Ann.* ii. c. 71.
PLINY, *Epist.* ii. 1.

PANEGYRIC ON THE MILITARY AND MORAL GREATNESS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

SINCE last I had the honour of addressing you in this place a series of eventful years has elapsed; but none without some mark and note of your rising glory. The military triumphs which your valour has achieved upon the banks of the Douro and the Tagus, of the Ebro and the Garonne, have called forth the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. Those triumphs it is needless on this day to recount; their names have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe; and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children. It is not, however, the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause. It has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always the day of victory,—that moral courage and enduring fortitude, which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood, nevertheless, unshaken;—and that ascendancy of character, which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires.

For the repeated thanks and grants bestowed upon you by this house, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit this day to offer us your acknowledgments; but this nation well knows that it is still largely your debtor. It owes to you the proud satisfaction, that amidst the constellation of great and illustrious warriors who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the pre-eminence; and when the will of Heaven and the common destinies of our nature shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name and example, as an imperishable monument, exciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving at once to adorn, defend, and perpetuate the existence of this country among the ruling nations of the earth.

CICERO, *Pro lege Manilia*, § 10, 11. *Philipp*. xiv. § 11-28. *Pro Marcello*, § 4-12. LIVY, xxviii. c. 12. xxiv. c. 8.

A COALITION COMPARED TO THE JUNCTION OF RIVERS.

I RECOLLECT to have seen a beautiful speech of a near relation of the right hon. gentleman over against me, in which, to discredit a coalition formerly made between the Duke of Newcastle and my father, it was compared to the junction of the Rhone and the Saone. Whatever the effect and truth and dread of that comparison might have been at that time and upon that occasion, I am not at all afraid of it now. I would not have permitted that great and illustrious person, were he now living, to compare the late coalition to the Rhone and the Saone as they join at Lyons, where the one may be said to be too calm and tranquil and gentle, the other to have too much violence and rapidity; but I would have advised him to take a view of those rivers a hundred miles lower down, where having mingled and united their waters, instead of the contrast they exhibited at their junction, they become a broad, great, and most powerful stream, flowing with the useful velocity that does not injure but adorns and benefits the country through which it passes. This is a just type of the late coalition, and I will venture to assert, after mature experience, that whatever the enemies of it may have hoped, it is as impossible now to disunite or separate its parts as it would be to separate the waters of those united streams.—*Earl Stanhope.*

CICERO, *de Legibus*, ii. § 6. CÆSAR, *Bell. Gal*. i. c. 12.
CLAUDIAN, *In Eutropium*, ii. 265, *sqq*.

WAR MUST BE DECLARED WHEN PEACE CAN NO LONGER BE MAINTAINED WITH HONOUR.

MY Lords, His Majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Shall we tarnish the lustre of that empire by an ignominious surrender of its rights? Shall a people that seventeen years ago was the terror of the world now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, "Take all we have, only give us peace." It is impossible. I wage war with no man, or set of men. I wish for none of their employments, nor would I co-operate with men who still persist in unretracted error. But in God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare for peace or war, and the former cannot be procured with honour, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of the kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient, though I know them not, to maintain its just rights. My Lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men.—*Lord Stanhope.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* iii. § 34, *sqq.* iv. § 11, *sqq.* vi. 16, *sqq.* vii. § 7-9. xiii. § 5-7. VIRGIL, *Æneid*, xi. 399, *sqq.*

DEGRADATION OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

WITH a compelled appearance of deliberation, they vote under the dominion of a stern necessity. They sit in the heart, as it were, of a foreign republic; they have their residence in a city whose constitution has emanated neither from the charter of their king, nor from their legislative power. There they are surrounded by an army not raised either by the authority of the Crown, or by their command; and which, if they should order to dissolve itself, would instantly dissolve them. There they sit, after a gang of assassins had driven away some hundreds of the members; whilst those who held the same moderate principles, with more patience or better hope, continued every day exposed to outrageous insults and murderous threats. There a majority, sometimes real, sometimes pretended, captive itself, compels a captive king to issue as royal edicts, at third hand, the polluted nonsense of their most licentious and giddy coffee-houses. It is notorious, that all their measures are decided before they are debated. It is beyond doubt, that under the terror of the bayonet, and the lamp-post, and the torch to their houses, they are obliged to adopt all the crude and desperate measures suggested by clubs composed of a monstrous medley of all conditions, tongues, and nations. Among these are found persons, in comparison of whom Catiline would be thought scrupulous, and Cethegus a man of sobriety and moderation. . . . . The assembly, their organ, acts before them the farce of deliberation with as little decency as liberty. They act like the comedians of a fair before a riotous audience; they act amidst the tumultuous cries of a mixed mob of ferocious men, and of women lost to shame, who, according to their insolent fancies, direct, control, applaud, explode them; and sometimes mix and take their seats amongst them; domineering over them with a strange mixture of servile petulance and proud presumptuous authority.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* xiii. § 26-28. v. § 12, *sqq.*
In Catilin. ii. § 9-11. § 18-23.

VIGOROUS PROSECUTION OF WAR THE BEST MEANS TO HONOURABLE PEACE.

"Si vis pacem para bellum.
Pa quærritur bello."

OF those who wish for peace, there are two classes. There are some, and of those a very numerous body, who are desirous for peace, as soon as peace can be obtained on safe and honourable terms. To such it must be clear that the object of their wishes cannot be secured by laying aside the means of action. But there are others who are of opinion that for the attainment of peace, there are no terms which we ought not to accept, no law to which we ought not to submit. Even those who entertain these humiliating ideas would be guilty of insanity, were they to add to the degradation, by laying aside one of the weapons to which they trust for the acquisition of their darling object. Such conduct would betray a desire not only to take any terms which the enemy might be pleased to dictate, but to take every means to render these terms as bad as possible. It is evident then that the measure in agitation affects the question of peace, both as it depends upon the period of its restoration and the terms on which it may be concluded. Did the reasonings upon this subject leave any doubt as to the fact, the conduct of the enemy through the whole course of the war would put the matter beyond all question.

CICERO, *Philipp.* xiii. § 1-10.

BAD MINISTERS DISCREDIT A KING.

THE mention of this man has moved me from my natural moderation. Let me return to your Grace. You are the pillar upon which I am determined to rest all my resentments.

What idea can the best of sovereigns form to himself of his own government? In what repute can he conceive that he stands with his people, when he sees, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that, whatever be the office, the suspicion of his favour is fatal to the candidate, and that, when the party he wishes well to has the fairest prospect of success, if his royal inclination should unfortunately be discovered, it drops like an acid, and turns the election? This event, among others, may perhaps contribute to open his Majesty's eyes to his real honour and interest. In spite of all your Grace's ingenuity, he may at last perceive the inconvenience of selecting, with such a curious felicity, every villain in the nation to fill the various departments of his government. Yet I should be sorry to confine him in the choice either of his footman or his friends.—*Junius.*

CICERO, *Philipp.* v. § 12-15. xiii. § 26-28.

VINDICATION OF THE POLICY OF ENGLAND IN SPAIN.

TO such opinions Mr. Canning alluded, saying, it was said that whenever Bonaparte declared he would accomplish any measure, his declaration was to be received as the fiat of a superior being, whom it was folly to resist. He never pledged himself to anything but what he could accomplish! His resolves were insurmountable! His career was not to be stopped! Such, said the orator, is not my opinion, nor the opinion of the British people. Even were the ship on which we are embarked sinking, it would be our duty still to struggle against the element. But never can I acknowledge that this is our present state. We are riding proudly and nobly buoyant upon the waves! To the argument, that we ought, as Bonaparte had done, to have held out a prospect of political reform to the Spaniards, he replied we had no right to assume any dictatorial power over a country which we went to assist. We were not to hold cheap the institutions of other countries because they had not ripened into that maturity of freedom which we ourselves enjoyed; nor were we to convert an auxiliary army into a dominating garrison; nor while openly professing to help the Spaniards, covertly endeavour to force upon them those blessings of which they themselves must be the best judges. If the Spaniards succeeded, they certainly would be happier and freer than they had hitherto been; but that happiness and freedom must be of their own choice, not of our dictation.

LIVY, xxviii. c. 43, 44. xxxiii. c. 12, 13, 33.
CICERO, *Philipp.* xiv. § 17-21.

LORD PALMERSTON—DIFFICULTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF A STATESMAN AT A CRITICAL JUNCTURE.

PERHAPS there never was a time when augury was more difficult. The man who should be forward to grasp the helm is to be admired rather than envied, for he starts on his course at nightfall, on an unknown and stormy sea. One cannot but be reminded of the proverbial fate of those who first mount the breach, or are the leaders in a revolution. Courage, however, is always necessary, and England does not like a succession of statesmen who shirk responsibility or take a waiting line. On the other hand, the public is alive to the dangers of the time, and is ready to give its forbearance as well as its confidence to a Government standing on no other ground than the interest and honour of the country. The vicissitudes in the public life of him we mourn to-day are not without their moral at the present juncture. There was a moment, not many years since, when he was suspected of allowing the personal fears and wounded dignity of a great neighbour to hurry the pace of our Legislature. He had to appeal to the country to repair his damaged position, and the country gave him its usual confidence. That confidence is still ready to be given to the wisest policy, whether glorious or not. But we envy not the man who has to decide for us and the nation, and to add with his own hand one more stone to the great edifice of international justice and right

CICERO, *pro lege Manilia*, § 43-46. *Philipp.* xi. § 17, *sqq.* § 21, *sqq.*
LIVY, xxii. c. 39.

O'CONNELL.—IMPOLICY OF MAKING A MARTYR OF HIM.

IF he who was long the accepted champion of the majority of his countrymen, whom Ireland, judging not as we judge, still delights to honour—that rare example among her sons of a patriot foaming to the last,—if he, then, who lived upon the confines of treason, without ever passing the Rubicon, over which he kept flinging his eloquence, had ever been carried away by the swing of his own words, and had acted the rebellion which he preached,—if he had then been taken and hanged, as he probably would have been,—if he had died a brave death upon the scaffold, as perhaps he might have done, and the Saxon hangman had then, in due course of law, held up in the face of the Irish people that head streaming with blood, and told them it was the head of a traitor,—where now, or to what distant century removed, would be your hopes of Irish peace and prosperity? Where now your great opening for English capital and Scotch bailiffs? In vain would you have sought in that sister land a welcome from solitude, —in vain would the ravages of improvement have outdone, as they have outdone, the ravages of war.

SALLUST, *Catilin.* c. 51. CICERO, *pro C. Rabirio*, § 11-13.

THE KING MUST REGAIN HIS SUBJECTS' LOVE BY ACTING ON HIS OWN JUDGMENT.

YOU ascended the throne with a declared, and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant—that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties—from ministers, favourites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

Cicero, *Philipp.* i. § 33-35.
Tacitus, *Ann.* xiv. c. 52-54. xiii. c. 4, 5.

SHERIDAN ON THE DUPLICITY AND MEANNESS OF WARREN HASTINGS.

MR. SHERIDAN saw nothing great, nothing magnanimous, nothing open, nothing direct in his measures or his mind. On the contrary, he pursued the worst objects by the worst means.

His course was an eternal deviation from rectitude. At one time he tyrannized over the will, and at another time deluded the understanding. He was by turns a Dionysius and a Scapin. As well might the writhing obliquity of the serpent be compared to the direct path of the arrow, as the duplicity of Mr. Hastings' ambition to the simple steadiness of genuine magnanimity. In his mind all was shuffling, ambiguous, dark, insidious, and little. Nothing simple, nothing unmixed; all affected plainness and actual dissimulation. He was an heterogeneous mass of contradictory qualities, with nothing great but his crimes, and those contrasted by the littleness of his motives; which at once denoted his profligacy and his meanness, and marked him for a traitor and a juggler. In his style of writing Mr. Sheridan perceived the same mixture of contrarieties. The most grovelling ideas he conveyed in the most inflated language, giving mock consequence to low cavils, and uttering quibbles in heroics; so that his compositions disgusted the taste of the understanding, as much as his actions excited the abhorrence of the soul. Mr. Sheridan traced the same character through almost every department of his government. Alike in the military and political line, we might observe auctioneering ambassadors and trading generals. We saw a revolution brought about by an affidavit, an army employed in executing an arrest; a town besieged on a note of hand; and a prince dethroned for the balance of an account. Thus it was, that a government was exhibited, uniting the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the little traffic of a merchant's counting-house; wielding a truncheon with one hand, and picking a pocket with the other.

CICERO, *Philipp.* xiii. § 5. iii. § 21, 22. xiii. § 43-45.
ii. § 35, 65-67. § 92-95. § 108.

PANEGYRIC ON FOX, MOVER OF THE EAST INDIA BILL.

AND now, having done my duty to the bill, let me say a word to the author. I should leave him to his own noble sentiments, if the unworthy and illiberal language with which he has been treated, beyond all example of parliamentary liberty, did not make a few words necessary; not so much in justice to him, as to my own feelings. I must say, then, that it will be a distinction honourable to the age, that the rescue of the greatest number of the human race that ever were so grievously oppressed, from the greatest tyranny that was ever exercised, has fallen to the lot of abilities and dispositions equal to the task; that it has fallen to one who has the enlargement to comprehend, the spirit to undertake, and the eloquence to support, so great a measure of hazardous benevolence. His spirit is not owing to his ignorance of the state of men and things; he well knows what snares are spread about his path, from personal animosity, from court intrigues, and possibly from popular delusion. But he has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen. This is the road that all heroes have trod before him. He is traduced and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember, that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory: he will remember, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. These thoughts will support a mind, which only exists for honour, under the burden of temporary reproach. He is doing indeed a great good; such as rarely falls to the lot, and almost as rarely coincides with the desires of any man. Let him use his time. Let him give the whole length of the reins to his benevolence. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much. But here is the summit. He never can exceed what he does this day.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *pro Marcello.* § 4-12. *Pro Balbo.* § 9, 10.
Pro Sestio. § 100, *sqq.*

PROGRESS OF JUSTICE SLOW COMPARED WITH THAT OF CRIME.

"*Pede pœna claudo.*"

I NOW proceed, my lords, to the next recriminatory charge, which is delay. I confess I am not astonished at this charge. From the first records of human impatience down to the present time it has been complained that the march of violence and oppression is rapid; but that the progress of remedial and vindictive justice, even the divine, has almost always favoured the appearance of being languid and sluggish. Something of this is owing to the very nature and constitution of human affairs; because as justice is a circumspect, cautious, scrutinizing, balancing principle, full of doubt even of itself, and fearful of doing wrong even to the greatest wrong-doers, in the nature of things its movements must be slow in comparison with the headlong rapidity with which avarice, ambition, and revenge pounce down upon the devoted prey of those violent and destructive passions. And indeed, my lords, the disproportion between crime and justice, when seen in the particular acts of either, would be so much to the advantage of crimes and criminals, that we should find it difficult to defend laws and tribunals (especially in great and arduous cases like this) if we did not look not to the immediate, not to the retrospective, but to the provident operation of justice. Its chief operation is in its future example; and this turns the balance, upon the total effect, in favour of vindictive justice, and in some measure reconciles a pious and humble mind to this great mysterious dispensation of the world.

CICERO, *pro Milone.* § 81-85. *De Officiis.* ii. § 40, *sqq.*

THE SPEAKER, HIS END BEING NEAR, DECLARES HIS DETERMINATION TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, AND TO HOLD HIMSELF STILL RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS OPINIONS AND ACTIONS.

IN this crisis I must hold my tongue, or I must speak with freedom. Falsehood and delusion are allowed in no case whatever; but, as in the exercise of all the virtues, there is an economy of truth. It is a sort of temperance, by which a man speaks truth with measure that he may speak it the longer. But as the same rules do not hold in all cases, what would be right for you, who may presume on a series of years before you, would have no sense for me, who cannot, without absurdity, count on six months of life. What I say, I must say at once. Whatever I write is in its nature testamentary. It may have the weakness, but it has the sincerity of a dying declaration. For the few days I have to linger here I am removed completely from the busy scene of the world; but I hold myself to be still responsible for everything that I have done whilst I continued on the place of action. If the rawest tyro in politics has been influenced by the authority of my grey hairs, and led by anything in my speeches or my writings, to enter on this war, he has a right to call upon me to know why I have changed my opinions, or why, when those I voted with have adopted better notions, I persevere in exploded error.

SENECA, *Epist.* lxxvii.
CICERO, *Philipp.* ii. § 118. xii. § 17, 24, 29, 30.

PART IV.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

THE CONDITION OF IMMORTALITY A SOURCE OF COMFORT RATHER THAN OF TERROR.

THE ancient and modern Epicureans provoke my indignation when they boast, as a mighty acquisition, their pretended certainty that the body and the soul die together. If they had this certainty, then, would the discovery be so very comfortable? When I consult my reason, I am ready to ask these men, as Tully asked their predecessors, where that old doating woman can be found who trembles at the "pit of Tophet" and the "fires of hell," and all the infernal hobgoblins, furies with their snakes and whips, devils with their cloven feet and lighted torches? Was there need of so much philosophy to keep these mighty geniuses from living under the same terrors? I would ask, further, is the mean between atheism and superstition so hard to find? Or, may not these men serve as examples to prove what Plutarch affirms, "that superstition leads to atheism"? For me, who am no philosopher, nor presume to walk out of the high road of plain common sense, but content myself to be governed by the dictates of nature, and am therefore in no danger of becoming atheistical, superstitious, or sceptical, I should have no difficulty which to choose, if the option was proposed to me, to exist after death, or to die whole, as it has been called. Be there two worlds, or be there twenty, the same God is the God of all, and wherever we are, we are equally in His power. Far from fearing my Creator, that all-perfect Being whom I adore, I should fear to be no longer His creature.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* i. § 10, 24, 36, 37, 48, 49, 118.
SENECA, *Epist.* iv. xxiv. JUVENAL, *Satir.* xiii. 49.
SENECA, *de Consolat. ad Marc.* c. 19.

MAN, ELEVATED ABOVE THE OTHER ANIMALS BY HIS CONSCIOUSNESS OF A GOD.

MAN was ever a creature separated from all others by his instinctive sense of an existence superior to his own, invariably manifesting this sense of the being of a God more strongly in proportion to his own perfectness of mind and body, and making enormous and self-denying efforts, in order to obtain some persuasion of the immediate presence or approval of the Divinity. So that, on the whole, the best things he did were done as in the presence or for the honour of his gods; and whether in statues, to help him to imagine them, or temples raised to their honour, or acts of self-sacrifice done in the hope of their love, he brought whatever was best and skilfullest in him into their service, and lived in a perpetual subjection to their unseen power. Also, he was always anxious to know something definite about them; and his chief books, songs, and pictures were filled with legends about them, or especially devoted to illustration of their lives and nature.

SENECA, *Epist.* xci. xcii. lxxiii. xli. *Benef.* vi. c. 23.
CICERO, *de Legibus*, i. § 22, 27, 59.

THE HUMAN SOUL—ITS CAPABILITY OF RELIGION A SIGN OF ITS HEAVENLY ORIGIN AND ITS IMMORTALITY.

BUT all these things are inconsiderable, and contribute but little to our present purpose, in respect of that our incomparable dignity, that results to the human mind from its being capable of religion, and having indelible characters thereof naturally stamped upon it. It acknowledges a God, and worships Him; it builds temples to His honour; it celebrates His never enough exalted majesty with sacrifices, prayers, and praises; depends upon His bounty; implores His aid; and so carries on a constant correspondence with heaven—and, which is a very strong proof of its being originally from heaven, it hopes at last to return to it. And truly, in my judgment, this previous impression and hope of immortality, and these earnest desires after it, are a very strong evidence of that immortality. These impressions, though in most men they lie overpowered and almost quite extinguished by the weight of their bodies, and an extravagant love to present enjoyment, yet now and then, in time of adversity, break forth and exert themselves, especially under the pressure of severe distempers, and at the approaches of death. But those whose minds are purified, and their thoughts habituated to divine things, with what constant and ardent wishes do they breathe after that blessed immortality! How often do their souls complain within them that they have dwelt so long in these earthly tabernacles! Like exiles, they earnestly wish, make interest, and struggle hard to regain their native country. Moreover, does not that noble neglect of the body and its senses, and that contempt of all the pleasures of the flesh, which these heavenly souls have attained, evidently show that, in a short time, they will be taken from hence, and that the body and soul are of a very different and almost contrary nature to one another;

that, therefore, the duration of the one depends not upon the other, but is quite of another kind; and that the soul, set at liberty from the body, is not only exempted from death, but, in some sense, then begins to live, and then first sees the light? Had we not this hope to support us, what ground should we have to lament our first nativity, which placed us in a life so short, so destitute of good, and so crowded with miseries—a life which we pass entirely in grasping phantoms of felicity, and suffering real calamities! So that, if there were not, beyond this, a life and happiness that more truly deserve their names, who can help seeing that, of all creatures, man would be the most miserable, and, of all men, the best would be the most unhappy?—*Leighton.*

CICERO, *de Finibus*, lib. ii. § 45, 46, 47. *De Leg.* lib. i. § 22-27. *Tusc. Disp.* i. § 118, 43, 44, 45, 46, 51, 56, 60, 66, 70-75, 93-99.

THE ARGUMENT OF DESIGN INHERENT IN FACTS.

THE argument of design is, that there is a certain construction which the facts of nature of themselves call for and necessitate, not admitting of any other, and the construction, namely, of design which attaches to visible arrangement, system, and adaptation. This construction, we say, "adheres to the facts," is cemented to them, and cannot be separated from them. That is our position. Look at the inside of an animal body. Is it not, as a matter of fact, a machine? Yes, the apparatus of organs, pipes, vessels, is a simple fact; design is the construction which we say cleaves to the fact. We have not gone to the clouds then for design; we have not invented the notion; we have not coined it; it has not been spun out of our brain; it has come to us out of plain, solid, external, material, tangible facts. It is stamped upon those facts. We have not sought it by speculation, but outward nature has forced it upon us. We have not first conceived the idea independently of nature, and nature got the impress from our fancy; but the idea has been got out of nature in the first instance, and we are only the recipients of it.—*Quarterly Review.*

CICERO, *de Natur. Deor.* ii. § 38, 87.

THE PROBABILITY OF THE RESURRECTION ARGUED FROM THE CONSTANT VICISSITUDE OF NATURE.

τοῦτο μὲν νιφοστιβεῖς
χειμῶνες ἐκχωροῦσιν εὐκάρπῳ θέρει·
ἐξίσταται δὲ νυκτὸς αἰανῆς κύκλος
τῇ λευκοπώλῳ φέγγος ἡμέρᾳ φλέγειν.

BESIDE the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night: this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter; the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre: when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive and grow and flourish: this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and being corrupted may revive and multiply;

our bodies are fed with this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by a succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to Himself?—*Pearson.*

Cicero, *de Nat. Deor.* lib. ii. § 83-85, 93-98.
Tusc. Quæst. lib. i. § 67-69, 117, 118.
Seneca, *de Beneficiis,* iv. c. 13.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, AS TAUGHT BY THE DRUIDS.

THE Druids were eminent above all the philosophic lawgivers of antiquity for their care in impressing the doctrine of the soul's immortality on the minds of their people, as an operative and leading principle. This doctrine was inculcated on the scheme of transmigration, which some imagine them to have derived from Pythagoras. But it is by no means necessary to resort to any particular teacher for an opinion which owes its birth to the weak struggles of unenlightened reason, and to mistakes natural to the human mind. The idea of the soul's immortality is indeed ancient, universal, and in a manner inherent in our nature, but it is not easy for a rude people to conceive any other mode of existence than one similar to what they had experienced in life, nor any other world as the scene of such an existence than this we inhabit, beyond the bounds of which the mind extends itself with great difficulty. Admiration, indeed, was able to exalt to heaven a few selected heroes; it did not seem absurd that those who in this mortal state had distinguished themselves as superior and overruling spirits, should after death ascend to that sphere which influences and governs everything below; or that the proper abode of beings, at once so illustrious and permanent, should be in that part of nature in which they had always observed the greatest splendour and the least mutation. But on ordinary occasions it was natural some should imagine that the dead retired into a remote country, separated from the living by seas and mountains.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* lib. i. § 27, 29, 30, 36.
CÆSAR, *de Bello Gallico*, vi. c. 14.

FALSE IDEAS OF A FUTURE STATE ARISING FROM A CONFUSION OF THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE DEAD BODY, AND THE SURVIVING SOUL.

IT was natural that some should follow their imagination with a simplicity still purer, and pursue the souls of men no further than the sepulchres in which their bodies had been deposited; whilst others, of deeper penetration, observing that bodies worn out by age or destroyed by accidents still afforded the materials for generating new ones, concluded likewise that a soul being dislodged did not wholly perish, but was destined by a similar revolution in nature to act again, and to animate some other body. This last principle gave rise to the doctrine of transmigration; but we must not presume, of course, that where it prevailed it excluded the other opinions; for it is not remote from the usual procedure of the human mind blending in obscure matters imagination and reasoning together, to unite ideas the most inconsistent. When Homer represents the ghosts of his heroes appearing at the sacrifice of Ulysses, he supposes them endued with life, sensation, and capacity of moving, but he has joined to these powers of living existence—uncomeliness, want of strength, want of distinction—the characteristics of a dead carcase. This is what the mind is apt to do, namely, to confound the ideas of the surviving soul and the dead body. The vulgar have always and still do confound these irreconcilable ideas. They lay the scene of apparitions in churchyards, they habit the ghost in a shroud, and it appears in all the ghastly paleness of a corpse. A contradiction of this kind has given rise to a doubt whether the Druids did in reality hold the doctrine of transmigration.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* i. § 26-38. SENECA, *Epistol.* xcii.

EMOTIONS RAISED BY CONTEMPLATING THE DEATH OF GREAT AND EXCELLENT MEN.

THERE is a sort of delight, which is alternately mixed with terror and sorrow, in the contemplation of death. The soul has its curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its thoughts upon the conduct of such as have behaved themselves with an equal, a resigned, a cheerful, a generous, or heroic temper in that extremity. We are affected with these respective manners of behaviour as we secretly believe the part of the dying person imitable by ourselves, or such as we imagine ourselves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted minds march before us like princes, and are to the ordinary race of mankind rather subjects of their admiration than example. However, there are no ideas strike more forcibly upon our imagination than those which are raised from reflections upon the exits of great and excellent men. Innocent men, who have suffered as criminals, though they were benefactors to human society, seem to be persons of the highest distinction among the vastly greater number of human race, the dead. When the iniquity of the times brought Socrates to his execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by anything but the testimony of his own conscience and conjectures of hereafter, receive the poison with an air of warmth and good humour, and, as if going on an agreeable journey, bespeak some deity to make it fortunate.—*Spectator.*

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* lib. i. § 116, *sqq.* iii. § 71.
SENECA, *Epist.* xxiv. lxx.

SYMPATHY WITH THE DEAD.

WE sympathize even with the dead, and, overlooking what is of real importance in their situation, that awful futurity on which they have entered, we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun, to be shut out from life and conversation, to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption and the reptiles of the earth, to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated in a little time from the affections, and almost from the memory of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feelings seems due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgot by everybody; and by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially, to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that what alleviates all other distress, the regret, the love, and the lamentations of their friends, can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate our sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly is affected by none of these circumstances, nor is it the thought of these things which can disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy, which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining to the change which has passed upon them, our own consciousness of that change, from our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimate bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotion in this case.'

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* lib. i. § 30, 36-38, 48, 49, 75, 88, 90-92, 107.
SENECA, *de Consolat. ad Marc.* c. 19.

CICERO ON THE NATURE OF THE SOUL, THAT IT IS IMMORTAL.

HE held likewise the immortality of the soul, and its separate existence after death in a state of happiness or misery. This he inferred from that ardent thirst of immortality, which was always the most conspicuous in the best and most exalted minds, from which the truest specimen of their nature must needs be drawn; from its unmixed and indivisible essence, which had nothing separable or perishable in it; from its wonderful powers and faculties; its principle of self-motion; its memory, invention, wit, comprehension, which were all incompatible with sluggish matter. The Stoics fancied that the soul was a subtilized, fiery substance, which survived the body after death, and subsisted a long time, yet not eternally, but was to perish at last in the general conflagration; in which they allowed, as Cicero says, the only thing that was hard to conceive, its separable existence from the body, yet denied what was not only easy to imagine, but a consequence of the other, its eternal duration. Aristotle taught, that besides the four elements of the material world, whence all other things were supposed to draw their being, there was a fifth essence or nature, peculiar to God and the soul, which had nothing in it that was common to any of the rest. This opinion Cicero followed, and illustrated with his usual perspicuity in the following passage. The origin of the human soul, says he, is not to be found anywhere on earth; there is nothing mixed, concrete, or earthly—nothing of water, air, or fire in it. For these natures are not susceptible of memory, intelligence, or thought; have nothing that can retain the past, foresee the future, lay hold on the present; which faculties are purely Divine, and could not possibly be derived to man except from God. The nature of the soul therefore is of a singular kind, distinct from these known and obvious natures; and whatever it be that feels and tastes, that lives and moves in us, it must be heavenly and divine, and for that reason eternal. Nor is God indeed Himself, whose existence we may clearly discover, to be comprehended by us in any other manner but as a free and pure mind, clear from all mortal concretion, observing and moving all things, and endued with an eternal principle of self-motion. Of this kind, and of the same nature, is the human soul.—*Middleton.*

CICERO, *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. i. § 31-66.

SUPERIORITY OF THE HUMAN MIND OVER THAT OF THE OTHER ANIMALS, CHIEFLY SHOWN IN ITS SENSE OF A GOD.

NOTHING is more evident than that, besides life, and sense, and animal spirits, which he has in common with the brutes, there is in man something, more exalted, more pure, and that more nearly approaches to Divinity. God has given to the former a sensitive soul, but to us a mind also; and, to speak distinctly, that spirit which is peculiar to man, and whereby he is raised above all other animals, ought to be called mind rather than soul. Be this as it may, it is hardly possible to say how vastly the human mind excels the other with regard to its wonderful powers, and next to them, with respect to its works, desires, and inventions; for it performs such great and wonderful things, that the brutes, even those of the greatest sagacity, can neither imitate nor at all understand, much less invent. Nay, man, though he is much less in bulk, and inferior in strength to the greatest part of them, yet, as lord and king of them all, he can by surprising means, bend and apply the strength and industry of all the other creatures, the virtues of all herbs and plants, and, in a word, all the parts and powers of this visible world, to the convenience and accommodation of his own life. He also builds cities, erects commonwealths, makes laws, conducts armies, fits out fleets, measures not only the earth but the heavens also, and investigates the motions of the stars. He foretells eclipses many years before they happen, and with very little difficulty sends his thoughts to a great distance, bids them visit the remotest cities and countries, mount above the sun and the stars, and even the heavens themselves.

JUVENAL, *Sat.* xv. 142. HORAT. *Ars. Poet.* 391-399.
CICERO, *de Finibus*, lib. v. § 41, 42, 43.
De Nat. Deor. lib. ii. § 140, 147-159. *De Invent.* lib. i. § 2.

FACULTIES IN MAN WHICH POINT TO A BETTER LIFE TO COME.

I BELIEVE since my coming into this world my soul hath formed or produced certain faculties, which are almost as useless for this life as the above-named senses, seeing, hearing, and the rest, were for the mother's womb; and these faculties are hope, faith, love, and joy, since they never rest upon any transitory object in this world, but extend themselves to something further than can be here given, and, indeed, acquiesce only in the perfect, eternal, and infinite. I confess they are of some use here, yet I appeal to everybody whether any worldly felicity did so satisfy their hope here, that they did not wish and hope for something more excellent; or whether they had ever such faith in their own wisdom, or in the help of man, that they were not constrained to have recourse to some diviner and superior power than they could find on earth, to relieve them in their danger or necessity; whether they could place their love on any earthly beauty, that it did not fade and wither, if not frustrate or deceive them. Or whether their joy was ever so consummate in anything they delighted in, that they did not want much more than it, or indeed this world can afford, to make them happy. The proper object of these faculties, therefore, though framed in this world, is God only, upon whom faith, hope, and love were never placed in vain, or remained long unrequited.—*Lord Cherbury.*

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* i. § 45, 46, 56-66.
De Legibus, lib. i. § 60, 61, 62. SENECA, *Epist.* cxx.

CICERO'S OPINIONS IN REGARD TO THE TRUE, THE PROBABLE, AND THE METHOD OF FORMING A JUDGMENT IN MATTERS OF PHILOSOPHY.

WE are not of that sort, says he, whose mind is perpetually wandering in error, without any particular end or object of its pursuit; for what would such a mind, or such a life indeed be worth which had no determinate rule or method of thinking and acting? But the difference between us and the rest is, that, whereas they call some things certain, and others uncertain, we call the one probable, the other improbable. For what reason, then, should not I pursue the probable, reject the contrary, and declining the arrogance of affirming, avoid the imputation of rashness, which of all things is the farthest removed from wisdom? Again, we do not pretend to say that there is no such thing as truth, but that all truths have some falsehood annexed to them, of so near a resemblance and similitude as to afford no certain note of distinction whereby to determine our judgment and assent; whence it follows also of course that there are many things probable, which, though not perfectly comprehended, yet on account of their attractive and specious appearance are sufficient to govern the life of a wise man. In another place, There is no difference, says he, between us and those who pretend to know things, but that they never doubt of the truth of what they maintain; whereas we have many probabilities which we readily embrace, but dare not affirm. By this we preserve our judgment free and unprejudiced, and are under no necessity of defending what is prescribed and enjoined to us; whereas, in other sects, men are tied down to certain doctrines, before they are capable of judging what is the best; and in the most infirm part of their life, drawn either by the authority of a friend, or charmed with the first master whom they happen to hear, they form a judgment of things unknown to them; and to whatever school they chance to be driven by the tide, cleave to it as fast as the oyster to the rock.—*Middleton.*

CICERO, *Acad. Quæst.* lib. iv. § 38, 66, 99, 125, 126.
Tusc. Quæst. lib. i. § 17. ii. § 5, 9.

THE MORAL TEACHING OF LUCRETIUS.

THE practical use of philosophy, according to Lucretius, is, first, to inspire confidence in the room of an ignorant and superstitious fear of the course of nature; and, second, to show what human nature really needs, and so to clear the heart from all artificial desires and passions. A mind free from error, and a heart neither incapable of natural enjoyment, nor vitiated by false appetite, are the objects which man needs, and which it is in the power of philosophy to bestow. It is knowledge which must enable us to overcome the natural fear of the gods and of death, and also the passions of our own heart. Superstition and the fear of death are the most deeply seated of evils. They infect the whole human race; they are the secret parents of the most destructive modes of passion and desire.

The other passions which had assumed the largest dimensions, and dominated over human happiness in the age of Lucretius, were ambition and the lust of wealth. In the opening lines of the second book, the strife of ambition, the revelries of rank and intellect, are contrasted with the serene light of philosophy, as darkness, error, and danger with light, certainty, and peace. To be the master of armies and of navies, or to be clothed in gold and purple, gives not that exemption from the real terrors and anxieties of life which the power of reason only can bestow. The desire of power and station leads to the shame and misery of baffled hopes, of which the toil of Sisyphus is the type, and also to the guilt which deluges the world in blood, and violates the most sacred ties of nature. While to fail is degradation, to succeed is often the prelude to the most sudden downfall. Weary with bloodshed, and with forcing their way up the hostile and narrow road of ambition, they reach the summit of their hopes only to be hurled down by envy as by a thunderbolt. Men are slaves to ambition, merely because they cannot distinguish the true from the false; because they cannot judge of things as they really are, apart from the estimate which the world puts upon them—*Sellar.*

Lucretius, *de Nat. Rerum*, lib. vi. 20. ii. 48. iii. 70. v. 1131. 1133. 1125.

Cicero, *de Finibus*, lib. i. § 57-60. *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. v. § 5, 6.

ASTRONOMY—A SCIENCE THAT ELEVATES AND STRENGTHENS THE HUMAN MIND.

THE wisest and greatest of men, both amongst the ancients and moderns, have confessed themselves charmed with the beauties of this science. To contemplate the grand spectacle of the heavens has ever been considered as the noblest privilege of our nature. For it is here that we discover the wonders of the Deity, and see His wisdom in the works of creation. Nor is there any knowledge, attained by the light of nature, that gives us juster ideas of this great Being, or furnishes us with stronger arguments by which to demonstrate His existence and attributes. "The heavens," as the Psalmist observes, "declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handy-work; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge; and there is no speech or language where their voice is not heard." Thus astronomy is not only valuable, as it affords us such exalted ideas of God and His works; but it also improves the mind, and increases the force and penetration of the human understanding. For, by means of this science, we are taught to discover the spring and fountain of all the celestial motions; to follow the footsteps of the Creator through the immense regions of His empire; and to trace the secret cause by which He regulates the great machine of the universe. Were a knowledge of this kind attended with no other advantage, it has rendered essential service to humanity, by dissipating our superstitious opinions and vain fears. Man is naturally timid, and terrified at dangers which he cannot foresee. Before he is familiarized with nature, he suspects her constancy, and regards many of her operations with dread and apprehension. The regular and invariable order of things will at length inspire him with confidence; but still there are some singular phenomena, which appear as alarming exceptions to the general rule.

CICERO, *de Senectute*, § 51. *De Divin.* lib. i. § 1-3.
De Nat. Deor. lib. ii. § 43, 44, 50-59, 102-104.

MAN ALONE OF THE ANIMALS ENDOWED WITH THE FACULTY OF PROGRESS.

MOREOVER, brutes differ from men in this: that they cannot invent, cannot progress. They remain in the use of those faculties and methods which nature gave them at their birth. They are endowed by the law of their being with certain weapons of defence, and they do not improve on them. They have food, raiment and dwelling ready at command. They need no arrow or noose to catch their prey, nor kitchen to dress it; no garment to wrap round them, nor roof to shelter them. Their claws, their teeth, their viscera, are their butcher and their cook; and their fur is their wardrobe. The cave or the jungle is their home; or if they are to exercise some architectural craft, they have not to learn it. But man comes into the world with the capabilities rather than with the means and appliances of life. He begins with a small capital, but one which admits of indefinite improvement. He is in his very idea a creature of progress. He starts the inferior of the brute animals, but he surpasses them in the long-run; he subjects them to himself, and he goes forward on a career which at least hitherto has not found its limit.

CICERO, *de Finibus*, lib. ii. § 45, *sqq.* lib. v. § 42, 43, 58, 59.
SENECA, *de Irâ.* i. c. 3. *Epist.* cxxiv.

MAN'S LACK OF GRATITUDE FOR THE COMMON BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

ONE great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of the Creator is the very extensiveness of His bounty. We prize but little what we share in common with the rest, or with the generality of our species. When we hear of blessings, we think forthwith of successes, of prosperous fortunes, of honours, riches, preferments, *i.e.*, of those advantages and superiorities over others, which we happen either to possess, or to be in pursuit of, or to covet. The common benefits of our nature entirely escape us. Yet these are the great things. These constitute what most properly ought to be accounted blessings of Providence; what alone, if we might so speak, are worthy of its care. Nightly rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs, and senses, and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other. Yet, because almost every man we meet possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration. They raise no sentiment; they move no gratitude. Now herein is our judgment perverted by our selfishness. A blessing ought in truth to be the more satisfactory, the bounty at least of the donor is rendered more conspicuous by its very diffusion, its commonness, its cheapness, by its falling to the lot, and forming the happiness, of the great bulk and body of our species, as well as of ourselves. Nay, even when we do not possess it, it ought to be the matter for thankfulness that others do. But we have a different way of thinking. We court distinction. That is not the worst: we see nothing but what has distinction to recommend it. This necessarily contracts our views of the Creator's beneficence within a narrow compass; and most unjustly. It is in those things which are so common as to be no distinction, that the amplitude of the Divine benignity is perceived.—*Paley.*

Cicero, *de Nat. Deor.* lib. ii. § 96, 131-133.
Seneca, *de Benef.* lib. iv. c. 4, *sqq.*

THAT MAN IS BUT A LINK IN THE CHAIN OF BEING: AND THAT THE UNIVERSE PROBABLY CONTAINS AS MANY SPECIES ABOVE MAN AS BELOW HIM.

THAT there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence, that in all the visible corporeal world we see no chasms, no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region; and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is cold as fishes', and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near of kin, both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both; amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together; seals live on land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids and sea-men. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined; that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them; and so on till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find everywhere that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us toward His infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward; which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more species of creatures above us than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct species we have no clear ideas.

CICERO, *de Nat. Deor.* lib. ii. § 33-39, 115, 120-130.
SENECA, *Nat. Quæst.* vi. c. 16.

ABSENCE OF SYMPATHY IN THE LOWER ANIMALS.

THOUGH the lower animals have feeling, they have no fellow-feeling. Have I not seen the horse enjoy his feed of corn, when his yoke-fellow lay dying in the neighbouring stall, and never turn an eye of pity on the sufferer? They have strong passions, but no sympathy. It is said that the wounded deer sheds tears; but it belongs to man only to "weep with them that weep," and by sympathy to divide each other's sorrows, and double each other's joys. When thunder, following the dazzling flash, has burst among our hills; when the horn of the Switzer has rung in his glorious valleys; when the boatman has shouted from the bosom of a rock-girt loch; wonderful were the echoes I have heard them make: but there is no echo so fine or wonderful as that which, in the sympathy of human hearts, repeats the cry of another's sorrow, and makes me feel his pain almost as if it were my own.

SENECA, *Epist.* cxxi. xcv.
CICERO, *de Officiis*, lib. i. § 21. lib. iii. § 22, 23, 29, 30.
JUVENAL, *Sat.* xv. 131, *usque ad finem.* PLINY, vii. c. 1.
OVID, *Metam.* i. 84.

THE CREDIBILITY OF PROPHECY MAINTAINED.

IT is the prerogative of God alone, or of those who are commissioned by Him, certainly to foretell future events: and the consequence is so plain and necessary, from the believing of prophecies to the believing of revelation, that an infidel hath no way of evading the conclusion but by denying the premises. But why should it be thought at all incredible for God upon special occasions to foretell future events? or how could a Divine revelation (only supposing that there was a Divine revelation) be better attested and confirmed than by prophecy? It is certain that God hath perfect and exact knowledge of futurity, and foresees all things to come as well as comprehends everything past and present. It is certain, too, that as He knoweth them perfectly himself, so He may reveal them to others in what degrees and proportions He pleaseth; and that He actually hath revealed them in several instances, no man can deny, who compares the several prophecies of Scripture with the events fulfilling the same.

But so many ages have past since the spirit of prophecy hath ceased in the world, that many persons are apt to imagine that no such thing ever existed, and that what we call predictions are only histories written, after the events had happened, in a prophetic style and manner: which is easily said indeed, but hath never been proved, nor is there one tolerable argument to prove it. On the contrary, there are all the proofs and authorities, which can be had in cases of this nature, that the prophet prophesied in such and such ages; and you have as much reason to believe these as you have to believe any ancient matter of fact whatever; and by the same rule that you deny these, you might as well deny the credibility of all ancient history.—*Bishop Newton.*

CICERO, *de Divin.* lib. i. § 2, 10, 34, 35, 37, 82, 117, 125.
lib. ii. § 101, *sqq.*

THE BELIEF IN THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY, ALTHOUGH MIXED WITH SUPERSTITION, A SOURCE OF GREATNESS IN THE ROMAN CHARACTER.

THERE were in these quarters of the world, 1,600 years ago, certain speculative men, whose authority disposed the whole religion of those times. By their means it became a received opinion, that the souls of men departing this life do flit out of one body into some other: which opinion, though false, yet entwined with a true, that the souls of men do never perish, abated the fear of death in them which were so resolved, and gave them courage unto all adventures. The Romans had a vain superstitious custom in most of their enterprises, to conjecture beforehand of the event by certain tokens which they noted in birds, or in the entrails of beasts, or by other the like frivolous divinations. From whence notwithstanding, as often as they could receive any sign, which they took to be favourable, it gave them such hope, as if their gods had made them more than half a promise of prosperous success. Which many times was the greatest cause that they did prevail, especially being men of their own natural inclination, hopeful and strongly conceited, whatsoever they took in hand. But could their fond superstition have furthered so great attempts, without the mixture of a true persuasion concerning the irresistible force of Divine power?

CICERO, *de Divin.* lib. i. § 11, 12, 95. lib. ii. § 28, 148.
Tusc. Quæst. lib. i. § 27.

THE MOTION AND INFLUENCE OF THE SUN AND STARS BEAR WITNESS TO THE POWER, WISDOM, AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

LET the observer of nature consider the rising sun, about to dispense his varied bounties. The sphere of human labour and happiness is lighted up by its beams; everything that lives and moves feels and exhibits its genial influence. When he learns that these daily gifts are repeated in every part of the globe, under every variety of climate, and every vicissitude of season, his mind is impressed with the conviction that the great luminary was intended to dispense these multifarious benefits to man. He discovers the evidence of power in the nicely poised orbs of the sun and planets, whether moving or at rest in the ethereal world; he perceives the evidence of wisdom in the nice adaptation of the means to accomplish these beneficent ends; and he feels and witnesses around him an universal feeling that the ends thus effected are full of goodness. From such evidence as this, his very nature compels him to conclude, that where power has been exerted, there must have been a Being that is powerful;—where wisdom has been displayed, a Being that is wise;—and where goodness has been diffused, a Being that is good.—*Addison.*

Cicero, *de Nat. Deor.* lib. ii. § 15-20, 49-58, 75. *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. i. § 67-70. **Seneca**, *de Beneficiis*, iv. c. 23.

THE FABRIC OF THE WORLD.—THE FIRMAMENT AND THE STARS PROCLAIM THEMSELVES THE WORK OF AN INFINITE ARCHITECT.

IN order to prove to any one the grandness of this fabric of the world, one needs only to bid him consider the sun, with that insupportable glory and lustre that surrounds it; to demonstrate the vast distance, magnitude, and heat of it; to represent to him the courses of planets, moving periodically by uniform laws in their several orbits around it, affording a regular variety of aspect, guarded some of them by secondary planets, and as it were emulating the state of the sun, and probably all possessed by proper inhabitants; to remind him of those surprising visits the comets make us, the large train or uncommon splendour which attends them, the far country they come from, and the curiosity and horror they excite not only among us, but in the inhabitants of other planets, who also may be up to see the entry and progress of these ministers of state; to direct his eye and contemplation through those azure fields and vast regions above him, up to the fixed stars, that radiant, numberless host of heaven, and to make him understand how unlikely a thing it is that they should be placed there only to adorn and bespangle a canopy over our heads (though that would be a great piece of magnificence too), and much less to supply the places of so many glow-worms, by affording a feeble light to our earth, or even to all our fellow-planets; to convince him that they are rather so many other suns, with their several regions and sets of planets about them; to show him, by the help of glasses, still more and more of these fixed lights; to beget in him an apprehension of their unaccountable numbers, and of those immense spaces that lie retired beyond our utmost reach, and even imagination—I say one needs but to do this, and explain to him such things as are now known almost to everybody, and by it to show that if the world be not infinite, it is *infinito similis*, and therefore sure a magnificent structure, and the work of an infinite Architect.

CICERO, *de Nat. Deor*. lib. ii. § 15-20, 49-58, 75.
SENECA, *de Beneficiis*, iv. c. 23.

DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING THE BELIEF IN A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

ON the other hand, if, leaving the works of nature, we trace the footsteps of invisible power in the various and contrary events of human life, we are necessarily led into Polytheism, and the acknowledgment of several limited and imperfect deities. Storms and tempests ruin what is nurtured by the sun. The sun destroys what is fostered by the moisture of dews and rains. War may be favourable to a nation whom the inclemency of the seasons afflicts with famine. Sickness and pestilence may depopulate a kingdom amid the most profuse plenty. The same nation is not at the same time equally successful by sea and by land. And a nation which now triumphs over its enemies may anon submit to their more prosperous arms. In short, the conduct of events, or what we call the plan of a particular providence, is so full of variety and uncertainty, that if we suppose it immediately ordered by any intelligent beings we must acknowledge a contrariety in their designs and intentions, a constant combat of opposite powers, and a repentance or change of intention in the same power from impotence or levity. Each nation has its tutelar deity. Each climate is subjected to its invisible power or agent. The province of each god is separate from that of another. Nor are the operations of the same god always certain and invariable. To-day he protects, to-morrow he abandons us. Prayers and sacrifices, rites and ceremonies, well or ill performed, are the sources of his favour or enmity, and produce all the good or ill fortune which are to be found amongst mankind.

Cicero, *de Nat. Deor.* lib. iii. § 65, 79, 80, 86, 87, 92.
Seneca, *de Beneficiis*, iv. c. 4.

CHARACTER OF MINERVA AND THE GODS IN HOMER. THEIR ATTRIBUTES LOWER THAN HUMAN.

THE Pallas Athene, like other Olympians, is more properly infra-human than super-human, in spite of the wondrous moral energy which moves in it. It must be so: a human being, with far-reaching plans, and means ready for every end, with restraint removed and powers vastly enhanced, becomes degraded by the loss of equilibrium so caused. Thus on Olympus the morals are on the whole impure, the sentiments paltry, the motives ordinary—mostly mere selfishness. For lofty character we must look below Olympus; but given the condition of beings with almost nothing to hope or fear, free from change or death, or wane, and with nothing to aspire to, and the resulting character is such as Homer gives us. It was perhaps a more astounding triumph of genius to succeed under these conditions than to draw the highest type of man as imagined from experience. And, on the whole, as her great march of action in the Odyssey corresponds with the relief of the sufferings of the hero, and as she thus borrows something of moral radiance from him, the rigid harshness of her ethical character is mitigated. . . . We note her indignation at wrong, and her championship of the right, but she has little hearty sense of sympathy with right as such. Her character is without tenderness or tie of any sort; it never owns obligation, it never feels pain or privation, it is pitiless, with no gross appetites—even that of sacrifice, conventionally necessary to a god, is minimized in it—its activity is busy and restless, its partisanship unscrupulous, its policy astute, and dissimulation profound. It is keenly satirical, crafty, bantering, whispering base motives of the good, not "afraid to speak evil of dignities," beating down the strong, mocking the weak, and exulting in her own easy superiority over them, heartless as regards deep and tender affection, yet staunch to a comrade, touched by a sense of liking for its like, of admiration for its own faculties reflected, of truth to its party, ready to prompt and back its friend through every hazard—the divinity of human society.

CICERO, *de Nat. Deor.* lib. i. § 102. iii. § 38.

HOMER'S GODS INFERIOR TO MEN IN PROWESS, BEAUTY, AND INTELLECT.

IT was clearly the opinion of Homer's age that in a fair fight the gods might have been found liable to defeat. The gods, again, were generally beautiful; but not more so than the *élite* of mankind; else why did these gods, both male and female, continually persecute our race with their odious love? which love, be it observed, uniformly brought ruin upon its objects. Intellectually the gods were undoubtedly below men. They pretended to no great works in philosophy, in legislation, or in the fine arts. Except only that as to one of these arts, namely, poetry, a single god vaunted himself greatly in simple ages. But he attempted neither a tragedy nor an epic poem. Even in what he did attempt it is not worth while to follow his career. His literary fate was what might have been expected. After the Persian war the reputation of his verses rapidly decayed. Wits arose in Athens, who laughed so furiously at his style and his metre in the Delphic oracles, that at length some echoes of their scoffing began to reach Delphi, upon which the god and his inspired ministers became sulky, and finally took refuge in prose, as the only shelter they could think of, from the caustic venom of Athenian malice.

CICERO, *de Nat. Deor.* i. § 46, *sqq.* § 78, *sqq.* § 94. iii. § 43, *sqq.* 64. iii. § 38.

DEATH OF THE PAGAN GOD PAN, COINCIDENT WITH THE COMMENCEMENT OF CHRIST'S MINISTRY.

IN the reign of Tiberius, an extraordinary thing happened to some mariners in the Ionian sea. They were cruising at daybreak among the islands of the Echinades, at the mouth of the river Achelous, which falls into the Corinthian Gulf. As the sun rose and touched with his first light the waves of the Archipelago and the myrtle hillocks of the little islands, they heard a marvellous voice, like softened thunder, pass over them, and die away to the mainland among the Ætolian mountains. "Pan is dead," it said, and then a sighing wind followed the voice, and the frightened sailors hastened ashore to narrate what they had heard. If it could be true at all, it must indeed have terrified Greek seamen beyond measure; and however that may be, the report certainly travelled as far as the Roman court, where Tiberius took it to be authentic, and consulted the soothsayers, who cut open a great many beasts, and pored over the books without making anything out of the affair. Tradition, which has given us the strange tale, explains it by averring that on that morning Christ commenced His teaching, and the narrative ever since has held its place in the memory of men, and will not be forgotten.

CICERO, *de Divin.* lib. i. § 101-104.

THAT DEATH IS ALWAYS NEAR AT EVERY STAGE OF LIFE.

WE have lived so many years, and every day and every minute we make an escape from thousands of dangers and deaths that encompass us round about, and such escapings we must reckon to be an extraordinary fortune, and therefore that it cannot last long. Vain are the thoughts of man, who when he is young or healthful thinks he hath a long thread of life to run over, and that it is violent and strange for young persons to die, and natural and proper only for the aged. It is as natural for a man to die by drowning as by a fever; and what greater violence or more unnatural thing is it, that the horse threw his rider into the river, than that a drinking-bout cast him into a fever? And the strengths of youth are as soon broken by the strong sicknesses of youth, and the stronger intemperance, as the weakness of old age by a cough, or an asthma, or a continual rheum. Nay, it is more natural for young men and women to die than for old; because that is more natural that hath more natural causes, and that is more natural which is most common: but to die of old age is an extreme rare thing: and there are more persons carried forth to burial before the five and thirtieth year of their age than after it. And therefore let no vain confidence make you hope for long life; if you have lived but little, and are still in youth, remember that now you are in your biggest throng of dangers both of body and soul; and the proper sins of youth, to which they rush without consideration, are also the proper and immediate instruments of death.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* i. § 91, *sqq.* 119. SENECA, *de Providentiâ*, c. 6. *Epist.* xii. lxvi.

EXTREME CREDULITY AND FOLLY OF THOSE WHO ATTRIBUTE THE CREATION OF MAN TO THE FORTUITOUS CONCOURSE OF ATOMS.

BUT if they will still be meddling with atoms, be hammering and squeezing understanding out of them, I would advise them to make use of their own understanding for the instance. Nothing in my opinion could run us down more effectually than that; for we readily allow that if any understanding can possibly be produced by such clashing of senseless atoms, 'tis that of an Atheist that hath the fairest pretensions and the best title to it. We know it is "the fool that hath said in his heart, There is no God." And 'tis no less a truth than a paradox that there are no greater fools than atheistical wits, and none so credulous as infidels. No article of religion, though as demonstrable as the nature of the thing can admit, hath credibility enough for them. And yet these same cautious and quick-sighted gentlemen can wink and swallow down this sottish opinion about percipient atoms, which exceeds in incredibility all the fictions of Æsop's Fables. For is it not every whit as likely or more that cocks and bulls might discourse, and hinds and panthers hold conferences about religion, as that atoms can do so? that atoms can invent arts and sciences, can institute society and government, can make leagues and confederacies, can devise methods of peace and stratagems of war? Can any credulity be comparable with this? If a man should affirm that an ape, casually meeting with pen, ink and paper, and falling to scribble, did happen to write exactly the *Leviathan* of Thomas Hobbes, would an Atheist believe such a story? And yet he can easily digest as incredible as that; that the innumerable members of a human body, which may admit of almost infinite variations and transpositions above the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, were at first fortuitously scribbled and by mere accident compacted into this beautiful and noble and most wonderfully useful frame, which we now see it carry. —*Bentley.*

CICERO, *de Fin.* lib. i. § 17, *sqq.* ii. § 113, *sqq. ad finem.* § 26-36. *De Nat. Deor.* lib. i. § 67, 68, 91. lib. ii. § 93.

THE BEAUTY, REGULARITY, AND BENEFICENT OPERATION OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES, PROVE THE EXISTENCE OF A CONTROLLING GOD.

BUT if we lift our eyes and minds towards heaven, there in a larger volume and in a brighter character we shall behold the testimonies of perfection and majesty stupendous described: as our eyes are dazzled with the radiant light coming thence, so must the vast amplitude, the stately beauty, the decent order, the steady course, the beneficial efficacy of those glorious lamps, astonish our minds, fixing their attention upon them. He that shall, I say, consider with what precise regularity and what perfect constancy those (beyond our imagination) vast bodies perform their rapid motions, what pleasure, comfort, and advantage their light and heat do yield us, how their kindly influences conduce to the general preservation of all things here below, impregnating the womb of this cold and dull lump of earth with various sorts of life, with strange degrees of activity, how necessary or how convenient at least the certain recourses of seasons made by them are: how can we but wonder, and wondering adore that transcendency of beneficent wisdom and power, which first disposed them into, which still preserves them in such a state and order? That all of them should be so regulated, as for so many ages together (even through all memories of time) to persist in the same posture, to retain the same appearances; not to alter discernibly in magnitude, in shape, in situation, in distance each from other; but to abide fixed as it were in their unfixedness, and steady in their restless motions; not to vary at all sensibly in the time of their revolution (so that no one year was ever observed to differ in an hour, or one day in a minute from another) doth it not argue a constant will directing them and a mighty hand upholding them?—*Barrow.*

CICERO, *de Nat. Deor.* lib. ii. § 15-20, 49-58, 75, 93-115.
SENECA, *de Beneficiis*, iv. c. 23.

THE EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY BASED ON A LOW STANDARD OF HUMAN NATURE.

BUT as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans depressed it too low; as those raised it to the heroic, these debased it to the brutal state; they held pleasure to be the chief good of man, death the extinction of his being, and placed their happiness consequently in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life; esteeming virtue on no other account than as it was a handmaid to pleasure, and helped to insure the possession of it, by preserving health and conciliating friends. Their wise man, therefore, had no other duty but to provide for his own ease; to decline all struggles; to retire from public affairs and to imitate the life of their gods, by passing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose, in the midst of rural shades and pleasant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed; he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society—great parts, learning, judgment, candour, benevolence, generosity; the same love of his country, and the same sentiments in politics with Cicero.

CICERO, *de Officiis*, lib. iii. § 116. *De Natura Deorum*, i. § 49. *De Finibus*, lib. i. § 55-65. SENECA, *Epist.* lxvi. xlv. xlvi.

THE ANCIENT ORACLES EXPOUNDERS OF MORAL SENTIMENTS RATHER THAN FORETELLERS OF EVENTS.

BRIEFLY, the Oracles went out—lamp after lamp—as we see oftentimes in some festal illumination that one glass globe of light capriciously outlives its neighbour. Or they might be described as melting away like snow on the gradual return of vernal breezes. Large drifts vanish in a few hours; but patches here and there, lurking in the angles of high mountainous grounds, linger on into summer. Yet, whatever might have been their distinctions or their advantages on collation with each other, none of the ancients ever appear to have considered their pretensions to divination or prescience (whether by the reading of signs, as in the flight of birds, in the entrails of sacrificial victims—or, again, in direct spiritual prevision) as forming any conspicuous feature of their ordinary duties. Accordingly, when Cato in the Pharsalia is advised by Labienus to seek the counsel of Jupiter Ammon, whose sequestered oracle was then near enough to be reached without much extra trouble, he replies by a fine abstract of what might be expected from an oracle; not predictions, but grand sentiments bearing on the wisdom of life. These representative sentiments, as shaped by Lucan, are fine and noble; we might expect it from a poet so truly Roman. But he dismisses these oracular sayings as superfluous, because already familiar to meditative men.

CICERO, *de Divin.* lib. i. § 34, 88, *sqq.* lib. ii. 77, 78, 115, 116, 117. LUCAN, *Pharsal.* ix. 548. SENECA, *Epist.* xciv.

NATIONAL RELIGION FOSTERED BY ANCIENT STATESMEN AS AN ENGINE OF CIVILIZATION AND GOOD GOVERNMENT.

THE ancient statesmen well knew the advantages resulting from a union of civil and ecclesiastic authority, and the philosophers, who were commonly themselves magistrates, senators, and priests, watched over the interests of the establishment with anxious care, although perfectly convinced of the fallacy of its doctrines. Its festivals tended to humanize the people; fear of the avenging gods protected the sacramental oath; and the control over divination was a very convenient instrument in the hands of governors. The emperor, moreover, was the supreme pontiff; the principal senators formed the priesthood, and filled the college of augurs. Together with these interested motives were associated more amiable prejudices. Every noble family felt that the gods of Paganism had been the gods of their fathers, who had for ages worshipped them with honest devotion. In old times had their beloved city been founded under the imaginary protection of these sacred divinities, and under their guidance Roman heroes had fought, Roman armies conquered, and Rome herself become Mistress of the World. Wherever a noble Roman turned his eyes, a beautiful temple raised its columns; whatever grove or stream he visited, the presiding deities, the Naïads of the fountain, or the Dryads of the wood, animated the scene with ideal life, and filled the mind with the recollections of the most pleasing passages of national poetry. Pagan mythology was interwoven with the eloquence of the orator, the narrative of the historian, the fictions of the poet—it shaped the actions of domestic life, and was inlaid with the language of common discourse.

CICERO, *de Divin.* lib. i. § 3-95, 97. lib. ii. § 148, 149.
De Legibus, ii. § 26, 30. LIVY, xxxvii. c. 8.

THE PROMINENCE GIVEN BY LIVY TO PRODIGIES THE RESULT NOT OF SUPERSTITION, BUT OF AN APPRECIATION OF THEIR POLITICAL IMPORTANCE.

THE belief that Livy is a credulous and superstitious writer appears to have been derived from his detailed enumerations of prodigies, and from his serious and careful manner of treating those events which in our eyes are destitute of all historical interest and importance. But these prodigies doubtless occupied a prominent place in the official annals of the Chief Pontiff; and from the care with which they were expiated by ceremonies conducted under the control of the public authorities, we may be sure that they were at the time considered of the highest moment. If they had not been duly attended to, and adequately atoned for by proper observances, they would in many cases have left on the minds of the people a religious dread not less than that which ruined the Athenian army at Syracuse. There were standing rules with respect to the expiation of certain prodigies which prove the awe with which they were regarded by the State, and the strong sense of the necessity which existed for treating them as matters of national concern. It was laid down that, whenever stones fell from heaven, there was to be a religious celebration of nine days, appointed by public authority; and likewise, that whenever an ox was reported to have spoken, a sitting of the Senate was to be held in the open air.

CICERO, *de Divin.* lib. i. § 3, 95, *sqq.* lib. ii. § 148, 149.
LIVY, xliii. c. 13. xxvii. c. 23. xxiii. c. 36. xxi. c. 62.
xxiv. c. 10.

THE LIFE OF A PHILOSOPHER HISTORICALLY NOT THAT OF A RECLUSE.

I AM very sorry to hear you treat philosophy and her followers like a parcel of monks and hermits, and think myself obliged to vindicate a profession I honour. The first man that ever bore the name, if you remember, used to say that life was like the Olympic games (the greatest public assembly of his age and country), where some came to show their strength and agility of body as the champions; others, as the musicians, orators, poets, and historians, to show their excellence in these arts; the traders to get money; and the better sort to enjoy the spectacle, and judge of all these. They did not then run away from society for fear of its temptations; they passed their days in the midst of it; conversation was their business; they cultivated the arts of persuasion, on purpose to show men it was their interest, as well as their duty, not to be foolish and false and unjust, and that too in many instances with success; which is not very strange, for they showed by their life that their lessons were not impracticable, and that pleasures were not temptations, but to such as wanted a clear perception of the pains annexed to them.

CICERO, *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. v. § 2-9. SENECA, *Epist. Moral.* viii. v.

ENJOYMENT OF WORLDLY PLEASURE ALLOWABLE WITHIN THE LIMITS OF RELIGION AND VIRTUE.

ONE would not indeed covet any satisfactions in this life the enjoyment whereof might deprive us of greater good: nor would a wise man desire to be delivered from present pains by any such methods as would draw after them a train of greater evils. That would be folly and madness: and therefore it is the height of imprudence to break in, at any time, upon the rules of religion and virtue which are of eternal concernment, for the sake of any temporal good; besides that the practice of virtue is so generally necessary to happiness even in a temporal respect that it can seldom be of any real and lasting advantage to deviate from it. But within these bounds, and with proper cautions, some degree of our love may be reasonably placed upon temporal things. And indeed there is no man so resigned and dead to the world as not to make it in some measure the object of his affection and care; looking upon the comforts and conveniences of life as the blessings of Heaven, and as contributing to his repose and tranquillity. It is possible (though it be a fault on the right hand and not very common) to love the world too little. Some have been so superstitious as to think religion almost inconsistent with any worldly ease or pleasure; and have run into an extreme of self-denial, mortification, and corporal austerities. But this is a mistake. A cheerful and moderate enjoyment of the good things of this life is well-pleasing to God, as well as suitable to the nature of man.

SENECA, *Epist.* xiv. viii. xc. lv. *De Tranquill.* c. 9, 15.
CICERO, *de Off.* i. § 105. *De Fin.* i. § 42-48.

RESTLESSNESS OF TYRANTS.

Polyc. NO man, O Anacreon, can rest anywhere in his native country who has deprived his fellow-citizens of their liberties; contented are they only who have taken nothing from another, and few even of those. As by eating much habitually, we render our bodies by degrees capacious of more, and uncomfortable without it, so after many acquisitions we think new ones necessary. Hereditary kings invade each other's dominions from the feelings of children, the love of having and of destroying; their education being always bad, and their intellects for the most part low and narrow. But we who have great advantage over them in our mental faculties, these having been constantly exercised and exerted, and in our knowledge of men, wherein the least foolish of them are quite deficient, find wars and civil tumults absolutely needful to our stability and repose.

Anac. By Hercules! you people in purple are very like certain sea-fowl I saw in my voyage from Teios hither. In fine weather they darted upward and downward, sidelong and circuitously, and fished and screamed as if all they seized and swallowed was a torment to them; again when it blew a violent gale, they appeared to sit perfectly at their ease, buoyant upon the summit of the waves.

Cicero, *de Officiis*, iii. § 82, *sqq.* *Philipp.* xi. § 8.
Seneca, *de Clementia*, i. c. 26. *Epist. Mor.* lxxvi. xxxi.
Virgil, *Geo.* i. 361-363, 383-387.

PLEASURES OF NOVELTY.

Μεταβολὴ πάντων γλυκύ.

EVERYTHING that is new or uncommon raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it fills the soul with an agreeable surprise, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before possessed. We are indeed so often conversant with one set of objects, and tired out with so many repeated shows of the same things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for a while, with the strangeness of its appearance. It serves us for a kind of refreshment, and takes off that satiety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that bestows charms on a monster, and makes even the imperfections of nature please us. It is this that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows are at any season of the year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the opening of the spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye.

Cicero, *de Finibus*, lib. v. § 48-53. *De Amicit.* § 67, 68.
De Nat. Deor. ii. § 131, 132.

TENDENCY IN THE HUMAN MIND TO HALLOW PLACES ASSOCIATED WITH WHAT MEN LOVE.

THE mystery of holy shrines lies deep in human nature. For however the more spiritual minds may be able to rise and soar, the common man, during his mortal career, is tethered to the globe that is his appointed dwelling-place; and the more his affections are pure and holy, the more they seem to blend with the outward and visible world. Poets, bringing the gifts of mind to bear upon human feelings have surrounded the image of love with myriads of their dazzling fancies; but it has been said that in every country, when a peasant speaks of his deep love he always says the same thing. He always utters the dear name, and then only says that he "worships the ground she treads." It seems that where she who holds the spell of his life once touched the earth—where the hills and the wooded glen, and the pebbly banks of the stream, have in them the enchanting quality that they were seen by him and by her when they were together—there always his memory will cling. And it is vain that space intervenes, for imagination, transcendent and strong of flight, can waft him from lands far away till he lights upon the very path by the river's bank which was blessed by her gracious step.

SENECA, *Epist.* xli. ii. v. CICERO, *de Legibus*, ii. § 26. ii. § 4.

EMULATION, THE GREAT INCENTIVE TO EXCELLENCE.

ONE of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts. Nothing short of some such powerful motive can drive a young person, in the full possession of health and bodily activity, to such an unnatural and such an unobvious mode of passing his life, as study. But this is the way that intellectual greatness often begins. The trophies of Miltiades drive away sleep. A young man sees the honour in which knowledge is held by his fellow-creatures; and he surrenders every present gratification, that he may gain it. The honour in which living genius is held, the trophies by which it is adorned after life, it receives and enjoys from the feelings of men—not from their sense of duty: but men never obey this feeling without discharging the first of all duties; without securing the rise and growth of genius, and increasing the dignity of our nature, by enlarging the dominion of mind. No eminent man was ever yet rewarded in vain; no breath of praise was ever idly lavished upon him; it has never yet been idle and foolish to rear up splendid monuments to his name: the rumour of these things impels young minds to the noblest exertions, creates in them an empire over present passions, inures them to the severest toils, determines them to live only for the use of others, and to leave a great and lasting memorial behind them.

CICERO, *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. i. § 32. iv. § 44. lib. i. § 3, 4.
Pro Archia. § 26. *De Fin.* v. § 61. iii. § 97. *De Offic.* lib. i. § 98.
VITRUVIUS, lib. ix. *Præfat.* QUINTILIAN, lib. i. c. 3.
SENECA, *Ep.* lxiv.

COVETOUSNESS.

"*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*"

A MAN of moderate desires hath infinitely fewer wants than a covetous man; and because his desires are moderate, a moderate estate will satisfy them. But the wants of a covetous mind are never to be supplied, because it hath ordered the matter so cunningly as to want even that which it hath; such a man does not get riches to supply his wants, but is content to want that he may be rich; insomuch that he hath not the heart to use his estate for the supply of his real necessities. How many do almost starve themselves in the midst of plenty and abundance? There is no greater sign of poverty than to be deeply in debt; now the covetous man lives and dies in debt to himself. Some men have been so shamefully stingy and penurious to themselves as even to die to save charges, which yet perhaps is the most generous thing they ever did in their whole lives, in respect to the world; because by this means somebody may come to the enjoyment of their estates; and that great dunghill which they have been so long in raking together, may by this means come to be spread abroad for the public benefit.

SENECA, *de Beneficiis*, ii. c. 27. vii. c. 10.

FRIENDSHIPS RARE WHICH OUTLIVE ABSENCE AND DEATH.

WHEN my friend is dead, I will not run into his grave and be stifled with his earth; but I will mourn for him, and perform his will, and take care of his relatives, and do for him as if he were alive; and I think that is the meaning of that hard saying of a Greek poet:—

Ἄνθρωπ', ἀλλήλοισιν ἀπόπροθεν ὦμεν ἑταῖροι·
Πλὴν τούτου, παντὸς χρήματός ἐστι κόρος.

Of such immortal, abstracted, pure friendships indeed there is no great plenty, and to see brothers hate each other is not so rare as to see them love at this rate. The dead and the absent have few friends, say the Spaniards; but they who are the same to their friend *ἀπόπροθεν*, when he is in another country or in another world, these are they who are fit to preserve the sacred fire for eternal sacrifices, and to perpetuate the memory of those exemplar friendships of the best men, which have filled the world with history and wonder: for in no other sense but this can it be true that friendships are pure loves, regarding to do good more than to receive it. He that is a friend after death hopes not for a recompense from his friend, and makes no bargain either for fame or love; but is rewarded with the conscience and satisfaction of doing bravely: but then this is demonstration that they choose friends best who take persons so worthy that can and will do so. This is the profit and usefulness of friendship; and he that contracts such a noble union must take care that his friend be such who can and will; but hopes that himself shall be first used and put to act it.

CICERO, *de Fin.* lib. i. § 65, *sqq.* lib. ii. § 78, 79, 80.
De Amicit. § 10, 11, 14, 15, 20, 33. SENECA, *de Beneficiis*, vi. c. 34.

USES OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE best way to represent to life the manifold uses of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, "that a friend is another himself;" for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face, or comeliness, say or do himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate, or beg, and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father: to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person: but to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.—*Bacon.*

CICERO, *de Amicit.* § 22. SENECA, *de Tranquill.* c. 7.

HATRED OF AN ENEMY INCULCATED NO LESS THAN LOVE OF A FRIEND BY ANCIENT SYSTEMS OF MORALITY.

THAT system of morality, even in the times when it was powerful and in many respects beneficial, had made it almost as much a duty to hate foreigners as to love fellow-citizens. Plato congratulates the Athenians on having shown in their relations to Persia, beyond all the other Greeks, "a pure and heartfelt hatred of the foreign nature." Instead of opposing, it had sanctioned and consecrated the savage instinct which leads us to hate whatever is strange or unintelligible, to distrust those who live on the further side of a river, to suppose that those whom we hear talking together in a foreign tongue must be plotting some mischief against ourselves. The lapse of time and the fusion of races doubtless diminished this antipathy considerably, but at the utmost it could but be transformed into an icy indifference, for no cause was in operation to convert it into kindness. On the other hand, the closeness of the bond which united fellow-citizens was considerably relaxed. Common interests and common dangers had drawn it close; these in the wide security of the Roman Empire had no longer a place. It had depended upon an imagined blood-relationship; fellow-citizens could now no longer feel themselves to be united by the tie of blood. Every town was full of resident aliens and emancipated slaves, persons between whom and the citizens nature had established no connection, and whose presence in the city had originally been barely tolerated from motives of expediency. The selfishness of modern times exists in defiance of morality; in ancient times it was approved, sheltered, and even in part enjoined by morality.

CICERO, *de Fin.* lib. v. § 65, 66, 67. *De Officiis*, i. § 15, 17.
De Amicit. § 19. SENECA, *Epist.* xcv. PLATO, *Menex*, 245 D.

SOFTENING EFFECT OF TIME ON HUMAN SENTIMENT.

TIME mellows ideas as it mellows wine. Things in themselves indifferent, acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified at the same time and endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects, to which, when present, we give but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind the ties which they had on the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects of the immediate time are unable to excite. The ghosts of our departed affections are seen through that softening medium, which, though it dims their brightness, does not impair their attraction; like the shade of Dido appearing to Æneas:—

> "Agnovitque per umbram
> Obscuram qualem primo qui surgere mense
> Aut videt aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam—
> Demisit lacrimas—dulcique affatus amore est."

The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened, the course of a brook which in our childhood we have frequently traced, the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almost entire: these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the ambition of the present moment fade and disappear.

CICERO, *Brutus*, § 288. *De Amicit.* § 67-70.
SENECA, *Epist.* lxiii.

AGRICULTURAL LIFE TEACHES ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF AND RESIGNATION TO THE POWER OF GOD.

IN almost all the other trades and professions, whether commercial or scientific, success appears to depend solely on man himself—on his talents, address, prudence and vigilance. In agricultural life man is constantly in the presence of God, and of His power. Activity, talents, prudence, and vigilance are as necessary here as elsewhere to the success of his labours, but they are evidently no less insufficient than they are necessary. It is God who rules the seasons and the temperature, the sun and the rain, and all those phenomena of nature which determine the success or failure of the labours of man on the soil which he cultivates. There is no pride which can resist this dependence, no address which can escape it. Nor is it only a sentiment of humility as to his power over destiny which is thus inculcated upon man; he learns also tranquillity and patience. He cannot flatter himself that the most ingenious inventions or the most restless activity will ensure his success; when he has done all that depends upon him for the cultivation and fertilization of the soil, he must wait with resignation.

CICERO, *de Off.* lib. i. § 150, 151. *De Senect.* § 24, 51-60.
Pro Roscio Amerino, § 75, 51. HORACE, *Ep.* lib. i. x.

AGRICULTURAL LIFE A THEME OF PRAISE AMONG POETS.

ALMOST all poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the grand world into the innocent happiness of a retired life, but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their ever-living poems. Hesiod was the first or second poet in the world, that remains yet extant (if Homer, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were cotemporaries), and he is the first writer too of the art of husbandry: he has contributed (says Columella) not a little to our profession; I suppose he means not a little honour, for the matter of his instructions is not very important; his great antiquity is visible through the gravity and simplicity of his style. The most acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an oracle. *Πλέον ἥμισυ πάντος.* The half is more than the whole. The occasion of the speech is this: His brother Perses had by corrupting some great men (*βασιλῆας δωροφάγους*, great bribe-eaters he calls them) gotten from him the half of his estate. It is no matter (says he), they have not done me so much prejudice as they imagine.

> Νήπιοι οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς,
> οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ,
> κρύψαντες γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

This I conceive to have been honest Hesiod's meaning.—*A. Cowley.*

CICERO, *de Senect.* § 51-60. *De Off.* i. § 151.
Pro Roscio Amerino, § 51, 75. PLINY, lib. xviii. c. 3.

SECURITY OF PROPERTY AND THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE FORM THE CENTRE AROUND WHICH ALL SOCIAL DUTIES RANGE THEMSELVES.

A CELEBRATED ancient orator, of whose poems we have but a few fragments remaining, has well described the progressive order in which human society is gradually led to its highest improvements, under the guardianship of those laws which secure property and regulate marriage. These two great institutions convert the selfish as well as the social passions of our nature into the firmest bands of a peaceable and orderly intercourse; they change the sources of discord into principles of quiet; they discipline the most ungovernable, they refine the grossest, and they exalt the most sordid propensities; so that they become the perpetual fountain of all that strengthens, and preserves, and adorns society: they sustain the individual, and they perpetuate the race. Around these institutions all our social duties will be found at various distances to range themselves: some more near, obviously essential to the good order of human life; others more remote, and of which the necessity is not at first view so apparent; and some so distant, that their importance has been sometimes doubted, though upon more mature consideration they will be found to be outposts and advanced guards of these fundamental principles—that man should securely enjoy the fruits of his labour, and that the society of the sexes should be so wisely ordered, as to make it a school of the kind affections, and a fit nursery for the commonwealth.—*Mackintosh.*

CICERO, *de Fin.* lib. v. § 65, 66. *De Offic.* i. § 58, 59.
SENECA, *de Beneficiis*, iv. § 17, 18.

OUR NATIVE LAND DEARER THAN ALL OTHERS.

WHENCE does this love of our country, this universal passion, proceed? Why does the eye ever dwell with fondness upon the scenes of infant life? Why do we breathe with greater joy the breath of our youth? Why are not other soils as grateful, and other heavens as gay? Why does the soul of man ever cling to that earth where it first knew pleasure and pain, and, under the rough discipline of the passions, was roused to the dignity of moral life? Is it only that our country contains our kindred and our friends? And is it nothing but a name for our social affections? It cannot be this; the most friendless of human beings has a country which he admires and extols, and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven. Tempt him with the fairest face of nature, place him by living waters under shadowy trees of Lebanon, open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the climates of the sun, he will love the rocks and deserts of his childhood better than all these, and thou canst not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity; he will sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon when he remembers thee, oh Sion!—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

OVID, *Tristia.* lib. ii. eleg. ii. 21, *sqq.* iii. 53, *sqq.*
De Ponto, i. 3. CICERO, *de Oratore.* i. § 196.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

THAT we should love the land of our birth, of our happiness, of that social system under which our happiness has been produced and protected, the land of our ancestors, of all the great names and great deeds which we have been taught most early to venerate, is surely as little wonderful as that we should feel, what we all feel, a sort of affection for the most trifling object which we have merely borne about with us for any length of time. Loving the very land of our birth, we love those who inhabit it, who are to us a part, as it were, of the land itself, and the part which brings it most immediately home to our affections and services. It is a greater recommendation to our good-will, indeed, to be a relative, or a friend, or a benefactor; but it is no slight recommendation, even without any of these powerful titles, to be a fellow-countryman, to have breathed the same air and trod the same soil, and lent vigour to the same political institutions, to which our own aid has actively or passively contributed.—*Brown's Lectures.*

CICERO, *de Officiis*, i. § 54-57. *De Orat.* i. § 196.
SENECA, *de Irâ.* ii. c. 31.

PATRIOTISM CONSISTS IN THE PERFORMANCE OF VARIOUS DUTIES TOWARDS OUR NEIGHBOURS.

PATRIOTISM is, perhaps, not properly to be considered as a distinct principle of our nature; but rather as a result of a combination of the other affections. It leads us, by every means in our power, to promote the peace and the prosperity of our country, and to discourage, to the utmost of our ability, whatever tends to the contrary. Every member of the community has something in his power in this respect. He may set an example, in his own person, of dutiful and loyal respect to the first authority, of strict obedience to the laws, and respectful submission to the institutions of his country. He may oppose the attempts of factious individuals to sow among the ignorant the seeds of discontent, tumult, or discord. He may oppose and repress attempts to injure the revenue of the state; may aid in the preservation of public tranquillity, and in the execution of public justice. Finally, he may zealously exert himself in increasing the knowledge and improving the moral habits of the people—two of the most important means by which the conscientious man, in any rank of life, may aid in conferring a high and permanent benefit on his country.—*Abercrombie's Moral Feelings.*

CICERO, *de Officiis*, i. § 57, 21. iii. § 22.
SENECA, *de Tranquill. An.* c. 3.

MAN'S CHIEF DUTIES ARE SOCIAL, PRACTICAL, AND POLITICAL, NOT SELFISH.

I REMEMBER an old scholastic aphorism, which says, "that the man who lives wholly detached from others must be either an angel or a devil." When I see in any of these detached gentlemen of our times the angelic purity, power, and beneficence, I shall admit them to be angels. In the meantime we are born only to be men. We shall do enough if we form ourselves to be good ones. It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth: so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships and to incur enmities: to have both strong, but both selected: in the one, to be placable; in the other, immoveable. To model our principles to our duties and our situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. Public life is a situation of power and energy: he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

CICERO, *de Fin.* lib. v. § 65, 66, 67. SENECA, *Epist.* viii. *De Tranquill.* c. 3.

THE USEFUL ARTS ONCE INVENTED ARE NEVER LOST.

FORTUNATELY for mankind the more useful, or at least, more necessary arts can be performed without superior talents or national subordination: without the powers of one or the union of many. Each village, each family, each individual must always possess both ability and inclination to perpetuate the use of fire and of metals; the propagation and service of domestic animals; the methods of hunting and fishing; the rudiments of navigation; the imperfect cultivation of corn, or other nutritive grains; and the simple practise of the mechanic trades. Private genius and public industry may be extirpated, but these hardy plants survive the tempest, and strike an everlasting root into the most unfavourable soil. The splendid days of Augustus and Trajan were eclipsed by a cloud of ignorance; and the barbarians subverted the laws and palaces of Rome. But the scythe, the invention or emblem of Saturn, still continued annually to mow the harvests of Italy, and the human feasts of the Læstrygons have never been renewed on the coasts of Campania. Since the first discovery of the arts, war, commerce, and religious zeal have diffused among the savages of the Old and New World these inestimable gifts; they have been successively propagated, they can never be lost. We may therefore acquiesce in the pleasing conclusion, that every age of the world has increased and still increases, the real wealth, the happiness, the knowledge, and perhaps the virtue of the human race.—*Gibbon.*

CICERO, *de Offic.* lib. ii. § 12, 13, 14, 15. SENECA, *Epist.* xc.

MEN CLING TO LIFE EVEN UNDER THE MOST MISERABLE CONDITIONS.

I HAVE often thought with myself, that I went on too far, and that in so long a voyage I should infallibly at last meet with some severe shock. I perceived and oft enough declared that it was time to be off, and that life was to be cut to the quick, according to the surgeon's rule in the amputation of a limb; and that nature usually made him pay very dear interest who did not in due time restore the principal. And yet I was so far from being then ready, that in the eighteen months' time or thereabouts that I have been in this uneasy condition, I have inured myself to it, I have compounded with this colic, and have found therein to comfort myself and to hope. So much are men enslaved to their miserable being that there is no condition so wretched that they will not accept for preserving it. Mæcenas said, "Let me be weak in hand, back, loin, and teeth: what does it matter so that life remains?" And Tamerlane with a foolish humanity palliated the fantastic cruelty he exercised upon lepers when he put all he could hear of to death, by pretending to deliver them from a painful life; for there was not one of them who would not rather have undergone a triple leprosy than to be deprived of their being. Antisthenes the

Stoic being very sick and crying out, "Who will deliver me from these evils?" Diogenes, who was come to visit him, "This," said he, presenting him with a knife, "presently, if thou wilt." "I do not say from my life," he replied, "but from my disease."

SENECA, *Epist.* ci. lviii. *ad finem.* PLINY, *Epist.* vi. 26.

THAT HAPPINESS CONSISTS IN LIVING ACCORDING TO NATURE.

"THIS," said a philosopher who had heard him with tokens of great impatience, "is the present condition of a wise man. The time is already come, when none are wretched but by their own fault. Nothing is more idle than to inquire after happiness, which nature has kindly placed within our reach. The way to be happy is to live according to nature, in obedience to that universal and unalterable law, with which every heart is originally impressed, which is not written on it by precept, but engraven by destiny; not instilled by education, but infused at our nativity. He that lives according to nature will suffer nothing from the delusions of hope, or the importunities of desire: he will receive and reject with equability of temper; and act or suffer as the reason of things shall alternately prescribe. Other men may amuse themselves with subtle definitions, or intricate ratiocinations. Let them learn to be wise by easier means; let them observe the hind of the forest, and the linnet of the grove: let them consider the life of animals whose motions are regulated by instinct; they obey their guide, and are happy. Let us therefore at length cease to dispute, and learn to live; throw away the incumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with so much pride and pomp do not understand, and carry with us this simple and intelligible maxim, that deviation from nature is deviation from happiness."

CICERO, *de Fin.* lib. v. § 26. SENECA, *de Vitâ Beata*, c. 8.

A MORALIST OF BROBDINGNAG ON THE DEGENERACY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

I HAVE perused many of their books, especially those on history and morality. Among the rest I was much diverted with a little old treatise which treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry. He added that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births in comparison of those in ancient times. He said it was very reasonable to think not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it hath been confirmed by huge bones and skulls casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of man in our days. He argued that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made in the beginning of a size more large and robust, not so liable to destruction from every little accident of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or, indeed, rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And, I believe, upon a strict inquiry, these quarrels might be shown as ill-grounded among us as they are among that people.—*Swift.*

SENECA, *Dialog.* x. c. 1, 2. *De Beneficiis*, iv. c. 18.
VIRGIL, *Geo.* i. 493-497.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—HOW FAR IS IT A SPECIFIC AGAINST CRIME?

WE are all of us condemned to die, and that, as we well know by an irrevocable sentence, of which the execution cannot be many years deferred, and may be to-morrow—and yet how little do we think of this, not only when youth and health seem to place between us and the dark valley beyond a hill which we have yet to ascend, but when declining age and failing health have brought us to the strait and sloping road, out of which there is no turning, and of which, though we cannot see the exact end, we know very well where to look for it. We are even willing for the most futile causes to multiply the chances of death which each day brings with it; we do it for the sake of gain, we do it for the sake of pleasure, we do it even sometimes for the want of something else to do.

Remembering this, and considering it as we should do, we may well wonder that lawgivers should have trusted so much to the threat of death, that is, to an increased probability of dying in a particular way, as a sort of specific against crime. But, in truth, this was not, I think, the original reason of capital punishment. The slaying of the homicide was at first meant as an act of vengeance against him, rather than as a warning to others; it was rather given to the family of the sufferer as a consolation, than exacted by society for its protection; and this primitive notion of the vindictive character of punishment is still, in cases of murder at least, the one which prevails beyond all other notions in the popular mind, and the chief reason with the bulk of mankind, as it is perhaps also the best reason in itself, for maintaining in this instance the penalty of death.

CICERO, *In Catilinam*, iv. § 4. SALLUST, *Catil.* c. 51.
SENECA, *Epist.* lxxxii. xxx.

POMPEY THE GREAT—AN INSTANCE OF THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

"*Longa dies igitur quid contulit?*"

HE saw all his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and, in his wretched flight from Pharsalia was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes, and that Cicero had judged better, and seen further into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man. The father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom; and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance, in the present war: but, in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power, which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate: but as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and, when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freedmen, with the planks of an old fishing-boat: and his ashes being conveyed to Rome, were deposited, privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault of his Alban villa. The Egyptians, however, raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out and restored by the Emperor Hadrian.—*Middleton.*

CICERO, *de Divinat.* lib. ii. § 22, 23, 24. *Tusc. Disp.* i. § 86. *Philipp.* ii. § 39. JUVENAL, x. 278, *sqq.*

REVERENCE AND AFFECTION OF EDUCATED MEN FOR THE GREAT MINDS OF FORMER AGES.

JUST such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.

CICERO, *pro Archia*, § 16.

CAUSES OF WAR BETWEEN PRINCES.

SOMETIMES the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrelleth with another for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want; and we both fight till they take ours or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into a war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he hath driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater is their disposition to quarrel: poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance.

CICERO, *de Officiis*, i. § 34, 35. § 37, 39, 82. iii. § 82, *sqq.*
SENECA, *de Clementia*, i. c. 20.

TENDENCY OF MEN ENTRUSTED WITH THE ADMINISTRATION OF LAWS TO WARP THEM GRADUALLY TO THEIR OWN INTERESTS.

IF, in the first formation of a civil society, the only care to be taken was that of establishing, once for all, the several duties which every individual owes to others and to the state;—if those who are entrusted with the care of procuring the performance of these duties, had neither any ambition, nor any other private passions, which such employment might put in motion, and furnish the means of gratifying;—in a word, if, looking upon their function as a mere task of duty, they were never tempted to deviate from the intentions of those who had appointed them:—I confess, that, in such a case, there might be no inconvenience in allowing every individual to have a share in the government of the community of which he is a member; or rather, I ought to say, in such a society, and among such beings, there would be no occasion for any government.

But experience teaches us, that many more precautions, indeed, are necessary to oblige men to be just towards each other; nay, the very first expedients that may be expected to conduce to such an end, supply the most fruitful source of the evils which are proposed to be prevented. Those laws which were intended to be equal for all, are soon warped to the private convenience of those who have been made the administrators of them: instituted at first for the protection of all, they soon are made only to defend the usurpations of a few; and, as the people continue to respect them, while those to whose guardianship they were entrusted make little account of them, they at length have no other effect than that of supplying the want of real strength in those few who have contrived to place themselves at the head of the community, and of rendering regular and free from danger the tyranny of the smaller number over the greater.

TACITUS, *Annal.* iii. c. 25-28.
CICERO, *de Legibus*, i. § 42, *sqq.* iii. § 23, *sqq.*
SALLUST, *Jugurtha*, c. 1, 2, 3.

MODERN LEGISLATORS.

ANCIENT lawgivers studied the nature of man, and formed his mind to virtue and glory; but the founders of modern republics think mind altogether unworthy of their attention. They take no measures to prevent the existence of vice, but suppose they have fulfilled their duty when they inflict punishment on the vicious. What should we think of a physician to whom some prince had committed the health of his subjects, who, instead of recommending temperance and exercise, and using every means in his power to prevent the existence of disease, instead of watching the approaches of distemper, and administering in good time the necessary remedies, should encourage the objects of his care in every species of excess, and pay no attention whatever to the causes or progress of indisposition; but when the patient should become absolutely incurable, would order his head to be taken off by an attendant? Such is the the conduct of modern legislators. They never attempt to form the mind, to implant the seeds of honour, patriotism, friendship, heroism, to awaken in the breast a love of glory, and stir up the sparks of noble ambition. No, they permit every species of vice to flourish until it has taken such deep root in society that it cannot be extirpated. What then? The sapient legislators assemble, and make a law against this productive vice; and, in obedience to this law, the sword of justice is sent forth to destroy those members of the community who are most deeply infected with the prevailing distemper—a distemper which, if the government had done its duty, would never have existed. Another vice becomes universal, and another law is made against the vicious. Crimes are multiplied, the laws are multiplied also, until men lose the idea of right and wrong in that of lawful and unlawful; and however base, perfidious, and unjust their conduct may be, they account themselves good men and true if they do not incur the penalty of the law. It is amusing to hear those who thrive by the vices and follies of others, and fatten on the corruption of society boast of their civilization, and adduce the multiplicity of their laws as a proof of their refinement; whereas, in truth, the multiplicity of their laws proves nothing but the multiplicity of their crimes.—*De Burgh.*

TACITUS, *Annals*, iii. c. 25-27. CICERO, *de Legibus*, i. § 28-31.

MONARCHY THE ONLY EFFICIENT FORM OF GOVERNMENT IN CERTAIN STATES OF SOCIETY.'

AT such times, society, distracted by the conflict of individual wills, and unable to attain, by their free concurrence, to a general will, which might unite and hold them in subjection, feels an ardent desire for a sovereign power, to which all individuals must submit; and as soon as any institution presents itself which bears any of the characteristics of legitimate sovereignty, society rallies round it with eagerness; as people under proscription take refuge in the sanctuary of a church. This is what has taken place in the wild and disorderly youth of nations such as those we have just described. Monarchy is wonderfully suited to those times of strong and fruitful anarchy, if I may so speak, in which society is striving to form and regulate itself, but is unable to do so by the free concurrence of individual wills. There are other times when monarchy, though from a contrary cause, has the same merit. Why did the Roman world, so near dissolution at the end of the republic, still subsist for more than fifteen centuries under the name of an empire, which, after all, was nothing but a lingering decay, a protracted death-struggle? Monarchy only could produce such an effect.

CICERO, *de Republica*, i. § 65-69. ii. § 48, 49.
TACITUS, *Annals*, iv. c. 33. SENECA, *de Clementia*, i. c. 4.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SCIPIO AND POLYBIUS ON HANNIBAL.

POLYBIUS. You will listen to me if I adduce the authority of Lelius.

SCIPIO. Great authority! and perhaps, as living and conversing with those who remembered the action of Cannæ, preferable even to your own.

POLYBIUS. It was his opinion that, from the consternation of Rome, the city might have been taken.

SCIPIO. It suited not the wisdom or the experience of Hannibal to rely on the consternation of the Roman people. I too, that we may be on equal terms, have some authority to bring forward. The son of Africanus, he who adopted me into the family of the Scipios, was, as you both remember, a man of delicate health and sedentary habits, learned, elegant, and retired. He related to me, as having heard it from his father, that Hannibal after the battle sent home the rings of the Roman knights, and said in his letter, "If you will instantly give me a soldier for each ring, together with such machines as are already in the arsenal, I will replace them surmounted by a statue of Capitoline Jupiter, and our supplications to the gods of our country shall be made along the streets and in the temples in the robes of the Roman senate." Could he doubt of so moderate a supply? he waited for it in vain.

And now I will relate to you another thing, which I am persuaded you will accept as a sufficient reason of itself why Hannibal did not besiege our city after the battle of Cannæ. His own loss was so severe that, in his whole army, he could not muster 10,000 men.

LIVY, xxiii. c. 11, 12, 13.

ATHENIAN CONSTITUTION IN NAME DEMOCRACY, IN FACT THE TYRANNY OF A CLASS.

THE democracy of Athens may be regarded by the modern democrat with an impartial eye, not because the altar of Athenian liberty is overthrown, and its ashes poured out, but because it burnt with alien fires. It has been remarked that Athens was not a democracy only but an imperial democracy. She was free, as the Grand Turk is free. But within the walls sacred to liberty, and before the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the domiciled alien, respectable and opulent, sighed in vain for the privileges which were rigidly confined to pure Athenian origin; and the slightest taint in the blood-royal was a mark for the taunts of the satirist, for the information of the sycophant, and for the vengeance of the insulted law. The female sex suffered the seclusion and displayed the vices of the Oriental harem. The void thus caused in Athenian society gave rise to the assemblies of Aspasia, and redeems her doubtful fame. But there was something still more fatal to all true sentiments of liberty, and still more destructive to all claims to be honoured in her name, and the glories of Marathon are marred, when we reflect that the same victory which saved from the yoke the Athenian freeman, riveted the fetters of the Athenian slave.

CICERO, *de Republica*, i. § 43-45. iii. § 45.

ABSOLUTE EQUALITY IMPOSSIBLE.—THE INTERESTS OF THE MONARCH AND THE NOBILITY BEING NATURALLY OPPOSITE, THEIR MUTUAL HOSTILITY FORMS A SAFEGUARD TO THE FREEDOM OF THE PEOPLE.

"NO, sir," replied I, "I am for liberty, that attribute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne: we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called Levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer; for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as sure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since, then, it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or still farther off, in the metropolis. Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind are also of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now the great who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because whatever they take from that is naturally restored to themselves; and all they have to do in the state is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primæval authority."—*Goldsmith.*

CICERO, *de Republica*, i. § 65-69. ii. § 48, 49.
SENECA, *de Clementia*, i. c. 4, 5.

SELF-ASSERTION CHARACTERISTIC OF THE REPUBLICAN STATESMAN OF ANCIENT ROME.

THE republican statesman of ancient Rome, an aristocrat by birth, a despot by his military training, was characterized by strong self-assertion, and rude independence of sentiment and manner. He was active, earnest, and busy; he left no moment unoccupied; he rushed from the forum to the camp, from the senate to his study, with marvellous rapidity and unwearied diligence; even the softer hours he allotted to polite conversation had their definite object of exercise and improvement. The last age of the republic brought out in the strongest way the harsher features of this unamiable character. The Romans were hardened by success more than they were softened by refinement. But about their qualities, such as they were, there had been at least no disguise. The consul and imperator never pretended to be indifferent to the honours and advantages of his position. His countrymen, he knew, were proud both of the office and of the men who filled it, and required no concession on his part to any envious feelings on theirs. Believing himself the greatest and noblest of his kind, he gave the world to know it without reserve or delicacy. But with the advent of the Empire all this was destined to undergo a complete change, though it could not arrive immediately.

CICERO, *Academ. Prior.* ii. § 1, *sqq.*

GREAT RULERS AND CONQUERORS WISELY SEEK THE HELP OF GOOD WRITERS TO PRESERVE THEIR ACTS FROM OBLIVION.

WORTHY deeds are not often destitute of worthy relators; as by a certain fate great acts and great eloquence have most commonly gone hand in hand, equalling and honouring each other in the same ages. 'Tis true, that in obscurest times, by shallow and unskilful writers, the indistinct noise of many battles, and devastations of many kingdoms overrun and lost, hath come to our ears. For what wonder, if in all ages, ambition and the love of rapine hath stirred up greedy and violent men to bold attempts in wasting and ruining wars, which to posterity have left the work of wild beasts and destroyers, rather than the deeds and monuments of men and conquerors. But he whose just and true valour uses the necessity of war and dominion, not to destroy, but to prevent destruction, to bring in liberty against tyrants, law and civility among barbarous nations, knowing that when he conquers all things else, he cannot conquer time or detraction, wisely conscious of this his want, as well as of his worth not to be forgotten or concealed, honours and hath recourse to the aid of eloquence, his friendliest and best supply; by whose immortal record his noble deeds, which else were transitory, becoming fixed and durable against the force of years and generations, he fails not to continue through all posterity, over envy, death and time also victorious.—*Milton.*

HORACE, *Carm.* iv. 8, 9. CICERO, *Epist. ad Famil.* v. xii.
VALERIUS MAXIMUS, *Preface.* CORNELIUS NEPOS, *Preface.*

WANT OF INTELLIGENT OBSERVATION IN SOME TRAVELLERS.

TAKE again the case of persons of little intellect, and no education, who perhaps have seen much of foreign countries, and who receive in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way, the various facts which are forced upon them. Seafaring men, for example, range from one end of the earth to the other; but the multiplicity of phenomena which they have encountered, forms no harmonious and consistent picture upon their imagination; they, as it were, see the tapestry of human life on the wrong side of it. They sleep, and they rise up, and they find themselves now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the ocean; they gaze on the Andes, or they are icebound; and nothing which meets them carries them on to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a meaning, nothing has a history, nothing has relations. Everything stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting sights of a show, leaving the beholder where he was. Or, again, under other circumstances, everything seems to such persons strange, monstrous, miraculous, and awful; as in fable, to Ulysses and his companions in their wanderings.

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* lib. v. § 68-72. *De Finibus*, lib. iii. § 21, 22.

HISTORIANS—BOUND TO CENSURE AS WELL AS TO PRAISE.

PASSING political events are matters of importance to every people, who enjoy any share of freedom or intelligence; to Englishmen they are matters of deep and momentous interest. Sooner or later they must be known; more or less they will be known immediately; but the more accurately they are known, the better. The narration of them will disclose many things to the honour and advantage of some men, to the shame and discredit of others. In the great drama of human life the actors are not all heroes. Fools, knaves and cowards play their part upon the scene. Pericles and Agricola are contrasted with Cleon and Domitian. It is the business of the historian to represent men as he finds them; to tell us what they say and what they do. If this be libellous, things must change their names; the annals of Tacitus must be called the libels of Tacitus; Xenophon and Thucydides the traducers of their countrymen; the old Bailey calendar an infamous compilation of slander. What then is to become of contemporary history? Who is to furnish the materials, from which the philosopher of a future age shall draw his lessons of practical wisdom? Are the virtues alone and not the vices of man to be recorded? Is the chronicler of his own times to be a mere composer of panegyric? Shall he describe a golden age of happiness, which, in the iron days that follow, the sad experience of mankind will force them to disbelieve? Shall he leave to his successor the laborious task of unravelling a tissue of misrepresentation? And if so, at what period shall truth begin? Shall it commence with the epitaph? Or must the dead still be honoured, to spare the feelings of the living; and the monuments of literature contend with the sculptured marble for the glory of perpetuating falsehood? It cannot be! No man may hope to escape from the sentence of his fellows. High or low, it is the same. The villager receives a character from his neighbours, the statesman from his country.

PLINY, *Epist.* v. viii.

USE AND ABUSE OF HISTORY.

WE do not draw the moral lessons we might from history. On the contrary, without care it may be used to vitiate our mind and to destroy our happiness. In history a great volume is unrolled for our instruction, drawing the materials of future wisdom from the past errors and infirmities of mankind. It may in the perversion serve for a magazine, furnishing offensive and defensive weapons for parties in Church and State, and supplying the means of keeping alive or reviving dissensions and animosities, and adding fuel to civil fury. History consists, for the greater part, of the miseries brought upon the world by pride, ambition, avarice, revenge, lust, sedition, hypocrisy, ungoverned zeal, and all the train of disorderly appetites which shake the public with the same

"Troublous storms that toss
The private state, and render life unsweet."

These vices are the causes of those storms. Religion, morals, laws, prerogatives, privileges, liberties, rights of men, are the pretexts.

The pretexts are always found in some specious appearance of a real good. You would not secure men from tyranny and sedition by rooting out of the mind the principles to which these fraudulent pretexts apply? If you did, you would root out everything that is valuable in the human breast. As these are the pretexts, so the ordinary actors and instruments in great public evils are kings, priests, magistrates, senates, parliaments, national assemblies, judges, and captains. You would not cure the evil by resolving that there should be no more monarchs, nor ministers of state nor of the gospel; no interpreters of law, no general officers, no public councils. You might change the names. The things in some shape must remain. A certain quantum of power must always exist in the community in some hands and under some appellation. Wise men will apply their remedies to vices, not to names; to the causes of evil which are permanent, not to the occasional organs by which they act, and the transitory modes in which they appear. Otherwise you will be wise historically, a fool in practice.

CICERO, *de Republica*, i. § 46-53. SALLUST, *Jugurtha*, c. 4.
TACITUS, *Annals*, iv. c. 32, 33.
QUINTILIAN, *Instit. Orat.* x. c. i. 34.

HISTORY—ITS EXCELLENCE CONSISTS IN REPRODUCING THE SPIRIT OF PAST AGES.

THE perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age are exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed: some transactions are prominent, others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society, and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manners, no familiar saying, as too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind.

Pliny, *Epist.* v. viii. Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. c. 32, 33.

THUCYDIDES UNRIVALLED AS AN HISTORIAN.

IT hath been noted by divers, that Homer in Poesie, Aristotle in Philosophy, Demosthenes in Eloquence, and others of the ancients in other knowledge, do still maintain their primacy, none of them exceeded, some not approached by any in these later ages. And in the number of these is justly ranked also our Thucydides, a workman no less perfect in his work than any of the former, and in whom (I believe with many others) the faculty of writing history is at the highest. For the principal and proper work of history being to instruct and enable men, by the knowledge of actions past to bear themselves prudently in the present, and providently towards the future, there is not extant any other (merely human) that doth more fully and naturally perform it than this of my author. It is true that there be many excellent and profitable histories written since, and in some of them there be inserted very wise discourses both of manners and policy. But being discourses inserted, and not of the contexture of the narration, they indeed commend the knowledge of the writer, but not the history itself, the nature whereof is merely narrative. In others there be subtle conjectures at the secret aims and inward cogitations of such as fall under their pen, which is also none of the least virtues in a history, where the conjecture is thoroughly grounded, not forced to serve the purpose of the writer, in adorning his style, or manifesting his subtlety in conjecturing.

Quintilian, *Instit. Orat.* x. c. 1, 31-34, 73-75.
Cicero, *de Oratore*, ii. § 56.

SYMPATHY WITH HIS OWN TIMES NECESSARY TO FORM A GOOD HISTORIAN.

ANTIQUARIANISM is the knowledge of the past enjoyed by one who has no lively knowledge of the present. Thence it is, when concerned with great matters, a dull knowledge. It may be lively in little things, it may conceive vividly the shape and colour of a dress, or the style of a building, because no man can be so ignorant as not to have a distinct notion of these in his own times; he must have a full conception of the coat he wears and the house he lives in. But the past is reflected to us by the present; so far as we see and understand the present, so far we can see and understand the past: so far but no farther. And this is the reason why scholars and antiquarians, nay, and men calling themselves historians also, have written so uninstructively of the ancient world. They could do no otherwise, for they did not understand the world around them. How can he comprehend the parties of other days who has no clear notion of those of his own? What sense can he have of the progress of the great contest of human affairs in its earlier stages, when it rages around him at this actual moment unnoticed, or felt to be no more than a mere indistinct hubbub of sounds and confusion of weapons? What cause is at issue in the combat he knows not. Whereas, on the other hand, he who feels his own times keenly, to whom they are a positive reality with a good and evil distinctly perceived in them, such a man will write a lively and impressive account of past times, even though his knowledge be insufficient and his prejudices strong.

CICERO, *de Fin.* lib. v. § 6, 7. TACITUS, *Annals*, iv. c. 32, 33.
SALLUST, *Jugurtha*, c. 4.

UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY TO THE PERFECT ORATOR.

I THINK I may with truth say, that to form an eloquent speaker, a knowledge of philosophy is indispensable, for without philosophical instruction it is impossible in the examination of any subject to mark the distinction of genus and species; to explain its nature by definition; to analyze it into all its component parts; to separate truth from falsehood; to discern consequences; to see contrarieties; to discriminate ambiguities. Hence it is, says Cicero, that the instruction, by which we gain intellectual acquirements, being different from that by which we arrive at the art of expressing our thoughts, and the object of some being the attainment of a knowledge of things but of others that of a command of words, no one can ever acquire genuine and perfect eloquence. In accordance with this opinion, Mark Antony, to whom our forefathers assigned even the first place among the orators of his day, remarks in the only book which he left on the subject, that he had seen many who had the merit of clear and precise expression, but none who possessed the talents peculiar to true eloquence. Thus it is obvious that there was seated in his mind an idea of eloquence, which his imagination conceived, but which he did not find realized by the fact. Other arts need no foreign aid, each suffices for itself, but eloquence—that is, the art of speaking with science, skill, and elegance, acknowledges no well-defined district, within the boundaries of which it is circumscribed. He who professes this art must have the talent of speaking well on every question which can form a subject of discussion amongst men, or he must abandon all claim to the title of eloquence.

CICERO, *de Oratore*, i. § 17-23, 85-95, 157-159. *Orator*. § 14, *sqq.*
TACITUS, *Orator*. c. 31-32.

USEFULNESS OF BIOGRAPHIES OF GREAT MEN.

OUR forefathers still live among us in the records of their lives, as well as in the acts they have done, and which live also; still sit by us at table, and hold us by the hand, furnishing examples for our benefit, which we may still study, admire, and imitate. Indeed, whoever has left behind him the record of a noble life, has bequeathed to posterity an enduring source of good, for it lives as a model for others to form themselves by in all time to come; still breathing fresh life into us, helping us to reproduce his life anew, and to illustrate his character in other forms. Hence a book containing the life of a true man is full of precious seed; to use Milton's words, "it is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Such a book never ceases to exercise an elevating influence, and a power for good.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS, *Preface.* CORNELIUS NEPOS, *Preface.*
SALLUST, *Catiline*, c. 3.

CHATHAM REACHED HIS HIGHEST EXCELLENCE WHEN HE USED HIS ELOQUENCE TO KINDLE INTO ACTION THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY AMONG HIS COUNTRYMEN.

CHATHAM'S genius, like Burke's, burnt brightest at the last. The spark of liberty, which had lain concealed and dormant, buried under the dirt and rubbish of state intrigue and vulgar faction, now met with congenial matter, and kindled a flame of sacred vehemence in his breast. It burst forth with a fury and splendour that might have awed the world, and made kings tremble. He spoke as a man should speak, because he felt as a man should feel, in such circumstances. He came forward as the advocate of liberty, as the defender of the rights of his fellow-citizens, as the enemy of tyranny, as the friend of his country and of mankind. He did not stand up to make a vain display of his talents, but to discharge a duty, to maintain that cause which was nearest his heart, to preserve the ark of the British constitution from every sacrilegious touch, as the high-priest of his calling, with a pious zeal. The feelings and the rights of Englishmen were enshrined in his heart; and with their united force braced every nerve, possessed every faculty, and communicated warmth and vital energy to every part of his being. The whole man moved under this impulse. He felt the cause of liberty as his own. He resented every injury done to her as an injury to himself, and every attempt to defend it as an insult upon his understanding. He did not stay to dispute about words, about nice distinctions, about trifling forms. He laughed at the little attempts of little retailers of logic to entangle him in senseless argument. He did not come there as to a debating club or law court, to start questions, and hunt them down; to wind and unwind the web of sophistry, to pick out the threads, and untie every knot with scrupulous exactness; to bandy logic with every pretender to a paradox; to examine, to sift evidence; to dissect a doubt and halve a scruple; to weigh folly and knavery in scales together, and see on which side the balance preponderated; to prove that liberty, truth, virtue, and justice were good things, or that slavery and corruption were bad things; he did not try to prove those truths which did not require any proof, but to make others feel them with the same force that he did; and to tear off the flimsy disguises with which the sycophants of power attempted to cover them. The business of an orator is not to convince, but to persuade; not to inform, but to rouse the mind: to build upon the habitual prejudices of mankind (for reason itself will do nothing), and to add feeling to prejudice and action to feeling.

CICERO, *de Oratore*, iii. § 1-12. *De Claris Oratoribus*, § 1, 2.

QUALITIES REQUISITE TO FORM A GREAT ORATOR.

TO be a great orator does not require the highest faculties of the human mind, but it requires the highest exertion of the common faculties of our nature. He has no occasion to dive into the depths of science, or to soar aloft on angels' wings. He keeps upon the surface, he stands firm upon the ground; but his form is majestic, and his eye sees far and near; he moves among his fellows, but he moves among them as a giant among common men. He has no need to read the heavens, to unfold the system of the universe, or create new worlds for the delighted fancy to dwell in; it is enough that he sees things as they are, that he knows, and feels, and remembers the common circumstances and daily transactions that are passing in the world around him. He is not raised above others by being superior to the common interests, prejudices, and passions of mankind, but by feeling them in a more intense degree than they do. Force then is the sole characteristic excellence of an orator; it is almost the only one that can be of any service to him. Refinement, depth, elevation, delicacy, originality, ingenuity, invention are not wanted; he must appeal to the sympathies of human nature, and whatever is not founded on these is foreign to his purpose. He does not create, he can only imitate or echo back the public sentiment. His object is to call up the feelings of the human breast; but he cannot call up what is not already there. The first duty of an orator is to be understood by everyone; but it is evident that what all can understand, is not in itself difficult of comprehension. He cannot add anything to the materials afforded him by the knowledge and experience of others. Lord Chatham, in his speeches, was neither philosopher nor poet. As to the latter, the difference between poetry and eloquence I take to be this; that the object of the one is to delight the imagination, that of the other to impel the will. The one ought to enrich and feed the mind itself with tenderness and beauty, the other furnishes it with motives of action. The one seeks to give immediate pleasure, to make the mind dwell with rapture on its own workings; it is to itself both end and use. The other endeavours to call up such images as will produce the strongest effect upon the mind, and makes use of the passions only as instruments to attain a particular purpose. The poet lulls and soothes the mind into a forgetfulness of itself, and laps it in Elysium; the orator strives to awaken it to a sense of its real interests, and to make it feel the necessity of taking the most effectual means for securing them. The one dwells in an ideal world; the other is only conversant about realities. Hence poetry must be more ornamented, must be richer, and fuller, and more delicate, because it is at liberty to select whatever images are naturally most beautiful, and likely to give most pleasure; whereas the orator is confined to particular facts, which he may adorn as well as he can, and make the most of, but which he cannot strain beyond a certain point without running into extravagance and affectation, and losing his end.

CICERO, *Orator.* § 69, *sqq.*; 137-139. *De Oratore*, i. § 144, *sqq.*; ii. 182, *sqq.* QUINTILIAN, *Instit. Orator.* x. c. 1, 27, *sqq.*; 105, *sqq.*

BURKE'S STYLE—THE OPPOSITE OF ARTIFICIAL.

THIS style, which is what we understand by the artificial, is all in one key. It selects a certain set of words to represent all ideas whatever, as the most dignified and elegant, and excludes all others as low and vulgar. The words are not fitted to the things, but the things to the words. Every thing is seen through a false medium. It is putting a mask on the face of nature, which may indeed hide some specks and blemishes, but takes away all beauty, delicacy and variety. It destroys all dignity or elevation, because nothing can be raised where all is on a level, and completely destroys all force, expression, truth, and character, by arbitrarily confounding the difference of things, and reducing everything to the same insipid standard. To suppose that this stiff uniformity can add anything to real grace or dignity, is like supposing that the human body, in order to be perfectly graceful, should never deviate from its upright posture. Another mischief of this method is, that it confounds all ranks in literature. Where there is no room for variety, no discrimination, no nicety to be shown in matching the idea with its proper word, there can be no room for taste or elegance. A man must easily learn the art of writing where every sentence is to be cast in the same mould; where he is only allowed the use of one word he cannot choose wrong, nor will he be in much danger of making himself ridiculous by affectation or false glitter, when, whatever subject he treats of, he must treat it in the same way. This indeed is to wear golden chains for the sake of ornament. Burke was altogether free from the pedantry which I have here endeavoured to expose. His style was as original, as expressive, as rich, and varied as it was possible; his combinations were as exquisite, as playful, as happy, as unexpected, as bold, and daring as his fancy. If anything, he ran into the opposite extreme of too great an inequality, if truth and nature could ever be carried to an extreme.

CICERO, *de Oratore*, iii. § 37, *sqq.*; 96, *sqq.*
TACITUS, *de Oratoribus*, c. 19, 20, 22.

POETRY THE NATURAL OUTPOURING OF THE SOUL.

POETRY, as distinguished from other modes of composition, does not rest in metre, and is not poetry if it make no appeal to our passions or our imagination. One character belongs to all true poets—that they write from a principle within, not originating in anything without; and the true poet's work is distinguished from all other works that assume to belong to the class of poetry as a natural from an artificial flower, or as the mimic garden of a child from an enamelled meadow. In the former the flowers are broken from their stems and stuck into the ground; they are beautiful to the eye and fragrant to the sense, but their colours soon fade and their odour is transient as the smile of the planter; while the meadow may be visited again and again with renewed delight; its beauty is innate in the soil, and its bloom is of the freshness of nature.

HORACE, *Od.* iii. xxv. *Satir. I.* 3. 39, *sqq.*
Ars. Poetica, 408, *sqq.* *Epist.* i. 19, 21, *sqq.*
SENECA, *Dialog.* ix. c. 17, 10, 11. LUCRETIUS, i. 921, *sqq.*
VIRGIL, *Geo.* iii. 10, *sqq.*; 291, *sqq.*

JUDICIOUS USE OF PLAINNESS AND ORNAMENT A REQUISITE OF ELOQUENCE.

FIGURES and metaphors should, upon no occasion, be scattered with too profuse a hand; and they should never be incongruous with the train of our sentiment. Nothing can be more unnatural than for a writer to carry on a process of reasoning, in the same kind of figurative language which he would employ in description. When he reasons, we look only for perspicuity; when he describes, we expect embellishment; when he divides or relates, we desire plainness and simplicity. One of the greatest secrets in composition is to know when to be simple. This always lends a heightening to ornament, in its proper place. The judicious disposition of shade makes the light and colouring strike the more. He is truly eloquent who can discourse of humble subjects in a plain style, who can treat important ones with dignity, and speak of things which are of a middle nature in a temperate strain. For one who upon no occasion can express himself in a calm, orderly, distinct manner, but begins to be on fire before his readers are prepared to kindle along with him, has the appearance of a madman raving among persons who enjoy the use of their reason, or of a drunkard reeling in the midst of sober company.—*Irving.*

Cicero, *de Oratore*, iii. § 96, *sqq.*; 155.

PERSPICUITY THE CHIEF MERIT OF STYLE.

σαφήνεια ἀρετὴ λέξεως.

ANOTHER virtue of an heroic poem is the perspicuity and the facility of construction, and consisteth in a natural contenture of the words, so as not to discover the labour but the natural ability of the poet; and this is usually called a good style. For the order of words, when placed as they ought to be, carries a light before it, whereby a man may foresee the length of his period as a torch in the night shows a man the stops and unevenness in his way. But when placed unnaturally the reader will often find unexpected checks, and be forced to go back and hunt for the sense, and suffer such unease, as in a coach a man unexpectedly finds in passing over a furrow. And though the laws of verse put great restraints upon the natural course of language, yet the poet, having the liberty to depart from what is obstinate, and to choose somewhat else that is more obedient to such laws and no less fit for his purpose, shall not be, neither by the measure, nor by the necessity of rhyme, excused though a translation often may.—*Hobbes.*

Quintilian, *Inst. Orator.* lib. vii. *Preface.*
Cicero, *Ad Herennium*, i. § 15; iii. § 16, *sqq.*

PREFACE TO ENDYMION.

KNOWING within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public. What manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error, denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished. The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible, are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press, nor should they, if I thought a year's castigation would do them any good; it will not, the foundations are too sandy. It is just that this youngster should die away—a sad thought for me—if I had some hope that while it is dwindling I may be plotting and fitting myself for verses fit to live. This may be speaking too presumptuously, and may deserve a punishment, but no feeling man will be forward to inflict it; he will leave me alone with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object. This is not written with the least atom of purpose to forestall criticisms of course, but from the desire I have to conciliate men who are competent to look, and who do look with a jealous eye to the honour of English literature. The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy, but there is a space of life between in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted; thence proceeds mawkishness and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages. I hope I had not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece and dulled its brightness, for I wish to try once more before I bid it farewell.—*Keats.*

MARTIAL, *Preface to Epig.* book xii.

DEGRADATION OF HOMERIC CHARACTERS BY LATER GREEK WRITERS.—THE ULYSSES OF EURIPIDES.

SUCH was the care with which, in each of these great and wonderful characters, Homer provided against an exclusive predominance of their leading trait. But in vain. Achilles too, more slowly, however, than his rival, passed with later authors into the wild beast; Ulysses descended at a leap into the mere shopman of politics and war; and it is singular to see how, when once the basis of the character had been vulgarized, and the key to its movements lost, it came to be drawn in attitudes the most opposed to even the broadest and most undeniable of the Homeric traits. There is nothing in the political character of Ulysses more remarkable than his power of setting himself in sole action against a multitude; whether we take him in the government of his refractory crew during his wanderings, or in the body of the Horse, when a sound would have ruined the enterprise of the Greeks, so that he had to lay his strong hand over the jaws of the babbler Anticlus; or in the stern preliminaries to his final revenge upon the Suitors; or in his war with his rebellious subjects; or, above all, in the desperate crisis of the Second Iliad, when by his fearless courage, decision, and activity, he saves the Greek army from total and shameful failure. And yet, much as the Mahometans were railed at by the poets of Italy, indeed of England, in the character of image-worshippers, so Ulysses is held up to scorn in Euripides as a mere waiter upon popular favour. Thus in the Hecuba he is

ὁ ποικιλόφρων,
κόπις, ἡδύλογος, δημοχαρίστης.

Now, when the most glaring and characteristic facts of the narrative of Homer can be thus boldly travestied, there is scarcely room for astonishment at any other kind of misrepresentation.

HORACE, *de Arte Poet.* 121. *Epist.* lib. i. *Epist.* ii. 1-31.

THE LACRYMOSE TEMPER OF ÆNEAS JUSTIFIED.

IF tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described lamenting their lost loves. Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian: Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring "along the salt sea-shore," and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother when he should have avenged his injury by his arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground.

The tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the picture of his friends who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas, his confederate; and the rest which I omit. Yet even for these tears his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin's hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when in the beginning of the first book he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm. But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader?

CICERO, *Tusc. Quest.* lib. ii. § 7, 8, 16; iii. § 19, 26.
SENECA, *Epist. Moral.* xcix.

SHAKESPEARE—A MYRIAD-MINDED GENIUS.

THE name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in the creative powers of the mind; no man had ever such strength at once and such variety of imagination. Coleridge has most felicitously applied to him a Greek epithet, given before to I know not whom, certainly to none so deserving of it, *ὁ μυριόνους*—the thousand-souled Shakespeare. Neither he nor his contemporaries wrote for the stage in the worst, and of late years the most usual sense; whereby the capacities of the poet's mind are limited by those of the performers. If this poverty of the representative department of the drama had weighed like an incumbent fiend on the creative powers of Shakespeare, how would he have poured forth with inexhaustible prodigality the vast diversity of characters which we find in some of his plays? This it is in which he leaves far behind not the dramatists alone, but all writers of fiction. Compare with him Homer, the tragedians of Greece, the poets of Italy, the romancers of the elder or later schools—one man has far more than surpassed them all. Others may have been as sublime, others may have been more pathetic, others may have equalled him in grace and purity of language, and shunned some of his faults; but the philosophy of Shakespeare, his intimate searching out of the human heart, whether in the gnomic form of sentence or in the dramatic exhibition of character, is a gift peculiarly his own.

QUINTILIAN, *Instit. Orator.* x. c. 1, 46, *sqq.*
SENECA, *Epist. Moral.* lxxxviii. v. *sqq.*

HORACE—BRIGHTNESS AND VIVIDNESS OF HIS PICTURES.

HORACE is the poet who is most frequently in our hands in the rare moments of literary leisure. As we recur to his pages, how many sunny and familiar images rise into our memory! Visions of modest ease and honourable contentment; pastoral pictures of Cytherea and the Graces leading their moonlight dances, or the goat-hoofed Satyrs listening while Bacchus sings; groups of youths and maidens outstretched under the flickering shadows of the green arbute, while the young leaves ripple overhead, and the green lizard nestles in the brambles, and the Massic wine lies cooling in the soft well-head of hallowed founts; Greek scenes of merry revellers, their crowned locks dripping myrrh, their tables half-hidden under wreaths of parsley, and rose, and lily, obeying with mock gravity the regal behests of the symposiarch, and whispering to each other the secret of their loves; winter pieces of blazing hearths, while outside the snow lies heavy on the woodland boughs, and the summit of Soracte gleams white in the distance; pictures even of the dim Plutonian hall, with Sappho and Alcæus thrilling with their imperious melodies, the shadowy nations of the dead. So light and felicitous is the poet's hand, that at the touching of a string a word or two sets before us for ever the marble temple of Glycera with the incense wreathing upward to its citron beams, or the immortal Bandusian fount, with its lucent waters tinged with the blood of victims, or the orchards of Tivoli, dewy with twinkling rivulets. Horace seems at once to produce the right effect; every sentiment he has to express is always as clearly comprehensible as if it were a Greek gnome, or a lesson for the people carved on the base of the Hermæ: every scene he wishes to describe hangs before his readers like a clear picture in sunny air.

QUINTILIAN, *Instit. Orator.* x. c. 1, 61, *sqq.*; 85, *sqq.*
HORACE, *Carm.*

SERVICES OF THE SEA.

NOW for the services of the sea—they are innumerable. It is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use; conveyer of the excess of rivers; uniter by traffic of all nations; it presents the eye with diversified colours and motions, and is, as it were with rich brooches, adorned with various islands. It is an open field for merchandize in peace: a pitched field for the most dreadful fights of war. It hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith of seamen. It maintaineth (as in our island) a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state, entertains the sun with vapours, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass; the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility. Once—for why should I longer detain you?—the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind, the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts—navigation.—*Samuel Purchas.*

CICERO, *de Nat. Deor.* lib. ii. § 100.
SENECA, *de Benef.* iv. c. 28.

THE SERVICE OF RIVERS.

IN the present day water-courses no longer assume, in the history of civilization, the high importance they once possessed, for now they are not the only ways of communication between nations. No river can now be all that the Nile was to the Egyptians, at once their father and their God, the cause from which sprung both a race of husbandmen, and also the harvests which they gathered on the river-mud, warmed by the rays of the sun. Another Ganges, with its sacred waves, will never again flow over the surface of the earth, for man is no longer the slave of nature. He can now develop artificial roads, which are shorter and more speedy than the roads formed by nature; and this second and even more vital nature, which he has created by the labour of his own hands, supersedes his adoration of that first nature which he has succeeded in regulating. Nevertheless, rivers will be more important as servants than they have ever been as gods. They bear upon their waters ships, and the products with which they are freighted, and serve as arteries to vast organisms of mountains, valleys, and plains, which are sprinkled over with thousands of towns and millions of inhabitants. They vivify the earth by their motion, carve it out afresh by their erasions, and add to it by their ever-increasing deltas. Some day, when the hand of man will be enabled to guide rivers, and to trace out for them their beds, he will employ these potent workmen to carve out a nature in harmony with his own will: water-courses will wear away the hills, fill up lakes, and throw out promontories into the sea in obedience to his orders; their eternal and mighty vitality will become the complement of ours.—*Reclus.*

SENECA, *Nat. Quest.* iii. c. 28, 29; v. 18.
De Beneficiis, iv. c. 5.

THE EARTH A PART OF THE SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE.

ὅτι πάντα ῥεῖ.

BUT since civilization has connected all the nations of the earth in one common humanity; since history has linked century to century; since astronomy and geology have enabled science to cast her retrospective glance on epochs thousands and thousands of years back; man has ceased to be an isolated being, and, if we may so speak, is no longer merely mortal, he is become the consciousness of the imperishable universe. No longer connecting the vitality either of the stars or of the earth, merely with his own fleeting existence, but comparing it with the duration of his own race, and of all the beings who have lived before him, he has seen the celestial vault resolve itself into infinite space, and has recognised the earth as nothing but a little globe rotating in the midst of the "milky way." The firm ground which he treads under his feet, long thought to be immoveable, is replete with vitality, and is actuated by incessant motion; the very mountains rise or sink; not only do the winds and ocean currents circulate round the planet, but the continents themselves, with their summits and their valleys, are changing their places, and are slowly travelling round the circle of the globe. In order to explain all these geological phenomena, it is no longer necessary to imagine alterations in the earth's axis, ruptures of the solid crust, or gigantic subterranean downfalls. This is not the mode in which nature generally proceeds: she is more calm and more regular in her operations, and, chary of her might, brings about changes of the grandest character, without even the knowledge of the beings she nourishes. She upheaves mountains, and dries up seas without disturbing the flight of the gnat. Some revolution which appears to us to have been produced by a mighty cataclysm, has perhaps taken thousands of years to accomplish. Time is the earth's attribute. Year after year she leisurely renews her charming drapery of foliage and flowers: just as, during the long lapse of ages, she reconstitutes her seas and continents, and moves them slowly over her surface.—*Reclus.*

SENECA, *Nat. Quest.* lib. iii. c. 10; vi. c. 1, 9, 16, 21, 31.
CICERO, *de Natura Deorum.*

VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

ONE of these explosions of entire summits which caused most terror in modern times was that of the volcano of Coseguina. The *débris* hurled into the air spread over the sky in a horrible arch, several hundreds of miles in width, and covered the plains, for a distance of twenty-five miles, with a layer of dust at least sixteen feet thick. At the very foot of the hill, the headland advanced 787 feet into the bay, and two new islands, formed of ashes and stones falling from the volcano, rose in the midst of the water several miles away. Beyond the districts round the crater, the bed of dust, which fell gradually, became thinner, but it was carried by the wind more than 40 degrees of longitude towards the west, and the ships sailing in those waters penetrated with difficulty, the layer of pumice-stone spread out on the sea. The uproar of the breaking up of the mountain was heard as far as the high plateaus of Bogota, situated 1,025 miles away in a straight line. Whilst the formidable cloud was settling down round the volcano, thick darkness filled the air. For forty-three hours nothing could be seen, except by the sinister light of the flashes darting from the columns of steam, and the red glare of the vent-holes opening in the mountain. To escape from this prolonged night, the rain of ashes, and the burning atmosphere, the inhabitants who dwelt at the foot of Coseguina, fled in haste along a road running by the black waters of the bay of Fonseca. Men, women, children, and domestic animals, travelled painfully along a difficult path, through quagmires and marshes. So great it is said, was the terror of all animated beings during this long night of horror, that the animals themselves, such as monkeys, serpents, and birds, joined the band of fugitives, as if they recognised in man a being endowed with intelligence superior to their own.—*Reclus.*

PLINY, *Ep.* vi. 16, 20.
SENECA, *Nat. Quest.* iii. c. 27; ii. c. 26.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, iii. 570. OVID, *Metam.* xv. 340.
SILIUS ITALICUS, xiv. 59.

NOXIOUS EXHALATIONS.—LAKE OF AVERNUS.

IN the island of Java there is a small crater called the "Valley of Death," the amphitheatre of which, after the heavy tropical rains is entirely filled with carbonic acid gas. No plant grows in this vast cavity. According to the statements of London, the ground is strewn with the skeletons of animals. At one time, there might have been seen in it the remains of human beings who had been doomed to perish from asphyxia in the poisoned air. The famous cave in the vicinity of Naples also is well known, into which, to satisfy the idle curiosity of travellers, the guides are cruel enough to bring some wretched dogs, and forcing them into the layers of gas which hang over the soil, cause them to pant for breath, and ultimately die. At one time, the crater which is now filled up by the gloomy lake of Avernus, which the ancients looked upon as the entrance to the infernal regions, gave vent to so large a quantity of carbonic acid gas, that birds flying over the lake, fell as if struck by lightning: hence is derived the Greek name of the lake "without birds."—*Reclus.*

SENECA, *Nat. Quest.* vi. c. 28; iii. 21, 25.
VIRGIL, *Æneid.* iv. 5; vi. 201.

UNDULATIONS IN THE EARTH'S CRUST.

BE this as it may, it remains an unquestionable fact that an incessant movement is causing an undulation in the so-called rigid crust of our globe. Continents rise and sink as if through some gentle act of respiration; they move in long undulations, which may be compared to the waves of the sea. The far-reaching glance of science can already trace out these undulations through the long lapse of centuries. The time will come when geologists will consider the quiescence of the terrestrial crust through a long period of its history to be as improbable as an absolute calm in the atmosphere during a whole season of the year.

In the universe everything is changing and everything is in motion, for motion is the first condition of vitality. In bygone days, men who, through isolation, hatred, and fear were left in their native ignorance, and filled with a feeling of their own weakness, could recognise in all that surrounded them only the immoveable and the eternal. In their ideas the heavens were a solid vault—a firmament on which the stars were fastened; the earth was the firm, unshaken foundation of the heavens, and nothing but a miracle could disturb its surface.—*Reclus.*

SENECA, *Nat. Quest.* vi. c. 1, 9, 16, 21, 31.

FLOODING OF THE RIVER OF THE AMAZONS.

WHEN the river Amazon overflows, it forms in some places with the marshes on its banks a perfect sea of one hundred or even two hundred miles in width. The animals seek a refuge in the tree-tops, and the Indians who live by the sides of the river make a kind of encampment on rafts. About the 8th of July, when the river begins to sink, the water returning to its original bed undermines the thoroughly soaked banks, and slowly washes them away. A sudden fall then takes place, and masses of earth, enormous in bulk, sink down into the water, carrying with them the trees and animals existing upon them. The very islands are exposed to sudden destruction; when the entangled masses of fallen trees, which serve as a breakwater to them, give way before the violence of the current, a few hours, or even a few minutes, are quite sufficient for their disappearance: they are literally washed away by the flood. They may be observed visibly melting away, and the Indians who are quietly at work upon them collecting turtle-eggs or drying the produce of their fisheries, are suddenly compelled to fly for their lives. Then it is that the current of the stream is encumbered with long floating piles of entangled trees, that hitch together only to break away again, and accumulating round some headland, are heaped up one above another all along the banks. All round these immense trains of trees, which roll and plunge heavily under the impetus of the current like great marine monsters or drifting wrecks, great masses of the plant *Canna rana* float on the surface of the water, giving to some parts of it a resemblance to broad meadows. We may thus readily comprehend the almost religious awe which has been felt by travellers who have made their way up the river of the Amazons, and, viewing these whirlpools yellow with sand, have been eye-witnesses of their destructive operation in tearing away the river banks, throwing down trees, washing away islands in one place to form them again in another, and drifting down the current long trains of trunks and branches.—*Reclus.*

SENECA, *Nat. Quæst.* lib. iv. c. 2; iii. c. 27, *sqq.*; vi. c. 8.

THE BELIEF THAT THE EARTH IS ROUND RIDICULED.

IS there any one so foolish, he asked, as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down: that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward? The idea of the roundness of the earth, he added, was the cause of inventing this fable of the antipodes, with their heels in the air; for these philosophers, having once erred, go on in their absurdities, defending one with another. But more than this, to assert that there were inhabited lands on the opposite side of the globe, would be to maintain that there were nations not descended from Adam, it being impossible for them to have passed the intervening ocean.

Cicero, *Acad. Quæst.* lib. iv. § 123.

WILD AND SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF OF THE ANCIENTS CONCERNING THE UNKNOWN REGIONS OF THE NORTH.

According to some speculators those seas enclosed a polar continent, where perpetual summer and unbroken daylight reigned, and whose inhabitants, having attained a high degree of culture, lived in the practice of every virtue and in the enjoyment of every blessing. Others peopled these mysterious regions with horrible savages, having hoofs of horses and heads of dogs, and with no clothing save their own long ears coiled closely around their limbs and bodies; while it was deemed almost certain that a race of headless men, with eyes in their breasts, were the most enlightened amongst those distant tribes. Instead of constant sunshine, it was believed by such theorists that the wretched inhabitants of that accursed zone were immersed in almost incessant fogs or tempests, that the whole population died every winter, and were only recalled to temporary existence by the advent of a tardy and evanescent spring. No doubt was felt that the voyager in those latitudes would have to encounter volcanoes of fire and mountains of ice, together with land and sea monsters more ferocious than the eye of man had ever beheld; but it was universally admitted that an opening, either by strait or sea, into the desired Indian haven would reveal itself at last.

Tacitus *Agricol.* c. 6, 7, 10. *Ann.* ii. c. 24. Pomponius Mela, iii. 6.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE sea (they say) shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their songs into threnes and sad accents: rivers of fire shall rise from the east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets: then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return unto their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men, or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear, shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth, where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken with wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted and at their wits' end.

PLINY, *Epist.* viii. 17. vi. 16.
SENECA, *Nat. Quæst.* iii. c. 27, *sqq.*

DISASTROUS EFFECT OF A SUPPOSED INTERRUPTION OF NATURE'S COURSE.

NOW if Nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were only for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way, as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; the times and seasons of the years blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture; the winds breathe out their last gasp; the clouds yield no rain, and the earth be defeated of heavenly influence; the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to give them relief,—what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that the obedience of creatures to the law of nature is the stay of the whole world.

CICERO, *de Nat. Deor*. iii. § 39. *De Oratore*, iii. § 178.
SENECA, *de Beneficiis*, iv. c. 5. *De Providentia*, c. 5.

PART V.

EPISTOLARY.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

STRAWBERRY HILL, *August 18th*, 1774.

IT is very hard that because you do not get my letters you will not let me receive yours, who do receive them. I have not had a line from you these five weeks. Of your honours and glories fame has told me; and for aught I know, you may be a *veldt-marshal* by this time, and despise such a poor cottager as me. Take notice, I shall disclaim you in my turn, if you are sent on a command against Dantzic or to usurp a new district in Poland. I have seen no armies, kings, or empresses, and cannot send you such august gazettes; nor are they what I want to hear of. I like to hear you are well and diverted. For my part, I wish you were returned to your plough. Your Sabine farm is in high beauty. I have lain there twice this week, going to and from a visit to George Selwyn, near Gloucester: a tour as much to my taste as yours to you. For fortified towns I have seen ruined castles. Unluckily, in that of Berkeley I found a whole regiment of militia in garrison. I endeavoured to comfort myself by figuring that they were guarding Edward II. I have seen many other ancient sights without asking leave of the King of Prussia. They have found at least seventy thousand pounds of Lord Thomond's. George Howard has decked himself with a red riband, money, and honours! Charming things! and yet one may be very happy without them. What can I tell you more? Nothing. Indeed, my letter is long enough. Everybody's head but mine is full of elections. I had the satisfaction at Gloucester, where George Selwyn is canvassing, of reflecting on my own wisdom.

"*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,*"

etc. I am certainly the greatest philosopher in the world, without ever having thought of being so; always employed and never busy; eager about trifles, and indifferent to everything serious. Well, if it is not philosophy, at least it is content. I am as pleased here with my own nutshell as any monarch you have seen these two months astride his eagle;—not but I was dissatisfied when I missed you at Park-place, and was peevish at your being in an aulic-chamber. Adieu! Yours ever. P.S. They tell us from Vienna that the peace is made between Tisiphone and the Turk; is it true?

CICERO, *ad Atticum*, lib. ii. *Ep*. vii. lib. iv. *Ep*. viii.
HORACE, *Epist*. lib. I. iv. 10.

TO A NOBLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

SIR CLEMENT tells me you will shortly come to town. We begin to want comfort in a few friends around us, while the winds whistle and the waters roar. The sun gives a parting look, but 'tis a cold one; we are ready to change those distant favours of a lofty beauty for a gross material fire that warms and comforts more. I wish you could be here till your family come to town; you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmless creatures, nay, none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conscience sake that you should come to town, and that the Duchess should stay in the country, where no innocents of another species may suffer by her. I advise you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truss up rogues in satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them fresh, or make them keep: and their relations will come and buy their bodies of you.

CICERO, *ad Famil.* vii. 10.
Ad Quintum Fratrem, ii. 16.

SAMENESS IN THE DRAMA.

I HAVE always been an idle man, and have read or attended the greater part of the plays that are extant, and will venture to affirm that, exclusive of Shakespeare's and some Spanish pieces never represented nor translated, there are barely half-a-dozen plots among them, comic and tragic: so that it is evidently a much easier matter to run over the usual variations than to keep entirely in another tune and to raise up no recollections. Both in tragedies and comedies the changes are pretty similar, and nearly in the same place. You perceive the turnings and windings of the road a mile before you, and you know exactly the precipice down which the hero or heroine must fall; you can discover with your naked eye who does the mischief, and who affords the help; where the assassin bursts forth with the dagger, and where the old gentleman shakes the crabstick over the shoulder of his dissolute nephew.

CICERO, *ad Famil.* vii. 1.
HORACE, *Epist.* lib. II. i. 168, *sqq.* *A. P.* 93, *sqq.*
PLINY, *Epist.* v. 3.

ON POETRY.—TO A NOBLE AUTHOR.

POETRY, I take it, is as universally contagious as the small-pox; every one catches it once in their life at least, and the sooner the better, for methinks an old rhymster makes as ridiculous a figure as Socrates dancing at fourscore. But I can never agree with you that most of us succeed alike; at least, I'm sure few do like you: I mean not to flatter, for I despise it heartily; and I think I know you to be as much above flattery as the use of it is beneath every honest, every sincere man. Flattery to men of power is analogous with hypocrisy to God, and both are alike mean and contemptible; nor is the one more an instance of respect, than the other is a proof of devotion. I perceive I am growing serious, and that is the first step to dulness; but I believe you won't think that in the least extraordinary, to find me dull in a letter, since you have known me so often dull out of a letter.

CICERO, *ad Famil.* ix. 10. HORACE, *Ars. Poetica*, 438, *sqq.*
JUVENAL, *Sat.* vii. 50, *sqq.*

RUSTIC LIFE IN SWEDEN.

THERE is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primæval simplicity reigns over that northern land; almost primæval solitude and stillness. You pass out of the gates of the city, and as if by magic the scene changes to a wild woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir; over head hang the long fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves: and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you!" The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewed with the fragrant tips of fir-boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers.—*Longfellow.*

PLINY, *Epist.* i. 9. ii. 17. CICERO, *pro Plancio*, § 22.

LETTER TO MR. POPE.

I AM at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is all full of cypress trees, upon the branches of which, several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! and must you not confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit trees, under which, all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river: and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

SENECA, *Epist.* lxxxvi. lxxxvii.

OF SLANDER.

IT is not strange that you should be the subject of a false report; for the sword of slander, like that of war, devours one as well as another; and a blameless character is particularly delicious to its unsparing appetite. But that you should be the object of such a report, you who meddle less with the designs of government than almost any man that lives under it, this is strange indeed. It is well, however, when they who account it good sport to traduce the reputation of another, invent a story that refutes itself. I wonder they do not always endeavour to accommodate their fiction to the real character of the person; their tale would then at least have an air of probability, and it might cost a peaceable good man much more trouble to disprove it. But perhaps it would not be easy to discern what part of your conduct lies more open to such an attempt than another; or what it is that you either say or do, at any time, that presents a fair opportunity to the most ingenious slanderer, to slip in a falsehood between your words, or actions, that shall seem to be of a piece with either. You hate compliment, I know; but by your leave this is not one — it is a truth: — worse and worse! now I have praised you, indeed—well, you must thank yourself for it; it was absolutely done without the least intention on my part, and proceeded from a pen that, as far as I can remember, was never guilty of flattery since I knew how to hold it. He that slanders me, paints me blacker than I am, and he that flatters me, whiter—they both daub me; and when I look in the glass of conscience, I see myself disguised by both: I had as lief my tailor should sew gingerbread-nuts on my coat instead of buttons, as that any man should call my Bristol stone a diamond. The tailor's trick would not at all embellish my suit, nor the flatterers make me at all the richer. I never make a present to my friend of what I dislike myself. Ergo (I have reached the conclusion at last), I did not mean to flatter you.

CICERO, *pro Plancio*, § 57. *De Offic.* i. § 134.
CICERO, *ad Famil.* xi. 27; i. 6; vii. 32.

CAUTION AGAINST UNWARY JOKING.

"*Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis.*"

TRUST me, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no afterwit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft, I see it happens, that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies—and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger—'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes thou hast gotten an hundred enemies: and, till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be persuaded that it is so. Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character which led the way to them shall bleed on every side,—thy faith questioned, thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes. The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there; and trust me,—trust me, "when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

HORAT. *Serm.* I. iv. 33-103. *Serm.* II. i. 1, *usque ad finem.*
PLINY, iv. *Epist.* 11.

DEFENCE AGAINST THE IMPUTATION OF HAVING WRITTEN A PERSONAL SATIRE.

WHY in God's name must a portrait apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his nose or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well, but must the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemish? Could there be a more melancholy instance how much the taste of the public is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable physic into poison, than if, amidst the blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a great man, they shall only remark there is a shadow about him, as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any such to one whose whole life, to use his own expression in print of him, is a continued series of good and generous actions. I know no man who would be more concerned if he gave the least pain or offence to any innocent person; and none who would be less concerned if the satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the freedom of one whose censures are just, and who sets his name to them.—*Pope's Letters.*

HORAT. *Sermon.* I. iii. 25-75; I. iv.

ON THE REVOLUTION OF 1848 *IN PARIS.*

THEY manage more artistically in Paris. We are now at the 27th of February, and as the curtain rises for the second time, we behold the preparations of a fête. The Republic is to be proclaimed, and the proclamation is to be made to music, with processions, and all the properties usual in such cases. France is blessed with a Republic, and the people are satisfied; that is to say, as satisfied as they can be without money and work. The mob, in more senses than one, has become its own master. At the same moment that it threw off its monarch, it got rid of its employers. What of that? "The Republic owes bread and the provision of labour to all her children. She takes the solemn obligation to provide it." The question of work being "of supreme importance," a permanent commission is appointed to enable men to live without working at all: an original idea, not to be found in any tragedy or farce. And now all goes merrily on. The high-born are down, the low-born are up. Jack is as good as his master. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are established; every man is to love his neighbour better than himself; selfishness has been put out by an universal extinguisher; a political millennium has been reached by one tremendous effort in a single day. A government is indeed hardly required for a people so thoroughly disposed to stifle selfishness, and to find pleasure in the comfort and well-doing of one another; but, in compliance with antiquated notions, a government, as we saw, was formed, and now a National Assembly is summoned.

CICERO, *ad Atticum*, xiv. 12, 14; ix. 9. *Ad Famil.* xvi. 11, 12.

MISTAKES OF FOREIGNERS ABOUT ENGLISH OPINION.

I HAVE often been astonished, considering that we are divided from you but by a slender dyke of about twenty-four miles, and that the mutual intercourse between the two countries has lately been very great, to find how little you seem to know of us. I suspect that this is owing to your forming a judgment of this nation from certain publications which do very erroneously, if they do at all, represent the opinions and dispositions generally prevalent in England. The vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total want of consequence in bustle and noise, and puffing and mutual quotation of each other, makes you imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a general mark of acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you. Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that after all they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.—*Burke.*

CICERO, *ad Famil.* ix. 2.

THE VALENTIN DESCRIBED.

GENEVA, *Oct. 7th,* 1638.

MADAME,—For your sake I have examined the Valentin with more attention than I ever paid to anything else. And since you desire that I should give you a description of it, I will do so with the greatest exactitude of which I am capable. The Valentin, madame, is a house, situated about a quarter of a league from Turin, situated in a meadow, and on the banks of the Po. On first arriving, you perceive—may I die if I can tell what it is you perceive on first arriving! I believe it is a flight of steps: no, no, it is a portico: I am mistaken, it is a flight of steps. By my faith, I know not whether it be a flight of steps or a portico! It is but an hour ago that I knew the whole thing admirably, and my memory has failed me. On my way back, I will inform myself better, and I will not fail to send you a full report.—I am, etc.

PLINY, *Epist.* i. 3

W. COWPER TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

December 4th, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You have my hearty thanks for a very good barrel of oysters: which necessary acknowledgment once made, I might perhaps show more kindness by cutting short an epistle, than by continuing one, in which you are not likely to find your account either in the way of information or amusement. The season of the year, indeed, is not very friendly to such communications. A damp atmosphere and a sunless sky will have their effect upon the spirits; and when the spirits are checked, farewell to all hope of being good company, either by letter or otherwise. I envy those happy voyagers who, with so much ease, ascend to regions unsullied with a cloud, and date their epistles from an extramundane situation. No wonder if they outshine us who poke about in the dark below, in the vivacity of their sallies, as much as they soar above us in their excursions. Not but that I should be very sorry to go to the clouds for wit; on the contrary, I am satisfied that I discover more by continuing where I am. Every man to his business. Their vocation is, to see fine prospects, and to make pithy observations upon the world below; such as these, for instance: that the earth, beheld from a height that one trembles to think of, has the appearance of a circular plain; that England is a very rich and cultivated country, in which every man's property is ascertained by the hedges that intersect the lands; and that London and Westminster, seen from the neighbourhood of the moon, make but an insignificant figure. I admit the utility of these remarks; but in the meantime, as I say, *chacun à son goût;* and mine is rather to creep than fly; and to carry with me, if possible, an unbroken neck to the grave.—I remain, as ever, your affectionate,

WM. COWPER.

CICERO, *ad Atticum*, vii. 3. *Ad Famil.* vii. 32, 10.
PLINY, *Epist.* vii. 5.

COWPER TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

December 21st, 1780.

I ANNEX a long thought in verse for your perusal. It was produced about last Midsummer, but I never could prevail with myself, till now, to transcribe it. You have bestowed some commendations on a certain poem now in the press, and they, I suppose, have at least animated me to the task. If human nature may be compared to a piece of tapestry (and why not?), then human nature, as it subsists in me, though it is sadly faded on the right side, retains all its colour on the wrong. I am pleased with commendation, and though not passionately desirous of indiscriminate praise, or what is generally called popularity, yet when a judicious friend claps me on the back, I own I find it an encouragement. At this season of the year, and in this gloomy, uncomfortable climate, it is no easy matter for the owner of a mind like mine to divert it from sad subjects, and fix it upon such as may administer to its amusement. Poetry, above all things, is useful to me in this respect. Don't be alarmed. I ride Pegasus with a curb. He will never run away with me again.—Yours, WM. COWPER.

CICERO, *ad Quintum Fratrem*, iii. 5, 6.
PLINY, *Epist.* iv. 14.

LETTER IN DESPONDENCY, TO A FRIEND AT A DISTANCE.

IT is true that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure, only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off by such accidents or engagements as separate us. Are we never to live together more as we once did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age increases. Not that I am worse, in truth I am better, in my health than last winter; but my mind finds no amendment or improvement, nor support to lean upon from those about me. And so I find myself leaving the world as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world for me to keep pace with; or else so divided from me that they are but like the dead, whose remembrance I hold in honour. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention that I forget it the next day, and as to the learned world there is nothing passes in it. I have no more to add but that I am with the same truth as ever yours.

CICERO, *ad Famil.* v. 15. xiv. 4. *Ad Atticum.* ii. 6.

DISCONTENT AT THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

IN proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." These metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity, and which is the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitude, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived: I, and my friends; to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be wearied by age, or drop like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me.

My household gods plant a terrible, fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

CICERO, *ad Quintum Fratrem*, i. 3. *Ad Famil.* xiv. 4. *Ad Atticum*, iii. 7. HORACE, *Carm.* ii. 14.

LIFE COMPARED TO A VOYAGE.

I HAVE often been thinking that this voyage to Italy might properly enough be compared to the common stages and journey of life. At our setting out through France, the pleasures that we find, like those of our youth, are of the gay fluttering kind, which grow by degrees, as we advance towards Italy, more solid, manly, and rational, but attain not their full perfection till we reach Rome: from which point we no sooner turn homewards, than they begin again gradually to decline, and, though sustained for a while in some degree of vigour, through the other stages and cities of Italy, yet dwindle at last into weariness and fatigue, and a desire to be at home; where the traveller finishes his course, as the old man does his days, with the usual privilege of being tiresome to his friends by a perpetual repetition of past adventures.

SENECA, *Epist. Moral.* lxxvii. (first part) *Dialog.* lib. vi. c. 17.

COUNTRY NEIGHBOURS.

I HAVE now changed the scene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-house to Windsor Forest. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town-wits, and the downright country fools, that the first are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety; and the last neither in the right nor in the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, those are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dulness, which the wits must do at last, tho' after a great deal of noise and resistance. Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dulness. They are commonly known in the world by the name of honest civil gentlemen. They live, much as they ride,—at random; a kind of hunting life, pursuing with hazard and earnestness something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer solitude to the company of all these; for tho' a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleasant.—*Pope.*

CICERO, *pro Plancio*, § 22. SENECA, *de Tranquil.* c. xv.
PLINY, *Epist.* i. 9. ii. 9.

EDMUND GIBBON, ESQ., TO DR. ROBERTSON.

SIR,—I am perfectly sensible of the very flattering distinction I have received in your thinking me worthy of so noble a present as that of your "History of America." I have, however, suffered my gratitude to be under some suspicion by delaying my acknowledgment of so great a favour; but my delay was only to render my obligation to you more complete, my thanks to you, if possible, more merited. The close of the session brought a great deal of very troublesome, though not very important, business upon me at once. I could not go through your work at one breath at that time, though I have done it since. I am now enabled to thank you, not only for the honour you have done me, but for the great satisfaction, and the infinite variety and compass of instruction I have received from your incomparable work. Every thing has been done which was so naturally to be expected from the author of the "History of Scotland," and the "Age of Charles the Fifth."

PLINY, *Epist.* iii. 20. CICERO, *ad Famil.* v. 12.

DEATH IN WAR NOT TO BE SPECIALLY DEPLORED.

I SHOULD be sorry to think that what engrosses the attention of my friend, should have no part of mine. Your mind is now full of the fate of Dury; but his fate is past, and nothing remains but to try what reflection will suggest to mitigate the terrors of a violent death, which is more formidable at the first glance, than on a nearer and more steady view. A violent death is never very painful: the only danger is, lest it should be unprovided. But if a man can be supposed to make no provision for death in war, what can be the state that would have awakened him to the care of futurity? When would that man have prepared himself to die, who went to seek death without preparation? What then can be the reason why we lament more him that dies of a wound, than him that dies of a fever? A man that languishes with disease, ends his life with more pain, but with less virtue: he leaves no example to his friends, nor bequeaths any honour to his descendants. The only reason why we lament a soldier's death, is, that we think he might have lived longer; yet this cause of grief is common to many other kinds of death, which are not so passionately bewailed.

PLINY, *Epist.* v. 16. SENECA, *Dialog.* vi. c. 20.
HORACE, *Carm.* iii. 2.

TO HIS MOTHER, ON THE DEATH OF HIS AUNT.

THE unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me. I have lost a person I loved very much and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation which no one can give except He who has preserved her to you so many years, and at last when it was His pleasure has taken her from us to Himself: and perhaps if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of His goodness both to her, and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle to such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope and beg you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.—*Gray.*

CICERO, *ad Famil.* vi. 3; iv. 5.

A COUNTRY SCENE.

WE amused ourselves next day, every one to his fancy, till nine of the clock, when word was brought that the tea-table was set in the library, which is a gallery on a ground-floor, with an arched door at one end opening into a walk of limes, where, as soon as we had drank tea, we were tempted by fine weather to take a walk, which led us to a small mount of easy ascent, on the top whereof we found a seat under a spreading tree. Here we had a prospect on one hand of a narrow bay or creek of the sea, inclosed on either side by a coast beautified with rocks and woods, and green banks and farm-houses. At the end of the bay was a small town placed upon the slope of a hill, which, from the advantage of its situation, made a considerable figure. Several fishing-boats and lighters, gliding up and down on a surface as smooth and bright as glass, enlivened the prospect. On the other side, we looked down on green pastures, flocks, and herds, basking beneath in sunshine, while we in our superior situation enjoyed the freshness of air and shade. Here we felt that sort of joyful instinct which a rural scene and fine weather inspire; and proposed no small pleasure in resuming and continuing our conference without interruption till dinner; but we had hardly seated ourselves, and looked about us, when we saw a fox run by the foot of our mount into an adjacent thicket. A few minutes after we heard a confused noise of the opening of hounds, the winding of horns, and the roaring of country squires. While our attention was suspended by this event, a servant came running out of breath, and told Crito that his neighbour Ctesippus, a squire of note, was fallen from his horse attempting to leap over a hedge, and brought into the hall, where he lay for dead. Upon which we all rose and walked hastily to the house, where we found Ctesippus just come to himself.

PLINY, *Epist.* v. 6. CICERO, *de Officiis.* iii. § 58.
PLINY, *Epist.* ii. 17; vii. 8; ix. 7.; ix. 36.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BOCAGE.

THIS country differs in its aspect, and still more in the manners of the inhabitants, from most of the other provinces of France. It is formed in general of small hills, unconnected with any chain of mountains. The valleys are neither deep nor wide; inconsiderable streams run through them in various directions, towards the Loire, or the sea; others uniting, form small rivers.

Granite rocks appear everywhere. It may easily be conceived that a country without either chains of mountains, rivers, extensive valleys, or even a general slope, forms a sort of labyrinth. You scarcely find any hill sufficiently elevated above the others to serve for a point of observation, or to command the country. Approaching Nantes along the Sèvre, the country assumes an aspect of more grandeur. The hills are more elevated and steeper. The river is rapid, and flows between high banks; and the general appearance becomes wild instead of rural.

The eastern part of the Bocage is comparatively level and open. The whole country, as may be supposed from the name, is well wooded, although without extensive forests. Each field or meadow, generally small, is fenced with a quickset hedge, and trees very close together, not high nor spreading, the branches being lopped off every five years twelve or fifteen feet above ground. The soil is not fertile in grain; and being often left untilled, becomes covered with broom and furze. There is much grass land and pasture, and the landscape is in general very green, and varied with many dwellings and farm-houses, the flat-tile roofs of which, together with the steeples of churches, peep here and there through the trees: the view, in general bounded, extends occasionally to a few leagues.

PLINY, *Epist.* v. 6; ii. 17.
AUSONIUS, *Idyll. Mosella*, x.

VISIT TO THE ALHAMBRA.

WE now found ourselves in a deep narrow ravine, filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue, and various footpaths winding through it, bordered with stone seats, and ornamented with fountains. To our left we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right, on the opposite side of the ravine, we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence.

These, we were told, were the Torres Vermejos, or Vermilion Towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of date anterior to the Alhambra; some suppose them to have been built by the Romans, others by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. Within the barbican was another group of veteran invalids, one mounting guard at the portal while the rest, wrapped in their tattered cloaks, slept on the stone benches. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem domination for the immediate trial of petty causes, a custom common to the Oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the sacred Scriptures.—*W. Irving.*

TACITUS, *Hist.* v. c. 11; ii. c. 3. PLINY, *Epist.* ii. 17.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRINGS AT HOLYWELL.

THE road from hence is remarkably picturesque—along a little valley, bounded on one side by hanging woods, beneath which the stream hurries towards the sea. Its origin is discovered at the foot of a steep hill, beneath the town of Holywell, to which it gave the name. The spring boils with vast impetuosity out of a rock, and is formed into a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch supported by pillars. The roof is most exquisitely carved in stone. Over this spring is a chapel, of the same date with the other building, a neat piece of architecture, but in a very ruinous state. There are two different opinions about the origin of this stream. One party makes it miraculous; the other asserts it to be owing only to natural causes. The waters are indisputably endowed with every good quality attendant on cold baths, and multitudes have here experienced the good effects that thus result from natural qualities implanted in the several parts of matter by the Divine Providence in order to fulfil His will. The spring is certainly one of the finest in these kingdoms, and by the trials and calculations lately made for my information is found to fling out about twenty-one tons of water in a minute. It never freezes, and scarcely varies in the quantity of water in droughts, or after the greatest rains. After a violent fall of wet, it becomes discoloured by a wheyey tinge. The stream formed by this fountain runs with a rapid course to the sea, which it reaches in little more than a mile's distance. The situation of the town is pleasant and healthy. The back is a lofty hill, at times extremely productive of lead ore. Towards the sea is a pretty valley bounded by woods; the end finishes on one side with the venerable abbey. To such as require the use of a cold bath few places are more proper, for, besides the excellence of the water, exceeding good medical assistance, and comfortable accommodations may be found here, and the mind entertained, and the body exercised in a variety of beautiful rides and walks.

PLINY, *Epist.* viii. 8; ii. 17; iv. 30; v. 6; vi. 31; ix. 39.

SCENERY OF COMO AND THE VILLA PLINIANA DESCRIBED.

SINCE I last wrote to you we have been to Como looking for a house. This lake exceeds anything I ever beheld in beauty, with the exception of the arbutus islands of Killarney. It is long and narrow, and has the appearance of a mighty river winding among the mountains and the forests. We sailed from the town of Como to a tract of country called the Tremezina, and saw the various aspects presented by that part of the lake. The mountains between Como and that village, or rather cluster of villages, are covered on high with chestnut forests (the eating chestnuts, on which the inhabitants of the country subsist in time of scarcity,) which sometimes descend to the very verge of the lake, overhanging it with their hoary branches. But usually the immediate border of this shore is composed of laurel trees, and bay, and myrtle, and wild fig trees, and olives, which grow in the crevices of the rocks, and overhang the caverns, and shadow the deep glens, which are filled with the flashing light of the water-falls. Other flowering shrubs, of which I know not the name, grow there also. On high the towers of village churches are seen white among the dark forests. Beyond, on the opposite shore, which faces the south, the mountains descend less precipitously to the lake, and although they are much higher, and some covered with perpetual snow, there intervenes between them and the lake a range of lower hills, which have glens and rifts opening to the other, such as I should fancy the "abysses" of Ida or Parnassus. Here are plantations of olive, orange, and lemon trees—which are now so loaded with fruit that there is more fruit than leaves—and vineyards.

PLINY, *Epist.* v. 6; vi. 31; ii. 17, 7, 39; iv. 30.
ANSONIUS, *Idyll*, *Mosella*, x. 152, *sqq.*
STATIUS, *Silvarum*, lib. I. iii. 1-110; lib. II. ii. 1-132.

SCENERY OF COMO AND THE VILLA PLINIANA DESCRIBED. (*Continued.*)

THIS shore of the lake is one continued village, and the Milanese nobility have their villas here. The union of culture and the untameable profusion and loveliness of nature is here so close that the line where they are divided can hardly be discovered. But the finest scenery is that of the Villa Pliniana, so-called from a fountain which ebbs and flows every three hours, described by the young Pliny, which is in the court-yard. This house, which was once a magnificent palace, and is now half in ruins, we are endeavouring to procure. It is built upon terraces raised from the bottom of the lake, together with its garden at the foot of a semi-circular precipice, overshadowed by profound forests of chestnut. The scene from the colonnade is the most extraordinary, at once, and the most lovely that eye ever beheld. On one side is the mountain, and immediately over you are clusters of cypress-trees of an astonishing height, which seem to pierce the sky. Above you, from among the clouds, as it were, descends a water-fall of immense size, broken by the woody rocks into a thousand channels to the lake. On the other side is seen the blue extent of the lake and the mountains speckled with sails and spires. The apartments of the Pliniana are immensely large, but ill-furnished and antique. The terraces, which overlook the lake, and conduct under the shade of such immense laurel-trees as deserve the epithet of Pythian, are most delightful. We staid at Como two days, and have now returned to Milan, waiting the issue of our negotiation about a house. Como is only six leagues from Milan, and its mountains are seen from the cathedral.—*Shelley.*

PLINY, *Epist.* v. 6; vi. 31; ii. 17, 7, 39; iv. 30.
ANSONIUS, *Idyll, Mosella,* x. 152, *sqq.*
STATIUS, *Silvarum,* lib. I. iii. 1-110; lib. II. ii. 1-132.

HAMLET AND THE GHOST.

AT the sight of his father's spirit, Hamlet was struck with a sudden surprise and fear. He at first called upon the angels and heavenly ministers to defend them, for he knew not whether it were a good spirit or bad; whether it came for good or for evil: but he gradually assumed more courage: and his father (as it seemed to him) looked upon him so piteously, and as it were desiring to have conversation with him, and did in all respects appear so like himself as he was when he lived, that Hamlet could not help addressing him: he called him by his name—Hamlet, King, Father! and conjured him that he would tell the reason why he had left his grave, where they had seen him quietly bestowed, to come again and visit the earth and the moonlight: and besought him that he would let them know if there was anything which they could do to give peace to his spirit. And the ghost beckoned to Hamlet that he should go with him to some more removed place, where they might be alone: and Horatio and Marcellus would have dissuaded the young prince from following it, for they feared lest it should be some evil spirit, who would tempt him to the neighbouring sea, or to the top of some dreadful cliff, and there put on some horrible shape which might deprive the prince of his reason.—*C. Lamb.*

PLINY, *Epist.* viii. 27. CICERO, *De Divinatione*, i. § 57-59.
VIRGIL, *Æneid.* ii. 270, *sqq.*; iii. 148, *sqq.*; i. 353.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME UNDER EVENING LIGHT.

PERHAPS there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple, poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of mossy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests like lying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watchtowers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines.

From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing from a nation's grave.—*Ruskin.*

LIVY, xxii. c. 31.

DREAM OF THE OPIUM EATER.

MY dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the coronation anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day, a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere—I knew not where, somehow—I knew not how, by some beings—I knew not whom, a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting, was evolving like a great drama or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its course, its nature, and its probable issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then like a chorus the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurryings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives—I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempests and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed; and clasped hands, and heartbreaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, "I will sleep no more!"—*De Quincey.*

CICERO, *Somnium Scipionis*, § 1, *sqq.*
VIRGIL, *Æn.* v. 580-595; vi. 364, *sqq.*; ii. 622, *sqq.*; vii. 50, *sqq.*;
xii. 328, *sqq.* LIVY, i. c. 29.

FALSIFICATION IN ART NECESSARY FOR THE SAKE OF EFFECT.

NOT all that is optically possible to be seen is to be shown in every picture. The eye delightedly dwells upon the brilliant individualities in a Marriage at Cana by Veronese or Titian, to the very texture and colour of the wedding garments, the rings glittering upon the bride's fingers, the metal and fashion of the wine-pots; for at such seasons there is leisure and luxury to be curious. But in a "Day of Judgment," or in a "Day of lesser horrors yet divine," as at the impious Feast of Belshazzar, the eye should see as the actual eye of an agent or patient in the immediate scene would see, only in masses and indistinction. Not only the female attire and jewelry exposed to the critical eye of fashion, as minutely as the dresses in a lady's magazine, in the criticised picture, but perhaps the curiosities of anatomical science, and studied diversities of posture in the fallen angels and sinners of Michael Angelo, have no business in their great subjects. There was no leisure for them. By a wise falsification, the great masters of painting got at their true conclusions: by not showing the actual appearances, that is, all that was to be seen at any given moment by an indifferent eye, but only what the eye might be supposed to see in the doing or suffering of some portentious action. Suppose the moment of the swallowing up of Pompeii. There they were to be seen—houses, columns, architectural proportions, differences of public and private buildings, men and women at their standing occupations, the diversified thousand postures, attitudes, dresses, in some confusion truly, but physically they were visible. But what eye saw them at that eclipsing moment which reduces confusion to a kind of unity, and when the senses are upturned from their proprieties, when sight and hearing are a feeling only? A thousand years have passed, and we are at leisure to contemplate the weaver fixed standing at his shuttle, the baker at his oven, and to turn over with antiquarian coolness the pots and pans of Pompeii.

CICERO, *Academ.* lib. iv. § 20.

THE FAUN OF PRAXITELES.

THE faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half-way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form thus displayed is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh and less of heroic muscle than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure: it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humour. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue, unlike anything else that was ever wrought in that severe material of marble, conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life.—*Hawthorne.*

PLINY, *Epist.* iii. 6.

WILD AND MELANCHOLY CHARACTER OF SOUTH ITALIAN SCENERY.

WE are accustomed to hear the South of Italy spoken of as a very beautiful country. Its mountain forms are graceful above others, its sea bays exquisite in outline and hue; but it is only beautiful in superficial aspect: in closer detail it is wild and melancholy. Its forests are sombre-leaved, labyrinth-stemmed; the olive, laurel, and ilex are alike in that strange, feverish twisting of their branches, as if in spasms of half-human pain, Avernus forests. One fears to break their boughs, lest they should cry to us from the rents. The rocks they shade are of ashes of thrice-molten lava, iron sponge, whose every pore has been filled with fire. Silent villages, earthquake-shaken, without commerce, without industry, without knowledge, without hope, gleam in white ruin from hill-side to hill-side; far-winding wrecks of immemorial walls surround the dust of cities long forsaken; the mountain streams moan through the cold arches of their foundations, green with weed, and rage over the heaps of their fallen towers.—*Ruskin.*

SENECA, *Nat. Quæst.* iii. c. 16-29; vi. c. 9 28, 29.
VIRGIL, *Æn.* iii. 19, *sqq.* OVID, *Metam.* viii. 741, *sqq.*

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